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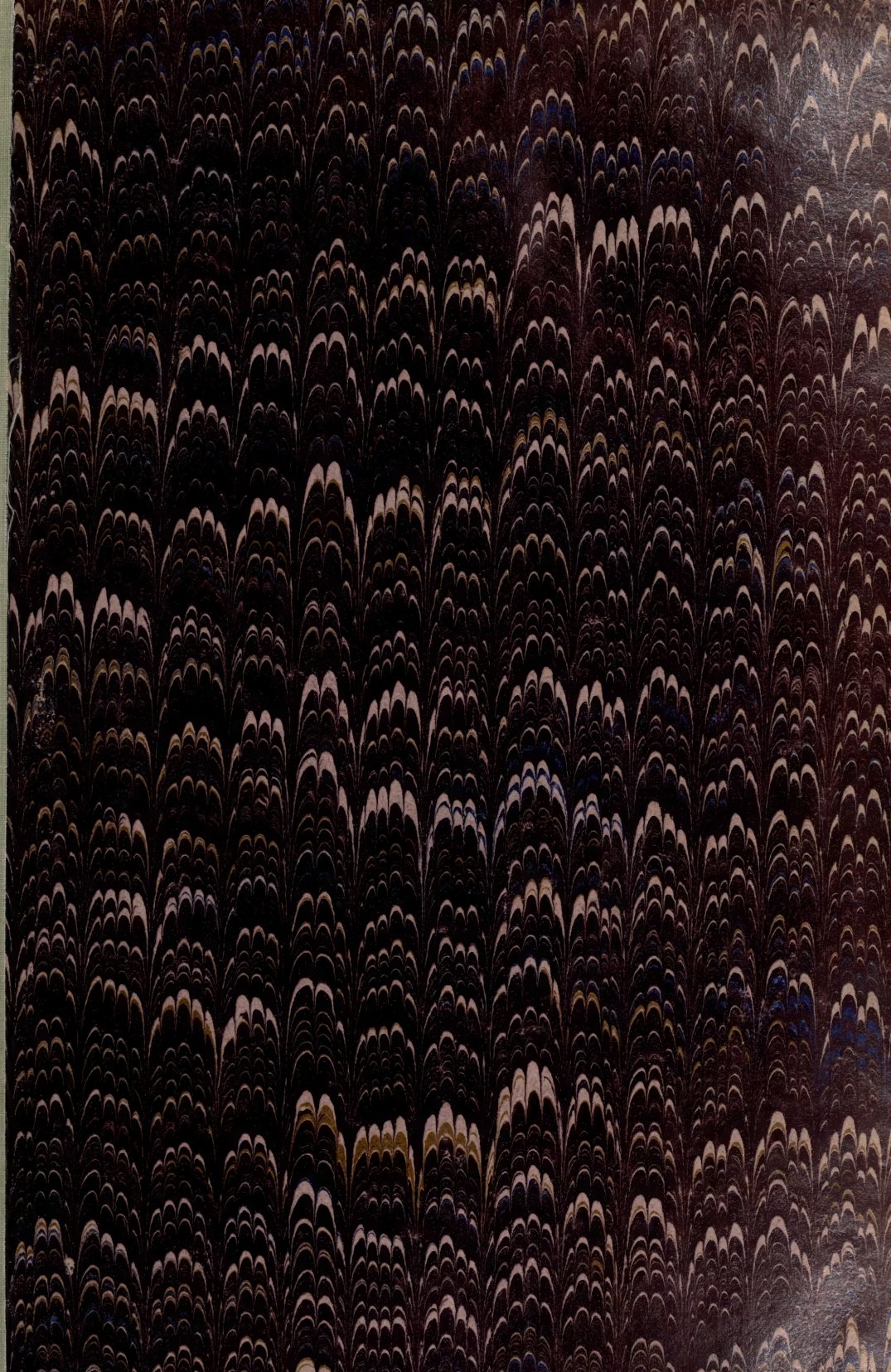
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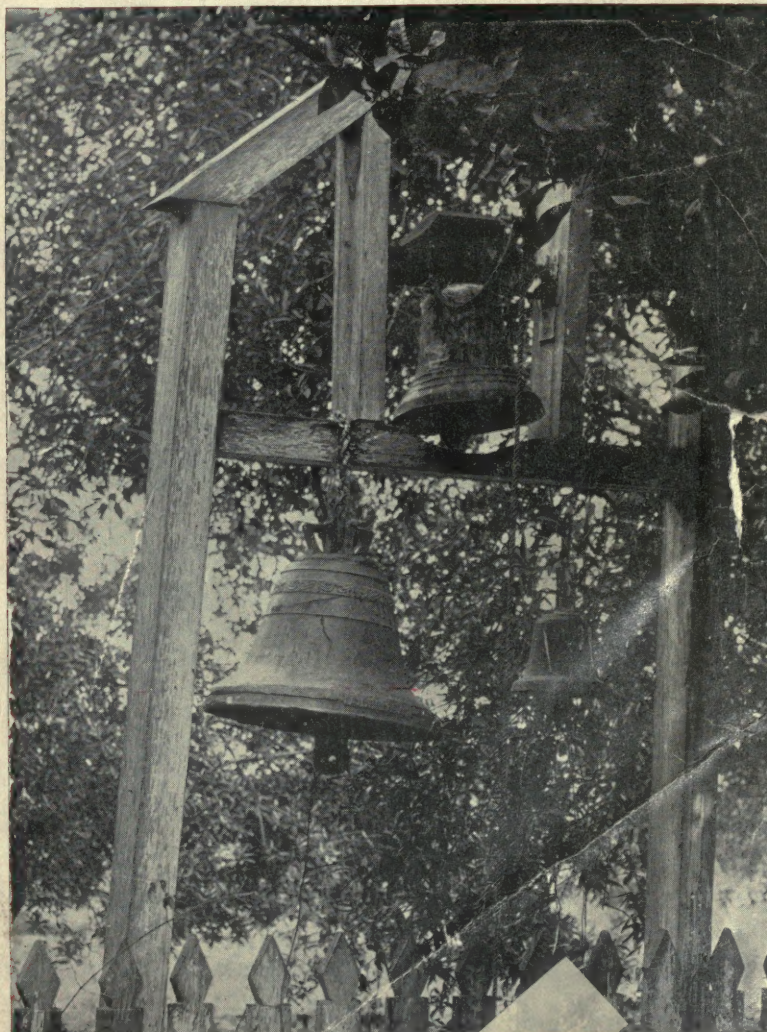
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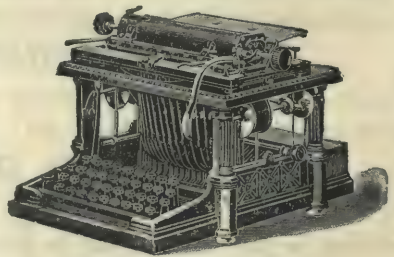
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THE STORY OF TIME

Looking backward,
Mind of Man,
Lo! what marvels
Thou dost scan!

Fiery cloud-mist,
Tempest whirled,
Whence ariseth
World on world.
Then, in matter,
Force and Law,
Never resting,
Drive and draw,
And each primal
Element,
By its virtue,
Duly lent,
Stores in nature
Wealth and power
For some User's
Princely dower.

Ages passing
While on earth,
Plant and mammal
Come to birth;
Then a morning
Calm and clear,
When Man riseth
Royal here.

Other ages
Numberless,
Fraught with struggle,
Strain and stress;
Balanced chances,
Death or life,
Sweet or bitter,
Peace or strife;
Flower and thistle
In the path,



Nature's blessing,
Nature's wrath,
Ease and hardship,
Pleasure, pain,
Joy and sorrow,
Loss and gain,
Failure, triumph,
Wail and song,
And contending
Right and wrong.

By the ceaseless
Discipline,
Age of Reason
Ushered in!
Powers unfolding
Into skill,
Insight, foresight,
Purpose, will;
Widening knowledge,
Growing thought
For the man-child
Nature-taught;
Whilst that Beauty
In his breast
Works the wonder—
Love of Best;
And those glories—
Truth and Right
Heav'n exalteth
In his sight.
Thus the present—
Wondrous hour!—
Sees him standing
Girt with power.

All these marvels,
Thou dost scan,—
Looking backward
Mind of Man.

Clock-case carved by M. Doyle, to represent the great periods of world development and human time



THE HOME OF BRET HARTE'S "TRUTHFUL JAMES"
ON JACKASS FLAT, TUOLUMNE COUNTY, CAL.



Overland Monthly

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No. 205

SOME HERMIT HOMES OF CALIFORNIA WRITERS

By ADELINE KNAPP

THERE seems to be something in the air of California that makes our writers "take to the woods" from time to time, there to gather strength to meet the world, and give it of their best. Perhaps this is how it comes that so much of Californian "atmosphere" creeps into

"The preacher among trees," John Muir has called the pine, and they who hear its message must needs go again and again to listen to its preaching. So, too, must they hear and voice the message of the mountains, and the teaching of the rivers.

It is a curious thing, this tendency of



John Muir's Cabin Home on the Edge of Muir Glacier

all that they do, giving a distinct local flavor to the least as well as to the greatest creations of their pens.

The call of the mountains, of the forests, and of the streams is irresistible to the lover of nature in California.

Californian writers to turn hermit, now and then. Thoreau, from his retreat beside Walden Pond, sent a letter to the world, a study of literary hermit life, that will live through many generations, to delight urban folk; but Thoreau's

84127

cabin in the Walden woods was the embodiment of luxury beside some of the abodes where nature-loving Californians have lived and worked. When Emerson visited this coast, some twenty-odd years ago, and met John Muir, then a young man in the full enthusiasm of his tremendous studies amid the glaciers of the High

in which he might take refuge during the least endurable storms of that wintry region, but so well built that it still stands, albeit so well hidden, that among the few who have seen it it is known as "The Lost Cabin."

More inaccessible still, perched upon the edge of Muir Glacier in Alaska, is



John Muir

Sierra, he wrote back to the Thoreau-admiring East: "This is a more wonderful man than Thoreau." But even Emerson did not then guess what would be the extent of John Muir's achievement in studying nature in her sternest moods. In the most inaccessible depths of Yosemite stands a little hut which Mr. Muir built with his own hands, a mere shelter

another of the homes where this "More wonderful man than Thoreau" lived during the years when he climbed and delved about that marvelous region, making himself master of those icy records, and gathering the notes for the fascinating papers that delight us so greatly from time to time as they appear.

When Mr. Muir gave me permission to

use the accompanying pictures of this home he charged me to be sure and say that the gun leaning against the big chimney-jamb is not his. During all his thirteen years' sojourn in the wilderness he never used such a thing. He lived among the birds and the beasts, but he did not kill his neighbors. A bag containing bread he carried over one shoulder. A packet of tea and an alcohol lamp traveled in one pocket. These constituted his provision in the food line. A little melted snow gave him water for his tea, the bread satisfied hunger. His bill of fare seldom

men would regard his life, even when toasting and working beside the hospitable fire that used to roar up the great chimney, as that of a sybarite. The world owes a great deal to that little hut on the edge of the glacier. People do not pilgrimage to it, as they do to the place where Thoreau's cabin stood beside Walden Pond,—its site marked by an ever-growing heap of stones reared by visitors; but it is as pleasant to think of Mr Muir's tiny house with its big warm heart, up there in the ice, as it is to remember Walden.



Interior of Mr. Muir's Cabin on Muir Glacier

varied during his long, hard tramps. He had to travel light. There were seasons when, so arduous were his labors, that he could not carry on his climbing tramps even the thin half-blanket which on more luxurious journeys he sometimes took with him. Then he was wont to make a blanket of the soft snow, hollowing out a bed from its white depths, in which, with feet toward his camp-fire, he slept the sleep of weariness.

In his glacier-bound storm-nest, however, he took his ease, or what he was pleased to consider his ease, though few

I was reminded of Mr. Muir's remarks about the gun when, some time ago, Yone Noguchi, telling me of his home and friends in far-away Japan, said, "My father has never heard any sound of gun." Noguchi is about the only one left to us of our hermit writers. He is still upon his hill-top, mooning among the red-woods, and there I visited him recently. He saw me from afar, as I did him, but instead of coming to meet me he fled to his cabin, hastily closing the door after him. I stood without and laughed, knowing full well the cause of his panic, until,

recognizing me from the window, he threw open the door and came forth with outstretched hands.

"Excuse me!" he cried, "I thought it was people!"

How well I understood him; for I, too, have lived, for my own comfort, "far from the madding crowd," and well I knew the type of mind that takes its corporeal encasement to seek out the abodes of those who have fled the presence of just such as it. I remember passing one day, with some friends, Joaquin Miller's house on "The Heights." In the pathway before the door stood two women, and at one side of the house two men were standing, peeping in at the window.

"He's shut the door," one of the women said, as we drew near. "He does n't want us to see him."

"Pshaw!" was the reply of her companion, "all the more reason why we should go in after coming so far to look at him." And they proceeded boldly to storm the castle.

when returning to my house, after a tramp about the hills, I found my door locked. I was not in the habit of locking it, so I knew some one must be within, and I knocked, demanding admittance. After a considerable interval the latch was lifted and a man who stood in the doorway regarded me severely.

"Well," he said, at last, as I was too astonished to volunteer any remark, "what's wanted?"

"I wondered who was in my house," I suggested, meekly, and glancing past him I saw a group of perhaps half-a-dozen people seated about my table, eating.

"Oh," the man said, with a most *déagé* air, "it was so windy outside, we sought shelter while we ate our luncheon."

Much abashed, I apologized for my intrusion and went and sat in the grove until, their meal finished, my guests took their departure; and so effectual is the power of sheer impudence that I was actually too stunned, until it was too late



Yone Noguchi at Home

Not being a celebrity myself, I escaped much of the hunting that fell to the share of my leonine neighbors; but I have a vivid recollection of one funny occasion

to remonstrate, to realize that they, and not I, had intruded.

It was doubtless experiences exactly similar to these that prompted Yone's

flight at the sight of visitors. He was afterwards much exercised in his courteous mind, to explain his mistake. He is still working hard in his chosen retreat, although friends in the East are urging

are teaching him. He has not famed himself yet. Until he does, may the Fates defend that any new "discoverer" should chance upon the "homeless snail" and drag him forth again!



Yone Noguchi

From a Water-Color Sketch by M. Takahashi

him to try a hazard of new fortunes beyond the Rockies. He came down to the level some time ago to tell us of an enthusiastic letter he had just received from the East.

"Come to New York," this letter urged. "It is the place of all places for you. We'll give you a boom; you really ought to come."

His distress over the advice would have been funny had it not been so genuine.

"Must I go?" he asked me. "Ought I to go? I love life here in California. I have no thought even to go to my Japan again. I can work here; I can grow here. Why should I go to the East and be given 'a boom'? What is this thing, to be given 'a boom'? Is it not to hurt the work?"

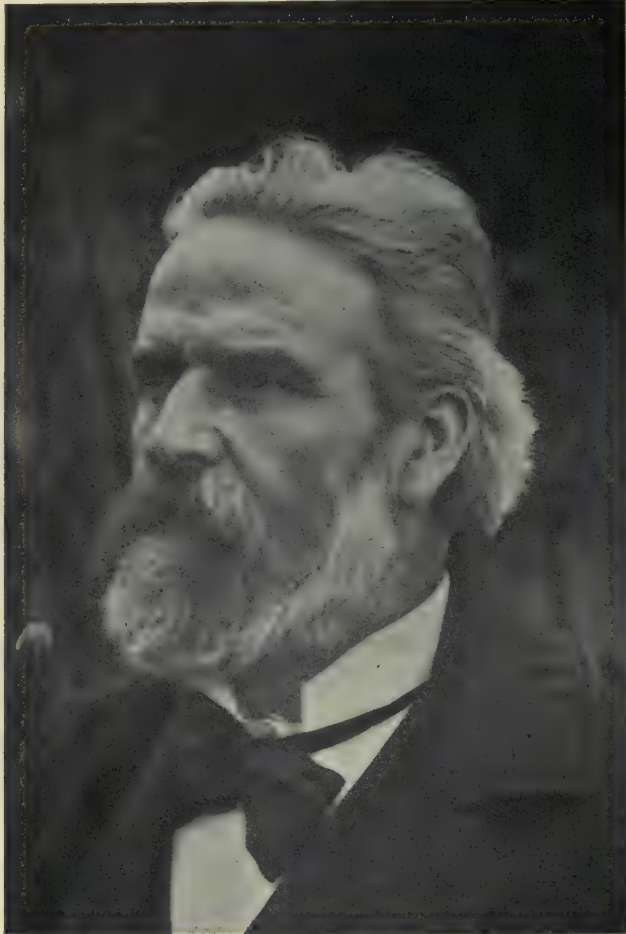
The boy was wise, and returned to his refuge in the hills. Some day, beyond a peradventure, we shall hear what the hills

On Jackass Flat, not far from Jimtown—the Jamestown of modern elegance, but Jimtown, still, to the men who knew it in the days of '49—stands, half-hidden among friendly old trees, a cabin long since fallen into picturesque decay, but around which linger still some of the richest literary associations of early California. Here dwelt, so tradition declares, that loquacious friend of Bret Harte, "Truthful James" of Stanislaus, whose real name was Geless. Here, too, so the oldest inhabitants declare, Bret Harte himself sojourned for a season. Harte could never, however, have been a hermit from choice; of that we may be certain. He was always, to the sound heart of him, urban and cosmopolitan. But it is pleasant to think that the old cabin may at some time have been his shelter. This whole region is closely associated with a large part of his work. From Carquinez

Straits to the Stanislaus he pre-empted a literary claim that no one of his imitators has been able to jump. It will be long before Tuolumne County ceases to be Bret Harte's country.

There is very little room for doubt about the old cabin having belonged to the veracious chronicler of social events

sagging roof to bear; and I am inclined to doubt that Mark Twain ever called that frail ridge-pole his roof-tree. He and Bret Harte were but briefly contemporaneous in California; but the best investigation I have been able to make leads me to the conclusion that the original of "Truthful James" and of Mark Twain's



Edwin Markham

"upon the Stanislaus," the friend of Bill Nye; and as I have said, it is not unlikely that Bret Harte may have occupied it for a short time. But I have been unable to discover any sound basis for a very persistent tradition that hangs about the place, to the effect that the house was once the home of Mark Twain as well. All this glory seems a good deal for one sadly

"Sage of Jackass Hill" were one and the same. Hence the wealth of tradition centering about this crumbling shanty.

For a number of years, up to about two years ago, Edwin Markham, sheep-herder, cow-boy, blacksmith, student, and teacher,—poet always, whatever the merely external matter of his daily employment,—lived away from the stress and hurly-

burly of life, in a rambling, half-decaying, wholly delightful retreat beside a little cañon on the slope of Redwood Peak. He taught school in Oakland, and loved his work; but though possessed of a spirit to be moved with compassion for the hardships of his fellow-men, Mr. Markham is but imperfectly fond of living among men. His is pre-eminently the soul of the recluse, the dreamer. He loves to sit apart and concern himself with philosophies rather than with life, and so every night, when his work at school was done, he journeyed back to his hillside,

Saturday or Sunday mornings, with his nose in a book, two or three well-loved volumes tucked under each arm, and still others peeping from his pockets. He had a way of reading aloud as he strolled alone, and sometimes gesticulated, as he read, until all his tucked-away books dropped to the ground; but he never forgot to pick them up and remove carefully all traces of contact with mother earth.

In his hillside eyrie he wrote nearly all the verse contained in his recently published volume. Here he worked through the years, polishing and repolishing the



The Eyrie in the Hills Where Edwin Markham Lived and Worked Alone for Five Years

climbing the trail afoot, through cold or heat, rain or sunshine, to regain his solitude and his books. Unlike Joaquin Miller, who takes pride in the fact that he owns no books, Mr. Markham is distinctly a book-lover, and within the walls of his retreat he gathered about him one of the largest private libraries in the state. Starved of books in his boyhood, (he was nearly sixteen years old before the first one, other than an old arithmetic and a tattered grammar, fell into his hands,) he has made up for that period of dearth by a bookish plentitude, in his manhood. We would see him mousing about the hills on

exquisitely refined fancies, too beautiful, too really of the poetic essence to attract much attention until "The Man with a Hoe" dug a way for it. Here, too, used to come, though the world knew it not, nearly all the lame ducks of literature in California. They brought their limping lines, their maimed and halt stanzas, and their blind sonnets, and read them to him; and out of a patience that seemed tireless he would listen and encourage and suggest until the bardlings would go away feeling that they had conferred, rather than received favors.

The eyrie in the hills has been put in

repair since the poet left it. The vines that once climbed over the windows and let in a green and leafy light upon his well-beloved books have been torn away. The house blazons in new paint and fresh shingles, and the shrubbery about it has all been trimmed. Flocks of senseless hens now wander under the oaks where of yore used to assemble of a Sunday afternoon a group of friends whom the long climb could not frighten. The little stream that once ran past the door has been piped de-

corously to the barn-yard, and the great willows and water-weeds that kept their greenery along its banks look sere and feeble. There is a cow-pen where a tangle of scrub-oak once grew, and a vegetable-garden flourishes where the poet used to love to watch the blooming of the first wild poppies of springtime. In a word, the place in under cultivation. Some one is making two blades of grass grow where before was only one; the man with a hoe has been there.

A HAWAIIAN EXPEDIENT

By JESSIE KAUFMAN

"WHAT Negano want, Tulu?" asked Mrs. Sterling, lazily turning in her hammock, as she heard her maid's soft footfall in the *lanai*.

"Negano want one cup milk; he go make cake."

"You give him?"

"Yes; he take now."

Mrs. Sterling's eyes followed Negano as he sauntered past her *lanai* and across the vacant lot to the next house, with the borrowed cup of milk.

"Please give me that blue book on table, Tulu,—all same this, only more big. You see? Yes, that's right," she said settling herself more comfortably and opening her book. "And Tulu, please burn some mosquito-powder in my room. Mosquito come inside my net; plenty bite last night."

"All light," replied Tulu, as she noiselessly moved about with her duster.

But Mrs. Sterling's mind was not quite at ease. There was a new man-of-war in port. Some of the officers were sure to call, and she could not see them in her *holoku*. That was the worst about new men; they had to be initiated before they could forget the Mother Hubbard and remember that the *holoku* held a distinction, if not a difference. Well, she could not help it; she was not going to dress for all the officers in the navy.

"Tulu!"

"I come," called Tulu, who had gradually reached an adjoining room. In a moment the little blue-kimonoed form returned.

"Tulu," began her mistress, "by'n'by man-of-war gentleman come see me. You say I go down town."

"All light," replied the imperturbable Tulu. "Negano come," she added. "He plenty want to-day. He come all time."

"What you come get, Negano?" asked Mrs. Sterling, raising her voice as he approached.

Negano bowed to the ground. "We go make cake," he said. "Eggs all *pau*.¹ You got some eggs? By'n'by, Misy Al'n go down town — she buy. She say she bling you all same."

"Answer telephone, Tulu," said Mrs. Sterling, as the bell rang.

"Go kitchen, Negano," she added. "Cook give you eggs."

"Misy Al'n want you come speak," said Tulu, turning from the telephone.

"O dear!" sighed Mrs. Sterling, as she slowly got out of her hammock. "Hello! Is that you, Kukulani?" she began. "O, yes; I gave Negano the eggs. . . . Of course, I could spare them. . . . Yes; the recipe says four eggs and about three cups of flour—three, T-H-R-E-E—Can't you hear? . . . Central, I can't make

¹ Finished, ended.

two-two-four hear me. Tell her four eggs, three cups of flour, and one cup of sugar, please." There was a pause.

"Have you got it all right now, Kukulani? What are you going to fill your cake with? Chocolate, O how good! Yes, I think we have some chocolate. Wait a moment. . . . Yes, Kukulani; we have some. Send Neganu up for it. . . . What! Tom Ward and May Peters engaged! Well, I am surprised! O no! I promise I won't breathe it to a soul. . . . What! the *Monowai* off

And silence fell upon the *lanai* — a silence broken only by the buzzing of some big bumble-bees, and the murmur of the surf, while Mrs. Sterling gently rocked in her hammock, her gaze wandering over the seemingly endless expanse of bright blue and green foaming, sparkling, dancing waves that spread far, far off — as far as the eyes could reach; for her *lanai* stretched down to the very edge of the sea.

All around was a low open railing, and overhead a slanting roof which extended part of the way only, leaving an uncovered portion wide enough to hold a hammock



"Some Kanaka boys were surf-riding"

Diamond Head! I wonder why Central did n't tell me she was sighted. What time are you going down for the mail? . . . All right; I'll go with you. Good-by."

Mrs. Sterling went back to her hammock. "The *Monowai* must have made a quick trip," she reflected, as she settled herself once more. "I wonder if anybody I know is on board. Tulu! Ah, there you are! Just ask Central what time and set my watch. One o'clock? All right. I fall asleep; you wake me up one hour time. By'n'by ship come. I go down town with Mrs. Allen."

"All light," replied Tulu.

and some light wicker lounging-chairs. On moonlight nights she could recline there and imagine herself on the bosom of the ocean, with the starry sky above, the moon lighting up the splendor of the rolling waves with her soft radiance, the balmy fresh sea air, the light breeze, and the gentle swish of the rippling waters breaking on the beach.

But now her hammock was hung well back out of the glare, and about her were easy chairs, and palms, and flowers, and pictures, and wicker sofas laden with cushions; a tea-table and another hammock were near by, and farther on were

her dining-table and sideboard and the telephone, and then a doorway with a Japanese portière of bamboo leading to the rest of the house, such as it was; for the *lanai* was living-room, dining-room, veranda, parlor,—in fact, everything but bedroom and kitchen.

She lay there looking with lazy enjoyment at the reflection of the sun on the blue waters that glistened like myriads of diamonds. Some Kanaka boys were surf-riding, and she watched the canoes as they were skillfully mounted on the crests of



Kukulani's House

the biggest waves, which, when they curled and broke, sent the light crafts bounding in with a fascination of speed equal to that of the toboggan-slide. Soon the stately *Monowai*, with mail and passengers and importations from the Coast, came sailing along, and farther out, near the horizon, were some smaller white-sailed ships. The happy, joyous voices of the surf-riders were wafted to her on the faint winds. At last her book slid to the floor and the attractions of Waikiki, of which perhaps she was not the least, were lost to her. Her

dark lashes rested on her softly-flushed cheeks, her pretty chestnut hair, half falling, was carelessly tossed back against the luxurious multitude of neutral-tinted, cool-looking pillows, and her rose-pink *holoku*, falling in graceful folds over the side of the hammock, added a bright touch of color to the picture.

Mrs. Sterling was a widow, and a young one, but nobody knew how young, or, for that matter, how old; for she had been wise in her generation and had not told her age when she had come to Honolulu, some years before, as a bride. But she always preferred to "get around" a difficult subject rather than tell a fib, however white; so when asked the number of her years she would explain that of course she did not mind telling her age now, but she always looked into the future, and she could see that the time might come when she might regret the confidence of her youth.

"I think it is terrible, the way every one knows everything about every-body in Honolulu," she would say with a little shudder. "I've been here only a short time, and I know the ages of all the women in the town—and the men too, more shame to them! It's an injustice to oneself; really, it is."

She had a convincing way. Hearing her talk on the subject, one quite forgot, until afterwards, that it did not make any difference how old one was, and that "A woman is as old—" and all the rest of the very soothing proverb.

Yes, Mrs. Sterling was convincing. Sometimes she even convinced herself. When repeating a conversation she built up, as it were, her replies therein, and she had no idea that in the original talk she had not sparkled to the extent that she did in recalling it. But after all, what was the difference whether it was said first or last? There was no "what might have been" in her vocabulary. With her, sooner or later, what might have been was, and in this she was to be envied. But there was not always necessity for elaboration of her remarks, as she was not lacking in either quickness or daring. An irascible old gentleman had once confided in her his disappointment in his son. He was fond of confidences, for everybody sympathized with him. He was rich,

and so why shouldn't they? He was going to cut the boy off with a shilling. The rascal was everything he should n't be. He did this, and he did that; he was bossy, and cocky, and self-assertive; he wanted to be first in everything, even before his own father.

Mrs. Sterling raised her big, blue eyes to the raging and fuming parent, and with a sweet smile said softly, "A regular chip of the old block, eh?"

But then she looked so pretty, and seemed somehow to be conveying a subtle compliment to the old gentleman, and that made all the difference.

Ting-a-ling! ting-a-ling! ting-a-ling!

Some few minutes later, with the train of her *holoku* over her arm, she hurried across the lawn to the handsome house on the next lot.

"Kukulani!" she called.

Kukulani, a sweet-looking, rather stout young woman, dressed in a white *holoku*, which set off her dark skin and eyes, came out on the back porch and seated herself on the railing to await her friend.

"Is the *Monowai* in dock?" she asked, raising her musical voice as Mrs. Sterling reached the gate.

"Yes, the *Monowai* is in," replied Mrs. Sterling. "An old school-friend of mine and her husband have arrived," she added,



By the Waikiki Road

Mrs. Sterling rubbed her eyes and yawned.

Ting-a-ling! ting-a-ling!

O dear! where could Tulu be? Another big yawn.

Ting-a-ling-ling-ling!

Mrs. Sterling raised herself on her elbow and looked at the telephone.

Ting-a-ling-ling-ling-ling!

It began to sound angry, and was evidently waxing obstinate. Well, she was awake now; she might just as well go and answer.

Ting-ling—

"O, I'm coming,—I'm coming!" she murmured, as she rolled out off the hammock.

as she reached the porch and sat down panting. "She just telephoned me from the hotel. She is not going to stay over; they are traveling around the world. But the *Monowai* does n't sail until midnight, and so I invited them to dinner. I told her, of course, that I could not get any one to meet her at this late hour. I wish that you and Joe were not going out to dine."

"I'm sorry," said Kukulani. "Well, can I do anything to help? I'll go to market for you, if you like. Don't you want Negano or Ichi to wait on the table? What is your friend's name?"

"She was Louise Courtlandt. The Courtlandts are well known in New York. She's a great swell,—heirlooms galore,

family plate, ancestors by Sir Peter Lely, and so forth. She is very conventional, and she married a wealthy New York man. She is now Mrs. J. Oakley Van Huysten."

"Oh my!" said Kukulani, with the utmost calm. "All that? Well, we must show them that Honolulu is not a howling wilderness, eh?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Sterling. "The drawbacks of life in the tropics shall not appear. I'll represent housekeeping in roseate hues. I won't let them know that we have no caterers and have to do our own decorating. If I draw on my imagination just a little, you know,—eh?"

Kukulani's musical laugh interrupted her.

"I'm rather sorry I asked them," resumed Mrs. Sterling thoughtfully, after a moment. "They won't understand my picnicking Waikiki life; they will think I live in a manner little above the Irish peasant with his chickens and pigs wandering in to meals. Eating outdoors—no dining-room, no parlor! O, Kukulani, they will go home and say that I have deteriorated! Why did n't I think before I asked them? O, this awful habit of hospitality that I have contracted in the Islands!" Mrs. Sterling groaned. "Kukulani!" she exclaimed, "lend me your house for to-night! My carriage is going for the Van Huystens, and I can give orders to drive them here, instead of to my own house. You and Joe are going out to dinner. So lend me the whole place, servants, dining-room, parlor, all—"

"Why, of course," said Kukulani tranquilly, "and the chocolate cake, too."

"O, you dear, you have saved my life!" cried Mrs. Sterling with a sigh of utter relief.

"Nonsense!" rejoined Kukulani. "Is it not our boast that we are as one big family here in Hawaii and always ready to help each other when we are in *pilikia*?¹ You would do the same for me, eh? We are true *kamaainas*,² that's all. Now what are you going to have for dinner?"

Together they planned the *menu*. Kukulani made some delicious mayonnaise dressing. Then she went down town in her carriage, and came back with alligator-pears, delicious fresh mullet, taro and bananas to bake, and a lot of good

things besides. She had stopped at a friend's house and gathered a mass of the gorgeous, crimson Ponsiana Regia, to decorate the table. Its tropical splendor could not fail to impress even the pampered Van Huystens. So thought Mrs. Sterling, as she gazed with pride at the dainty table, and around the big cool dining-room, with its carved high-backed chairs, its massive sideboard laden with cut glass and silver, and its softly-shaded lights, and then out through the blind-doors opening to the broad veranda, hung with gay Japanese lanterns and luxurious with divans, hammocks, and easy chairs, long-leaved ferns, spreading palms and thickly-climbing vines giving a cool touch of green here and there.

Yes, she was glad that she had borrowed Kukulani's house. As she heard carriage wheels approaching, she went out on the veranda, and no doubt her sense of perfect content lent additional warmth to her greeting.

The Van Huystens proved most satisfactory guests. They were enthusiastic over everything,—the climate, the picturesque cocoanut-trees, the luxuriant foliage, the awe-inspiring view from the Pali, to the summit of which they had been driven during the afternoon, the grace of the native women, and last, but not least, Waikiki. They were delighted with alligator-pears, and they liked taro. But in spite of their appreciative remarks, she felt thankful—as the perfection of manner and dress of these faultless, swell-looking New Yorkers once more became apparent to her—that she had provided a conventional setting for them. She beamed at them and looked her prettiest in her thin, gauzy white gown, with one big flame-color tropical blossom, nodding on her shoulder.

"Tulu," she said, without turning, to the figure behind her chair, "give Mr. Van Huysten another piece of taro. It's so nice of you to think taro good, Mr. Van Huysten. We can't count on strangers liking it. Tulu! Tulu!"

Then she turned and beheld the irreproachable Negano, buttoned to the chin in his spotless, white suit, his impassive demeanor unruffled. Always alert at the mention of his own name, he was oblivious at other times, and above all stolid at any

¹ Trouble. ² Children of the Islands.

allusion to Tulu, to whose charms he was not indifferent.

Mrs. Sterling colored. "Negano, give gentleman taro," she murmured, and Negano flew to obey.

Then as she felt the color mounting to her brow, she reflected that her guilty conscience alone had made her lose her self-possession, and this helped her to regain it.

"My maid, Tulu, is with me so much," she said smilingly to Mr. Van Huysten, "it will be a wonder if I don't call you Tulu before the end of the dinner."

She was quite herself again, and chatted

and quite fat lady, unmistakably Hawaiian by birth. Mrs. Sterling's blood ran exceedingly cold; for Kukulani was a half-white and this was her mother, of the royal line of Kamehameha, it was true, but, of course, to the untutored Van Huysten eye this royalty might not be apparent. Good heavens! not a photograph of her own family about; not one of her dearly loved relatives, not one of her old New York friends,—all the pictures and photographs in her *lanai*. How could she have forgotten to bring up a few? And Mrs. Van Huysten with her family pride, her ancestors by Lely!



Native Lei Venders

gaily on, with all her usual animation. Everything was going so smoothly, and the dinner was delicious.

"Yes, I miss the dear old days of royalty," she was saying. "Although I am an American, I must acknowledge I enjoyed the pomp and ceremony, even if it was an 'opera-bouffe court.' Now there are no more balls at the Palace, no more—"

She paused as she followed Mr. Van Huysten's eyes, which were fastened upon a painting on the wall opposite, of a dusky

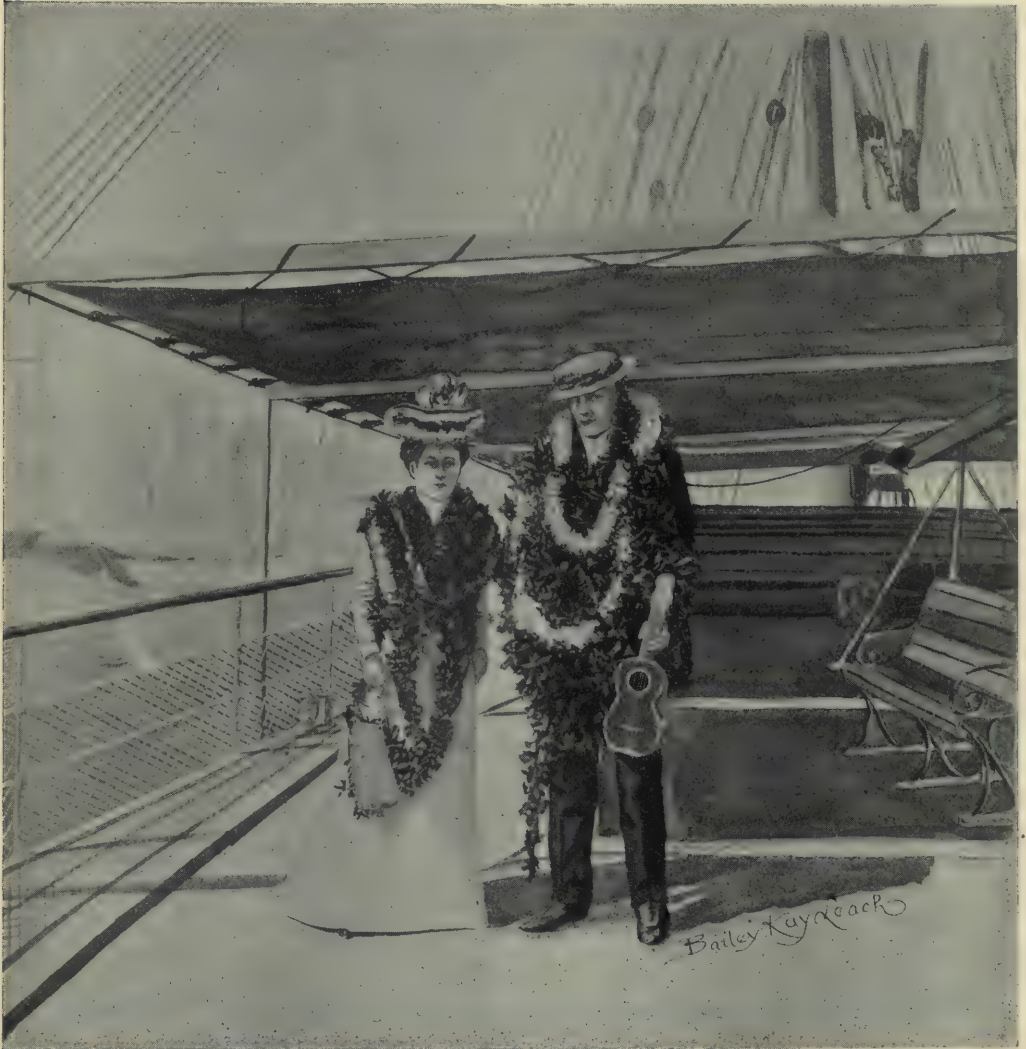
"Have you ever heard the story of Kapiolani, a chiefess of early times?" she murmured. "She was a true heroine. When converted to Christianity by the missionaries, she determined to show that she no longer believed in the idolatrous religion of her race. So, although it was *tabu* for a woman to go near the crater of Kilauea, she defied Pele, the Goddess of the Volcano, and stayed all one night at the brink of the crater, against the almost frenzied opposition of her husband and friends, who thought she would be swal-

lowed up in the fiery lava. Was it not a wonderful act of moral courage, to go against all her former beliefs and the traditions of her country to show her people the true God?" And Mrs. Sterling's beautiful eyes, full of reminiscent awe, rested upon Kukulani's mother, who had

outside the door. "Lady want speak Misy Al'n," he announced, as he returned to the dining-room.

"All right, all right," said Mrs. Sterling hastily. "Tell her by'n'by, Negano. By'n'by, dinner *pau*, I go speak."

Negano vanished.



"Laden with bright floral wreaths"

been renowned above all for an inordinate love of *poi*, whereby she had acquired the wealth of adipose tissue faithfully represented in the likeness.

"All right! wait one minute," said Negano, answering the telephone, just

"Why does your butler call you 'Misy Al'n'?" asked Mr. Van Huysten who had the full determination of the traveler to learn it all.

"Well,— it's a kind of way he has," she answered slowly, and once more the

color mounted to her brow. "Are you going to Japan before you go home?" she continued.

"Yes indeed," answered Mr. Van Huysten.

Mrs. Sterling's spirits sank.

"Well you'll see they have ways then," she murmured vaguely. "It's very warm to-night. Tulu,—I mean Negano,—please give me fan."

But the Van Huystens did n't think it uncomfortably warm, and they did not groan over the mosquitoes, which were undeniable and generally most attentive to strangers. They assured their hostess that in all their travels they felt convinced they could not come upon a more charming spot than Honolulu. What hostess, no matter how sore her trials, could fail to revive under such soothing treatment? Mrs. Sterling did revive, and was all dimples and smiles once more.

"Ku-ku-la-ni,—Hawaiian, I presume?" said Mr. Van Huysten, picking up a large and handsome spoon, lying near him on the table.

"What does it mean?" asked his wife, politely interested

Mrs. Sterling's smile froze upon her lips. How could she have been so careless?

"Kukulani," she repeated, and even across the table she could see the letters engraved upon the handle in plain script. Who was it that had said it was possible to live a lifetime in a minute, or was it original with herself? "Kukulani," she said weakly, and as that lady rose before her she felt a murderous inclination toward her, although to be just it was not her fault—"Kukulani,—well how can I tell you? The native language is most difficult to translate; one word may have several different meanings. Now, take *aloha*,—it may mean 'how do you do?' or 'good-by,' or love, or greeting, or regards,—and I don't know what else. *Aloha oe* is a little more intense, and *aloha nui* is downright affectionate."

The Van Huystens were all attention. Mr. Van Huysten opened his mouth.

"And," continued Mrs. Sterling hastily, "it really is remarkable how the natives mix English and Hawaiian words in their songs. If you will come out on the veranda, we will have coffee there. It is so

much cooler outside. I will get my *ukulele* and sing you a verse or two, and you will see what I mean."

The Van Huystens followed her to the veranda, and lightly sweeping the strings of the *ukulele* with the tips of her fingers, she sang a popular melody full of the soft minor tone and plaintive sweetness peculiar to the music of Hawaii.

"It's charming!" cried Mrs. Van Huysten, as she paused.

"Do sing another," begged Mr. Van Huysten. And so delighted did he appear that his hostess presented him with her tiny *ukulele* as a typical memento from Hawaii.

Kukulani was quite forgotten.

After all, it had paid. She had had moments of suffering; but what of that? The Spartan boy had not concealed his anguish better than she, and now she lay back in her chair, sipping her coffee with a happy feeling of compensation.

"I am going to take you for a drive," she said a little later. "I don't want you to go away from Honolulu until you have had a moonlight drive. Then I will leave you at the steamer, if you wish."

"There was some talk of the *Monowai* waiting over until to-morrow afternoon," said Mr. Van Huysten, as he lit a cigarette. "Something the matter with her shaft, I believe," he continued.

"If we should be detained, we shall have a chance to call on you before we sail and show a little of our appreciation of your charming hospitality," added Mrs. Van Huysten.

"Impossible!" gasped poor Mrs. Sterling, as a picture of the Van Huystens driving up to the Allen residence, with Kukulani and her husband making a tableau of charming domestic felicity on the lawn, rose before her. "I mean the shaft. I'll ask Central. I can't believe that the *Monowai's* shaft has gone wrong."

She did not totter from the veranda, she reflected afterwards, though her knees did feel weak.

"No," she said brightly, when she returned, "the *Monowai* will sail on time. Now, shall we start? The carriage is at the door."

Mrs. Van Huysten went inside with her hostess, and in a few moments they both

came out with lacy, airy scarfs thrown over their heads, Negano following with light wraps.

"Aloha! Where is Kukulani?" asked a soft voice from the end of the veranda.

Mrs. Sterling started; she even jumped. Mrs. Van Huysten would think her lacking in that repose which distinguished the Vere de Vere. Her eyes were glued to the graceful form approaching, clad in a yellow *holoku*, which trailed its bright folds along the smooth boards of the veranda.

"This visitation has aged me," thought Mrs. Sterling grimly, but of speech she was incapable.

"Is n't she at home?" continued the caller, who was none other than Kukulani's first cousin, and nearly enough related to her to feel that she could press the question. "I telephoned, but—"

"I—I heard her say she was going out to dine," faltered Mrs. Sterling. Then she led the new comer into the house, with a murmured remark which nobody quite caught.

She came out alone. "Er—Kukulani is my next-door neighbor," she said lightly, and certainly therein she spoke the truth.

Then they were driven in the balmy,

still moonlit night; first through Kapiolani Park with its deep shadows and quiet pools, its feathery algeroba-trees, and its tall, branching cactus, then along the length of the beach where they stopped to watch the waves rolling like molten silver under the bright tropical moon, and then on over the firm, broad roads which led to town. Sweet tinkling strains of the *ukulele* or the taro-patch fiddle reached them every now and then, and from the gardens were wafted whiffs of fragrant flowers as they drove by. At Emma Square they lingered to listen to the Hawaiian band giving an open-air concert. At last it was time to go to the wharf. Mrs. Sterling bought *leis* from a native girl, leaving her guests on board the *Monowai* fairly laden with the bright floral wreaths.

"Aloha, aloha!" she called a last farewell from the dock, and the Van Huystens kissed their hands to their genial hostess.

"We will come back!" cried Mr. Van Huysten in his enthusiasm.

"Yes, we must see more of Hawaii," exclaimed Mrs. Van Huysten.

And Mrs. Sterling no doubt meant a cordial assent to their plan when her voice reached them faintly: "*Aloha; aloha oe.*"

SCULPTORS

ONLY a smile that softly played,
On the face of a woman sweet and fair;
It brightened her eyes, and dimpled her cheeks,
And left its trace of beauty there.

Only a tear, yet it furrowed its way,
O'er a face of sorrow, toil, and care;
And a sweet, mellow sadness stole over the face,
While sorrow silvered the golden hair.

Only a frown, but a face once fair,
Grew hard and bitter, stern and cold,
While envy and anger, pride and scorn,
Were plainly traced as the face grew old.

Sculptors small, yet from day to day,
They work away with might and main,
Patiently, silently, as they trace,
The heart's fond secrets of joy and pain.

Clara Hauenschild.

LETTIE

By B. N. ROY

THIS story is a bit of realism, though the ideal is woven into it, like threads of gold in a common warp, —and this is the way it all happened.

When Lettie's mother died—she was only a little past seventeen then—there were left, besides herself, two mites of children, a sister of six years, a brother of four,—hardly more than babes,—and to Lettie fell the care of them. Next to a mother for the brooding and rearing of children is a sister with motherly instincts and sensibilities, especially if she have a sober and dutiful bent of character. Lettie was serious enough and conscientious, and so the little half-orphaned bits of humanity were in good hands.

Lettie's character and personal traits were traceable mainly to her father. John Marlowe had been a machinist and inventor, and had not failed of rendering important and valuable service to his kind. But like the majority of inventors, his harvests of practical reward had been meager,—only the gleanings, it might be said, after others had reaped the full sheaves. Hence it was that of those goods which make for comfort and cheer in a home and promise security for life's autumn and winter he had for himself and his loved ones but a modest supply. Frugality, therefore, and economy had been the necessitated rules of the household, and the discipline thereof had made the mother a patient toiler through long domestic years, and had also borne a not unwholesome fruit in Lettie's character as she grew up to share the responsibilities of the household. There was not another girl of her age in San Francisco who could be more confidently trusted to cope with the serious problems of life—if indeed they must needs be faced and solved by one so young.

It was not exactly poverty, to be sure, in which they had lived. The little home on Telegraph Hill had been paid for and was clear of debt, and there were deposits in the bank amounting to about eight hundred dollars, representing the savings of many years. This was not wealth, but

there was a way in which John Marlowe was a very rich man; that is, he dreamed opulent dreams. As a practical mechanic he was very exact and apt and clever, but his inventive turn was accompanied, or perhaps was grounded in, a habit of seeing possibilities beyond the present status and of imagining them brought already to realization. Thus, dreaming often, and dreaming well, not of what might have been but of what might yet be for him and his, he lived partly amidst pictures of achieved prosperity, and so did not miss altogether the sense of wealth and power.

One evening in December, when the rain was falling, the children were all in bed, and John Marlowe sat by the fireside dreaming another such dream. He had been reading the evening paper and was particularly interested in an account of the new gold-mining fields of South Africa. He fancied himself in that far world, and finding there, perhaps, the opportunity to place his almost perfected invention for separating gold. If he could carry thither a reliable improved method, that would be just the chance to realize finally on the securities of Fate. It might be that with a single stroke he could hit the golden nail at last on the head and drive it home. And then he would come back, and for Lettie and the little ones, and for himself in his old age—he was fifty now—there would be comfort, leisure and assurance. With these thoughts in mind he lay down for rest, but found little of it, for the vivid dream kept on and it was only with the late hours of the night that it passed into those vaguer visions that accompany sleep.

On the following morning he sought out his old friend, the sea-captain, who had made many a voyage between San Francisco and Cape Town, and who was soon to sail again for South Africa with a cargo of wheat. Of him he inquired as to the possibility of carrying two passengers, himself and another, to the Dark Continent. Receiving a satisfactory reply, he returned home.

Two men!—it was for two that he had

solicited passage. Who, then, was the second man? Well, if nothing has been said hitherto about Ralph Cousins, it is because he was nothing to Lettie. He had been an apprentice in a machine-shop where John Marlowe formerly worked, and when left alone in the world by the death of his parents had been taken into the Marlowe home, where he had lived until now he was twenty-two years of age. There could be nothing strange in the fact that to a youth so earnest, so right-minded and so warm-hearted as Ralph, this girl, growing to sweet young womanhood, as she passed daily to and fro before his eyes, should seem to him beautiful and lovable; and nothing strange if she, in turn, found in him what a woman's unfolding nature can so readily come to adore. So here was a repetition of the old story which hardly needs to be related again, but which is retold, forsooth, over and over and over as years and ages multiply, because it is so sweet forever and in every instance so new and fresh, even as are the foliage and the flowers under the quickening of the yearly rain.

John Marlowe had determined, as the reader will surmise, to take Ralph with him on the adventurous trip across the seas; and so that evening he unfolded his plan to the young lovers. With rapid eloquence he explained the grounds of his hope for success—the almost certainty, indeed, of both fortune and fame. Then he told how they would now divide the eight hundred dollars evenly, leaving half for Lettie and the children, and taking the other half for their expenses until they should find what they went forth to seek; that four hundred dollars would provide bounteously for the home for a whole year's time, he said, and before the second year came they would surely be able to send remittances, and at the end of the second year they would return, bringing a competence with them, and then all would be well. And so sure was he and so eloquent in voicing his assurance, that it seemed to be all settled and sealed and beyond question—at least to himself—before he had concluded.

And they? Ah, there was a deeply serious look on Ralph's face, and tears glistened all the while in Lettie's eyes, and their words were few and somewhat

tremulous. But when at last the father rose and went to his room, it had all been agreed upon, though only the weeping heavens knew then—and perhaps the wild sea-waves knew, too—what the life-issues of this hour should be for them, and for the children that slumbered all unaware.

It was on a New Year's day that the good ship sailed. Lettie and the little ones went down to the wharf and saw the two voyagers off, and waited there until the boat had carried them to the ship's side as she lay at anchor. Then they climbed quickly to the little home on Telegraph Hill and from the upper windows watched them as they stood on the deck and waved their handkerchiefs, while the little steam monster towed the vessel out through the Golden Gate, and past the heads, into the heaving sea. Strange!—no not strange, but only one of the familiar and common happenings of this life—that from the cornucopia of Fate, in which are commingled blessings and curses, such a gift as this should be meted out to them on a "Happy New Year,"—this separation, this dubious adventuring of fortune, this cup of tears, this grievous straining of the heartstrings.

The morrow came, and with it something very blessedly human, something beautiful, though sad, began in Lettie's life. Two things were coupled henceforth in her consciousness—the brooding mother-care of the babes, and a yearning love, that voyaged with the ship and breathed upon them along with the sea-breaths, with a filial concern for the one and all that wondrous lover-tenderness and solicitude for the other.

But ah! for all that, the ship never made her haven, and the months multiplied into a year with no tidings, and when New Year's day came again Lettie had learned that the world had given the vessel up as "lost at sea,"—a mystery of the stormy wind and the hungry deep. No one needs to be told what were Lettie's thoughts or what the passions of her soul when she at last became assured of this. Her heart, too, was "lost at sea!"

No, not utterly lost,—for here were the helpless children, whom she now loved all the more; and they so needed her, clung to her so trustingly, were so sure of a safe

nestling in her arms, that loyalty to them guided her daily to the tasks which she saw before her. Her money was more than half gone; for one of the babes had been ill, and she had spent a considerable sum for medical care. And so now, with the chance that she might never again hear of the father and the lover, she must needs address herself to the economic problem.

From her childhood this girl—this woman now, matured not alone by her eighteen years, but by the unusual cares that had fallen to her lot—had been fond of pets, and in her emergency it occurred to her that she might open here, in her home with its cozy little back garden, a “home for animals.” In this enterprise, if she was to make a living for herself and the bairns, and without overburdening her, she must have the generous patronage of the rich. This she secured through the aid of a friend of her dead mother’s in girlhood days and who had married fortunately and lived now in elegance on Russian Hill. And so, ere long, the little place had ever its contingent of canine boarders, small pets from homes of wealth, sometimes many, sometimes few, intrusted to her when their owners journeyed for recreation or health or sightseeing, or on any of those errands which persuade the rich to close their homes and wander on the earth. Those same traits which made Lettie an admirable sister-mother gave her success in this undertaking also, and she began to have a little income almost adequate to their needs. And then the children were happy with their share in the new undertaking. Thus Lettie had reasons for being almost happy, and at least, as a matter of fact, she was not overpowered and vanquished by sorrow.

But there was another, and perhaps a stronger reason why Lettie was not utterly cast down. Have we not seen that her father was a dreamer? So was she; for this trait also, along with serviceable talents, had been passed to her as an inheritance. She too, therefore, knew the blessedness of fair and sweet imaginings. Ah! who would take this resource away from humankind? It has brought beatitude to the world of man, the world of woman, and the world of little children.

It has achieved triumph in the very face of defeat, driven out despair by hope, and put rainbows across stormy skies. Joseph was easily and incontestably chief among his brethren, for he dreamed dreams better than they all.

Lettie dreamed that, though the ship that bore away her loved ones had gone down in the sea, yet those same loved ones were not lost after all; that somewhere in the big earth they yet lived and thought of her and the children; that they were toiling and struggling manfully to get back again; that some day they would come climbing up the hill; that then the home would be full of laughter and song, and especially that two hearts already mated in a lasting love would be united in a simple life of joy. As she dreamed this dream again and again, it all came to seem so real that she smiled in her confidence, and said, “There will surely be a time when another ship shall enter the Golden Gate for me, an hour when ‘my ship comes home.’” Indeed, she almost amused herself in saying, “Yes, my ship is even now somewhere about the Cape of Good Hope, and after just time enough for the voyage she will ride into the Bay and drop her anchor, and I shall see my father again, and with him will come my lover.” And so it was that day after day, at morn and noon and night, she looked out from the upper windows, scanning the incoming fleets and wondering if amidst them her ship might indeed be coming home.

It was the third New Year—a day clear and bright and beautiful, one of those perfect bits of time which befall in the intervals between the California rains. Lettie had not neglected holiday gifts for the children, and through the morning hours they were joying in their marvelous picture-books and toys. Lettie, leaving them intent upon their pleasures, stole away to the upper window from which she had so often looked afar, even to that Cape of Good Hope—the real one of Southern Africa, the ideal one of human trust in God and good. She looked out once more, and there, sailing up the channel unaided, borne in by the sea-wind that blew out of the west, came on a great

ship, with sails full-spread, like a noble white-winged bird between the blue of the sky and the blue of the deep.

How wonderful are those occult intimations to the human mind—so that it should be certified to Lettie that indeed, now at last, her ship had come home! She seemed to *know* it. Her heart was all athrill. Her eyes grew large and wondrously tender. She threw the window more widely open and gazed steadfastly at the ship, wondering, hoping, expecting, dreaming once more onward into the hours before her. Ah, child! ah, sweet woman! dream thy earthly dream and linger in it whilst thou may! for the scene of thy hopeful, wistful imaginings onward into the future will shift to a shore more distant than even Africa's before the day is done!

Up to the last words of the preceding paragraph the reader has probably anticipated an ideal issue of this story in a sweet, unshadowed reunion of loving hearts, in wealth, comfort, laughter, song, and household joy. Alas! and alas! that it should not always be so in the ultimations of human experience. And was it not hinted at the beginning that we were to have here again only a weaving together of a warp of hard fact and a woof of dream-threads into a common web of life? And thus it was that, an hour or two later, a man who appeared to be already aged—though he had but a little passed the half-century mark—with hair prematurely gray, and with a step somewhat laboring, climbed the hill alone; and thus, too, it was that the face of Lettie, who stood watching now at a lower window, grew pale and strained and anxious. Yes! it was indeed her father coming! She was sure of that, and felt a thrill of filial joy. But why was he so changed? Why was he alone?

We need not accompany her as she goes to meet him between the gate and the door. We need not stay to witness the greeting between the father and the little children. We need not linger there to observe the ensuing moments of constrained silence, and the hesitant, solicitous, tender way in which at last the whole story is detailed to Lettie's knowledge—how the ship, storm-driven far out of her course, came to wreck on a reef; how John Marlowe

and Ralph Cousins alone reached the shore of a lonely isle in the Pacific sea; how Ralph had been roughly buffeted by the waves and sorely bruised by rocks; how Marlowe had managed to care for him and keep him alive for three months; how incredible were their hardships and privation and sufferings, in the midst of which, at last, the young man, battered and crippled by his injuries, yielded up his life; how then many other intolerable months passed in the utter loneliness; how at last a ship hove in sight and Marlowe's signal was descried and he was taken off that island of grief and torment; how he had been brought again to the Golden Gate; and how at the time of the shipwreck he had clung to the purse and had brought home again nearly all the money that was left after paying their passage—and this, he said, was the single cheering item in his sad story, and was something for gratitude, since Lettie and the little ones would need it. As for himself, he added, he had come home, he knew, only to die.

And Lettie?

The soul of many a woman sheds tears long after the eyes are dry and the face has settled to a show of calm. But serving care and loving labor, if the burdens be not of a cruel overweight, are oftentimes in themselves remedial and tonic, and serve at last for health of body, for saneness of mind, and for a quiet cheer in the heart. All this has been realized for Lettie in the ten years that have elapsed since her father's death. She has triumphed in the struggle for existence for herself and the children. They are with her still, though growing rapidly toward adult years. The little home is yet theirs, and Lettie loves it, and those who know her think her successful and content.

And yet, never a day passes that the face of a sweet woman may not be seen at that upper window, where she stands and looks out seaward through the Golden Gate; and if you were near enough, and listened breathlessly, you might hear the low, sweet murmur of a cherished faith: "My ship will surely come—and she will bring my lover. She is even now sailing somewhere around the Cape of Good Hope. She will come—my ship and my lover will come!"

TERRITORIAL EXPANSION—II

THE PHILIPPINES—THE ORIENTAL PROBLEM

By N. P. CHIPMAN

A COMMISSIONER OF THE SUPREME COURT OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE preceding number of this magazine I endeavored to present the history of territorial expansion in this country and to show the powers of Congress over the whole subject of legislative control of the Territories. The following pages will be devoted to a consideration of the Oriental Problem and of the policy of acquiring the Philippines.

Both England and the United States, under the persuasive appeals of Mr. Burlingame thirty years ago, were led to believe that China had reached a stage in her progress which gave promise of a nation able to take care of herself and with which treaties could be made on the assumption that force was no longer needed to compel terms of commercial intercourse. Both these countries entered into an agreement with China, obtaining from her no great concessions, but practically agreeing to leave China to work out her own destiny in her own way.

There was at that time no premonition that Russia would ever interfere to rob China of her statehood, or that Germany or France would take possession of any part of her territory, or that Japan would ever dare to invade her boundaries. England and the United States, the two leading commercial nations of the globe, gave no serious consideration to the cloud which even then hung over and later broke with such fury upon the people of China. The weakness and imbecility of her government, the cowardice of her soldiers and sailors in battle, and her utter lack of preparation to defend herself were astounding revelations.

Russia, however, did not share the optimistic views of other nations as to China. Her contiguity of territory and more intimate knowledge of the Chinese people gave her an insight denied to others, except perhaps Japan, of which she has been preparing for years to take advantage. Her great transcontinental rail-

road was but a step towards the ultimate control of the trade of China, and it is believed by many that it meant the subversion of self-government by her people as necessary to that control. Slowly this process of absorption has been going on, but it was greatly accelerated by the Japanese war, until the spectacle was presented to the world not long since of the oldest and most populous nation on the globe about to be carved in pieces and parceled out as merchandise. Among the results of the Spanish-American War has been the arrest of this process of disintegrating China.

But what concern is this to us? you ask. It is vital. We are to hold the Philippines because of their nearness to this vast hive of human activities; and we are concerned because we are to be thus near to China. A profound student of the situation thus writes of this country of four hundred millions of human beings:—

The commercial nations *par excellence* are the Anglo-Teutonic whose interest, in spite of an occasional freak of hot-blooded Kaisers or the like, is not to break up old "China," but rather, if possible, to rivet the cracks in it. By the introduction of such improvements as railways, steamboats, mining, and manufactories, by the infusion of the Western spirit as a new nervous force into the country, and of Western principles of action, the resources of China, in men and material, would be rendered capable of providing fertile employment for white men for centuries to come. This is the great undeveloped estate which the present generation of Anglo-Saxons have to leave to their ever-increasing offspring,—an inheritance richer far than all the prairies and all the gold-mines in the world, because crowned with a wealth of humanity of the most efficient quality, an enormous hive of industry needing direction, and with capacities for consumption commensurate with their unrivaled powers of production.

And this is a country now lying at our doors, which the rapacity of certain nations not long since was about to demand should be dismembered and robbed of the right of self-government; the fruits

of whose toil they would proclaim shall not mingle freely through open doors into the channels of the world's commerce, but shall be monopolized by and made to contribute to the power and the wealth of the few predatory nations which thus threaten to sweep down upon this doomed and apparently helpless people.

China is not yet disintegrated or destroyed. Shall the United States longer remain neutral or indifferent to the fate of this great empire? In this our interests are the same as those of Great Britain. Thomas Jefferson was not alarmed at the thought of an alliance with her when the fate of the South American republics hung in the balance; nor should we now hesitate to invite her co-operation in staying the hand that would destroy China and close her ports against the free commerce of the world. I repeat what Mr. Jefferson said to Mr. Monroe: "With Great Britain on our side, we need not fear the whole world." In our new and greatly enlarged sphere of governmental control, which happily coincides with and is in no wise antagonistic to the aspirations of Great Britain, except as friendly commercial competitors, there is every reason why we should eradicate whatever of feelings of hostility we may have heretofore felt towards the mother country. It is our duty, as I conceive, to show to our people that the time has come (I hope to remain forever), when these two great English-speaking nations are to be found "once more side by side in the same cause." It is for us to urge as Jefferson did in 1823, "that we should most sedulously cherish a cordial friendship" with our English cousins.

I am not prepared to say that the Philippines are without meaning unless we can have the untrammelled right to compete for the China trade, although the writer from whom I have quoted so thinks; but the Philippines would lose much of their value to us, rich as they are, should the government of China pass into the despotic control of the Czar of all the Russias. In the September number of this periodical I endeavored to point out the importance of China's commerce to this country. I need not further refer to that feature of the subject.

China can no longer remain isolated or

stationary. She is surrounded on all sides by aspiring and ambitious nations, having more or less of stable footing on her shores; and now by our acquisition of the Philippines a new factor in the problem of the Orient has been introduced with which the nations of the earth must hereafter deal. By far the most aggressive nation in this field of commercial activities is Russia; and as the map discloses, her advantageous position and her disposition towards territorial aggrandizement make her a most dangerous competitor, threatening, possibly, the very autonomy of China itself. I do not myself believe it, but many who have watched this absorbing drama of the Orient do so believe, that Russia has been for years leading up to the consummation of China's utter subjugation.

It is a most significant fact that the Muscovite and the Tartar races intercross with decided advantages to each. Napoleon's sarcastic epigram will be remembered: "Scratch a Russian, and you will find a Tartar." It is this homogeneity of the two races, coupled with the aggressive movements of Russia in China, that led an observant writer to remark that "No one familiar with the subject doubts that it means the eventual occupation and absorption by Russia of Manchuria, Corea, and all the dependencies of China north and east of the Great Wall." A glance at the map will show what it means with Russia in control of Manchuria, the Gulf of Liao-Tung, and the Corean Peninsula, and with the terminus of its Transcasian railroad but a short distance from Peking.

The Manchurians are said to possess all the qualities which go to make good soldiers. In the hands of a power like Russia, with her facilities for moving large bodies of armed men drawn from her standing army, it needs no gift of prophecy to forecast the doom of China, if the rest of the world stands idly by. And the subjugation of China by Russia may disturb the peace of the world.

And now a word as to the policy of acquiring the Philippines.

The acquisition of the Hawaiian Islands is an accomplished fact. Thus far we have gone beyond the power to recede.

The public mind seems to have settled down to the wisdom of acquiring Porto Rico. The objections to the annexation of Cuba relate rather to our avowed purpose respecting that island when war was declared with Spain than to any inherent difficulties to be anticipated in governing the island. This is all non-contiguous territory. We must encounter in all these islands the problem of governing races essentially different from our own. In all of them we are to penetrate tropical climates and enter upon the development of new industries and engage in an agriculture with which we are unacquainted. So far as the Hawaiian Islands are concerned, we have in absorbing them stepped beyond our own hemisphere. It is a voyage of seven days and 2,089 miles to reach them from San Francisco. It seems to me that whatever may be the difficulties that stand in the way of our governing the Philippines, when compared with the islands of which I have just spoken, they present a problem differing only in degree.

Ex-Senator Edmunds of Vermont has condensed the objections in a short paragraph. He says:—

In a business point of view, we must take into consideration the cost of governing the Philippine Islands. This cost can not, in all human probability, be met by the taxation of the inhabitants to any considerable extent. If we take them, we must govern them by external power, and not through any autonomy of their own. This means a large and expensive civil list, which must in the main be paid out of the treasury of the United States. The climate is, of course, unwholesome for Americans, and the death-rate of our officers there would be very large. It will also require an American army of defense for the preservation of peace and order of many thousand men, and an American navy of six or more ships and probably two thousand men, all exposed, like the civilians, to the constant hostility of the climate, to say nothing of that of the inhabitants of most, if not all, of the islands.

If to this catalogue of anticipated difficulties there may be added the danger of becoming embroiled in European politics, we have before us about the whole field of opposition. I will briefly reply to some of these points of objection and state some of the reasons in support of what seems to be the policy upon which we have entered.

The Philippines extend north and south sixteen degrees, and east and west nine de-

grees, the southern extremity reaching within about six degrees of the equator, and have a population of seven millions. Of the twelve hundred islands, about one third only are inhabited. The island of Luzon contains more than half the entire population and about half the entire area. In the acquisition of these islands, there has been added to our national domain a territory measuring 115,000 square miles—an area equal to one third the present square miles of all the States comprised in the original thirteen colonies. Compared with foreign countries, this new domain is more than half the size of either France, Germany, Australia, or Spain; it is four fifths the area of the entire kingdom of Japan; it is almost equal to the combined square miles of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, and is greater than all Italy. It is more than twenty times the area of the Hawaiian Archipelago, with a population eighty times greater than that gem of the island world. This island empire of the Philippines lies nearer to the city of San Francisco than to any other market in the western world; and when these islands are once restored to conditions of peace, and fall under the permanent protection of our flag, the trade of their seven millions of people will naturally turn towards their new protectors and their friends, and will enter the Golden Gate to be here distributed to the markets of the United States and Europe.

The commercial importance of these islands is difficult to estimate owing to the failure of the Spanish Government to make reliable and complete record of its business relations with them. From the "Statesman's Year Book for 1898" it appears that the estimated public revenue collected (1894-95) was about \$13,500,000, and the expenditure \$13,250,000. The revenue collected annually by the Spanish Government in its misrule of that country has been more than double the State tax in California to carry on our complex system and support all our public institutions on a total taxable valuation of over \$1,200,000,000.

The known exports from the islands in 1897, before American occupation, as reported by an agent of the Treasury Department, amounted to \$41,342,280;

while the imports were \$17,400,000. This shows a trade balance in favor of the islands of nearly \$24,000,000. The chief exports are sugar and hemp, tobacco-leaf, cigars, and copra (dried kernel of the cocoanut broken up). Of the import trade the United Kingdom controls thirty-four per cent.; Hong Kong and Amoy, twenty-one per cent.; Spain, thirteen per cent.; Singapore and British India, ten per cent. Our country has had but little of this trade. Articles of import are rice, flour, wines, cotton goods, petroleum, and coal. In the Encyclopædia Britannica the exports are given for 1880 at \$29,996,000, from which it would appear that exports have increased considerably in recent years, notwithstanding internal political disturbances and the repressive tendency of Spanish rule. In all the islands there are but seventy miles of railroad and seven hundred and twenty miles of telegraph lines. The coin in use is the Mexican dollar. All other foreign coins have heretofore been forbidden circulation. Local fractional money has been coined there. The chief products are hemp, sugar, coffee, copra, tobacco-leaf, cigars, and indigo, to which will soon be added hard woods for export. Like all the islands of the archipelago, the soil is exceedingly rich and productive and capable of greatly increased production.

Manufactures have reached no advanced stage, but there is produced there a great variety of textile fabrics (piña fibers, silk, and cotton) some of which are said to be of great excellence and beauty. The manufactures are chiefly hats, mats, baskets, ropes, furniture, coarse pottery, carriages, and musical instruments. Hemp is largely taken to Hong Kong, and there manufactured into cordage by the English. The native has been given neither opportunity nor encouragement to advance in civilizing pursuits. Practically robbed of all the fruits of his toil by the exactions of his oppressors, life to him has possessed none of the inducements to get on in the world, such as a liberal government, which we shall establish, will offer him.

The contention that the Philippines are politically undesirable, if not impossible of governmental control, because of their remoteness, is a claim that fails to take into

account the modern steamship and the submarine cable. With the inventions that have been made and the improvements that have followed in the development of modern transportation, time only has come to be the factor considered in the measurement of distance. The overland Argonaut consumed more months in reaching the land of his hopes and dreams, than is now required to circle the globe. And for the first twenty years of its Anglo-Saxon history California was, on an average, full thirty days distant from the capitol at Washington—now it is about four. What the more powerful locomotives, steel rails, air-brakes, and general betterment have done to increase speed and economize expense on land by railways, the steel hull, the screw propeller, and triple-expansion engine have done for the steamship that plows the ocean's thoroughfare. Since its first creation, the improved expansion engine has lessened the distance that lies between Great Britain and the most remote of her extended possessions by more than one half, and has thereby increased the loyalty of her distant colonies more than all the well-studied legislation that had gone before.

The political bonds of a country are naturally no greater than the strength of the commercial arteries that unite its people. This has been the experience of all colonizing nations, and was the inspiration that led our own Government to grant the lands and indorse the bonds that built our transcontinental railways. Pursuing the same principle of known law, when the United States shall subsidize a Western fleet possessing the speed of the present Atlantic liners, it will have brought Manila within fifteen days of San Francisco and within less than twenty days of the capitol at Washington—a result that will place the Philippines nearer to New York and the capitol than was California during the first twenty years of its history as a State. Furthermore, it will have established a commercial artery assuring to us a supremacy in trade that will in turn make loyal the now distant people, and thereby, in great measure, will have solved their form of government. Even now, under the present unsettled conditions, a man leaving any city on the Atlantic seaboard can reach Manila in nearly the same

time and at about the same expense as was required to reach San Francisco from a like Eastern port at any time antedating the completion of the first transcontinental railway. Moreover, the lessening of freight rates that has followed these improved and increased transportation facilities, permits the shipment of a ton of freight from Manila to New York to-day at an expense no greater than it cost to ship a ton of like freight from San Francisco to New York at any time prior to 1869. With a like encouragement extended to the Philippines that was given to the Pacific States, the American planter and merchant in these islands will find himself much nearer to the continental markets of San Francisco and New York and the capitol at Washington than was San Francisco to the Eastern cities named during the decades of the '50's and '60's.

When so patriotic a citizen and so profound a statesman as Judge Edmunds puts forward the additional cost to our Government in holding these island possessions as a reason for withdrawing our claims to them the objection cannot be ignored; and yet we rested the acquisition of the Northwest Territory and California on no such considerations. Governments do not annex territory as a man adds farm to farm. Motives much higher control the minds of statesmen in determining policies looking towards territorial aggrandizement. But let us consider this point for a moment. It is a part of the history of the Netherlands in India that a reasonable tax upon industries not only pays the expense of the army and navy, but there remains a surplus after expending eight million dollars in constructing public works and four million dollars in public instruction. The cost of administration is set down at \$24,000,000, which includes the salary of \$100,000 to the Governor-General and \$100,000 for entertaining; and, numerous salaried officials, native and Dutch, who receive from \$800 to \$32,000 per annum. I can conceive no necessity for such extravagance in controlling the Philippines. Mrs. Seidmore informs us in her book of travel in Java that the army consists of 30,000 men, two thirds of whom are natives, and it is only because of the outbreak in Sumatra that makes even this number necessary. There is no large

force required in Java, where are 23,000,000 people. We have a right to assume, I think, that under such government as we shall establish no large and costly army will be required, and no richly endowed list of civil functionaries.

Whether we hold the Philippines or not, it is certain we are to have a large navy. A large part of this navy will find its natural theater of action on the Asiatic coast. The cost will be the same whether our ships have waters and commerce of our own to patrol and protect or whether they are to observe merely the march of progress of other nations. But whatever the cost it can never reach the material benefits which must flow from our occupation of the Philippines. Secretary Long says that a large navy implies necessarily a large merchant marine, and that a large merchant marine is impossible without a large coasting-trade. The interoceanic islands under our control will enlarge our coasting trade by virtue of our shipping laws which it is not unlikely will be extended over them.

One word as to the danger of being embroiled in European wars by the ownership of the Philippines. Again I invite attention to the example of the Netherlands in India. I believe it was in 1816 when the English finally ceded the islands to Holland. I can point to no page in the history of this century which records that Holland has been involved in any European war by reason of her possessions in the East Indies. I do not recall at this moment that the powers of Europe have engaged in war with each other over any of their possessions in the Orient within the last half-century. I can see no European complications which our presence in the East Indies is at all likely to create. We go there as the lawful successor in interest of Spain, whose sovereignty dates back to the discovery by Magellan in 1521. Our rights rest upon the same foundations as those of Great Britain, France, Germany, or any other proprietor to other territory in the East, and are as absolute and indefeasible as those by which we claim sovereignty in Alaska; and the United States goes into possession of these islands with as much assurance of continued peace with Europe as we went into the possession of Alaska.

We shall occupy the Philippines with the moral and physical force of this great country behind us; and such a force means peace.

The assertion that we are not a colonizing people because of a lack of experience, is a statement disputed by every line written in nearly three hundred years of American history. Nothing is truer than that experience is an indispensable requisite in the successful colonization and settlement of any new country. With the American people this experience began, and the education has been continued, from Jamestown and Plymouth Rock down to the present day. In the beginning of that education and experience the Anglo-Saxon served an apprenticeship on the Atlantic seaboard of one hundred and fifty years before he dared penetrate the country three hundred miles beyond the point of his first landing. It took the Puritan one hundred and twenty-five years to venture as far into the wilderness as the present State of Vermont; while Daniel Boone did not cross the Alleghanies until one hundred and sixty years after the first settlement had been made at the tide waters of the Chesapeake. But in these years of apprenticeship, these generations of education, there was bred a race of self-reliant men, trained and equipped with a pioneer experience, a confidence, and a courage, who were to colonize and settle the continent from the Alleghanies to the Pacific,—conquering and to conquer three thousand miles of wilderness in less than a hundred years. Having achieved these results, unparalleled in the colonial history of the world, when, where, and how did this rugged American pioneer, the sturdiest character in all history, exhaust his vitality, and why should he lose his enterprise on reaching the bold shores of the Pacific? Assuming "the son still equal to the sire," does it not rather suggest that this trained experience in conquest of new lands has equipped and qualified the American of to-day, above all others, to successfully colonize regardless of latitude, and to settle regardless of longitude, any new country that may tempt his enterprise with an honest reward for his industry?

It is true that the migrations of men have, ordinarily, been confined to climatic lines of latitude. But in America we find

the Anglo-Saxon making permanent and successful settlement from the Saskatchewan, in latitude fifty-five degrees, down to as low as latitude twenty-four degrees, at Key West in Florida. In this wide range of changing climate this virile man has proved himself competent to endure and thrive under temperatures ranging from sixty degrees below zero, in Manitoba, to that of one hundred and twenty degrees above, in Arizona. No region of the earth of equal latitude shows greater varying temperature than does that found within the boundary lines of the United States. A people so competent to settle thirty degrees of latitude and more than three thousand miles of longitude may well ask what natural law prohibits their further expansion?

In proof that the Anglo-Saxon is incapable of settling the tropical countries, we are pointed to England's long years of supremacy in India, and her failure to successfully colonize any part of that country.

At the time of her conquest in the Orient, Great Britain found her mainland possessions already swarming with the densest population on the globe, a population where surplus of teeming millions prohibited further settlement, nor did she ever seriously attempt it. But England is now and has been for several decades engaged in the successful settlement of her island and other tropical possessions. She has already successfully colonized and settled Australia up to a point within ten degrees of the equator, and is now rapidly extending her settlements in Africa straight north toward the tropical heart of that continent.

Nor is England alone, among the peoples of the north of Europe, engaged in civilizing and controlling tropical countries. Holland of late years has been rapidly increasing her settlements in Sumatra, until that island now contains a white population of not less than fifty thousand. Sumatra lies directly under the equator, and is universally conceded to be the most unhealthy of the islands in the eastern hemisphere. For this north of Europe Dutchman it has never been claimed that he is the equal of the Anglo-Saxon as a colonizer, and still he has proven a permanent and successful settler in the tropics, the colony to which he be-

longs being rated as the wealthiest, per capita, of any colony in any zone of the world. If this island of Sumatra will sustain fifty thousand prosperous Dutchmen, what would prevent, so far as climatic conditions are concerned, another fifty thousand, or any multiple of that number, doing equally well?

Java is a neighbor of the Philippines. Her native population of 23,000,000 is not unlike that of the Philippines and possesses, as do the Filipinos, many characteristics of the Japanese. There are 48,000 Europeans residing on the island, who are helping to work out the problem of a better civilization for the people and to develop the natural resources of the country. The Netherlands in the East India islands furnish a striking example of what may be done by a paternalism not altogether wise, under the direction of a superior race, in the control of these island people. The population of Java increased after 1831 from 6,000,000 to 23,000,000 and the revenue from \$1,250,000 to \$50,000,000. In 1889 the imports of Java were \$70,000,000 and the exports \$78,000,000. The balance sheet of the Government for 1889 is an interesting exhibit:—

REVENUE.

Taxes	\$16,000,000
Monopolies	12,400,000
Receipts from government farms for coffee and sugar.....	19,600,000
From Railways, school fees and other sources	5,600,000
	<hr/> \$53,600,000

EXPENDITURES.

Instruction	\$ 4,000,000
Army and Navy.....	16,000,000
Public Works, railroads	4,000,000
Other	4,000,000
Administration	24,000,000
	<hr/> \$52,000,000

The item of \$16,000,000 for the army and navy is largely increased by insurrections in Sumatra, and is not a constant quantity. But we cannot fail to observe that it is small, and that \$8,000,000 are expended in public works and \$4,000,000 in public schools. It is observable, also, that the revenues exceed the expenditures, and the taxes by which they are produced are less burdensome than in most States of the Union.

I cannot avoid the conclusion that if Holland, with less than 5,000,000 population, at her remote position on the globe, can successfully control her possessions in the East Indies, with their 32,000,000 of people, we may not despair of the task we have undertaken. The experience of the Netherlands in India shows that the Philippines may not only be able to support a good government, without excessive taxation, but will probably produce a surplus revenue. Nor does it follow that we must govern the islands entirely by external force after peace shall have been restored. The results of a year's campaigning show that our soldiers have not suffered from climatic causes as has been predicted. There is no evidence to support Senator Edmund's statement that "the climate is, of course, unwholesome for Americans," or that "the death-rate of our officers there would be very large."

I would not ignore the New England opposition to the annexation of the Philippines, of which Senator Hoar and ex-Governor Boutwell are perhaps the most sincere and among the ablest representatives. This opposition assumes to plant itself chiefly upon the principles of the Declaration of Independence, wherein our forefathers proclaimed that all men are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, and declared that: "To secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the government."

As civilization has advanced in the world and in its onward march has displaced barbarism, it has never halted to obtain previous consent. The overmastering spirit of moral and material advancement, actuating the progressive nations of the globe, has found its justification for aggressions in the ultimate enlightenment and betterment of those whom it has assumed to dominate. Among savage and barbarous tribes and peoples occupying, as they once did, a large part of the earth's inhabitable surface, previous consent was unasked, and was unattainable by the invading forces of civilized man. The testimony of history is that where a higher civilization has supplanted a lower civilization it has resulted in the ultimate improvement of mankind. If the means have not always

been merciful, if the motives have at times been sordid and mercenary, the end has redounded to the glory of man's aspirations for moral and intellectual advancement. If the record has been at times that of one species of barbarism arrayed against another, the fittest has survived and the world has taken a step forward if but falteringly. They who would dispute the fact or condemn the means because violative of the principle of consent would relegate the inhabitants of the globe to a condition of irretrievable moral and material chaos. There has ever been, and there will ever continue to be, an irreconcilable conflict between civilization and barbarism, between Christianity and heathenism, between enlightenment and ignorance, between material progress and material sloth and inertia. The world is to be finally conquered and subdued by a higher civilization; and barbarism, heathenism, ignorance and sloth must stand aside in its onward march or be extirpated by it.

But let us find out the true meaning of the protest of our fathers as stated in the great Declaration of Freedom. They were then a part of the British Government; they had settled in America under its protection and subject to its guaranties. Their rights had been grossly trampled upon or denied them by the government whose sovereignty they cheerfully acknowledged; they protested as citizens and subjects against usurpations and burdens which the government had no right to impose without their consent as intelligent and loyal subjects of that government. In accordance with the precedents of history, however, their ancestors had taken possession of the eastern portion of the continent without the consent of the native occupants and rightful owners of the soil; they had erected local governments in disregard of the native population, and they laid the foundation of this Republic in flagrant disregard of the principle of consent to which they appealed in the Declaration; they and their descendants have, in violation of that principle, practically exterminated an entire continent of native tribes and races; and to-day, after five hundred years, there exists alone in the Indian Territory any recognition of the primitive rights of the

original occupants to be consulted as to their form of government, or of the truth that the just powers of government are derived from the consent of the governed. Let us come a little more closely to the point. For several centuries the inhabitants of the Philippines have been recognized by all nations as subjects of the Government of Spain. They had grievances against Spain, not against us, similar to those so eloquently recounted in our Declaration. Had these people possessed in themselves the elements of self-government and the seeds of an enlightened nation, and had addressed a protest to Spain, as the fathers of our Republic did to England, their petition would have found sympathetic response throughout the world. But this was not the situation presented upon our occupation as the result of a war unsought by us. The yoke of oppression was suddenly removed, but there was no organized government and no intelligent source of power for us to consult, or which was capable of giving consent to our exercise of governmental control had we sought consent. It is idle to talk about the just powers of government being derived from the consent of the governed under the conditions existing in the Philippines upon their cession to the United States by Spain. Before it was possible even to make provision for the common safety, and before anything could be known concerning the form of government that was to be instituted for these untutored and unenlightened people, they broke into rebellion against their liberators and turned the day of their deliverance into hideous night of rapine and war. The maxim of the Declaration presupposes a people capable of giving consent; it presupposes a government seeking to oppress its subjects by a system of unjust laws, in the framing of which the subjects have had no part and which have been enacted against their repeated protests. The time has not yet arrived when the principle of consent can find application in the Philippines. It will come when, as the rightful successor of Spain, we shall have instituted and put in force some form of government for these unfortunate people. If, when this time comes, they can truthfully present such an indictment against us and our

laws, as our fathers did against England in 1776, I have no doubt their independence will as surely follow as did ours after the memorable struggle of the Revolution; and it ought to follow. We began the annexation of territory in 1803, without the consent of the people annexed, and the annals of our expansion thus far contain no protest, and in every instance the government we have offered our adopted citizens has met with their approval. In every instance we have had a subsequent ratification, and this is the equivalent of previous consent. I cannot doubt that when the people of the Philippines have reached a point in their intellectual development sufficiently advanced to discern what are the "just powers of government," they will have no hesitancy in expressing their "consent" to the system we shall have established for them.

But the question is not one of actual settlement by our people and the displacement of the native population, as was the case with the Indians on this continent. I do not claim that the tropics ever will be or should be peopled exclusively by the Anglo-Saxon. Mr. Benjamin Kidd, in his book entitled, "The Control of the Tropics," has put the problem in a few words. He says:—

It would seem that the solution which must develop itself under pressure of circumstances in the future is, that the European races will gradually come to realize that the tropics must be administered from the temperate regions; there is no insurmountable difficulty in the task. Even now all that is required to insure success is a clearly defined conception of moral necessity. This, it would seem, must come under the conditions referred to, when the energetic races of the world, having completed the colonization of the temperate regions, are met with the spectacle of the resources of the richest regions of the earth still running largely to waste under inefficient management.

It seems to me that our obvious interest and the higher demands of humanity put upon us by the war with Spain, leave us no escape from entering now upon the work of doing our part and reaping our share of the rewards that are to follow in the control of tropical countries by the dominant Northern races.

And this leads me to call attention briefly to the relations these tropical countries bear to the commerce of the world.

It is especially true of our own country, that we have heretofore been engaged, almost exclusively, in developing our own industrial resources. While looking abroad for markets for our products and purchasing largely from other countries, we have not stopped to study or analyze these tropical foreign markets or to determine their relation and value to our own or to other countries. We have been seeking European markets almost exclusively.

I have endeavored to give some adequate idea of the importance of China to us as a commercial country in the article already referred to, in the September OVERLAND. Mr. Benjamin Kidd has portrayed the importance of the tropics to commerce in the graphic pages of the book to which I have referred and his statistics will not be disputed. He calls attention to the salient fact that the northern or temperate-zone countries have found the products of the tropics indispensable to their life, and that they are mostly non-competing articles; and conversely the products of the temperate-zone are indispensable to and generally impossible of production in the tropics. We have here then a most advantageous field for commercial union and interchange. In the article of raw cotton, of which the British formerly obtained their chief supply from the East and West Indies, the tropics have been forced to yield the market to the United States, the greatest cotton-producer on the globe.

The principal articles consumed but not produced in the temperate zone are coffee, tea, india-rubber, cocoa, and its products, drugs and dye-stuffs, gum, palm oils, and many ornamental hardwoods. I omit tobacco and sugar, of which we must for a long time be importers from the tropics, notwithstanding the cane and beet sugar and tobacco we produce. I cannot stop to give the imports in detail.

Mr. Kidd states that the combined trade of the English-speaking countries with the tropics amounts to forty-four per cent. of their total trade with all the rest of the world. The United States buys from the region embraced between latitude thirty degrees north and south of the equator, \$250,000,000 in value or over one third of our entire imports. Our export trade of over a billion dollars is with the tropics but \$96,000,000. While the balance of

trade is elsewhere largely in our favor, we have overlooked the fact that this balance is cut down over \$150,000,000 by neglect of a region where the British have an export trade of \$360,000,000. We are sending large sums of money to the tropics in excess of our exports to those regions, and this money goes back to England to purchase the articles which we ourselves should supply. This is the practical business situation which I am persuaded will rapidly improve, now that our flag, as representing our sovereignty, is permanently raised in the tropics.

It is difficult to realize, but such is the fact, that the trade of the English speaking world with these countries equals thirty-eight per cent. of its total trade with all the rest of the world, if we exclude its trade within its own borders; and by the same process of calculation, it reaches sixty-five per cent. of the total trade of the

United States with the rest of the world. The lesson of this situation points to some new and closer relation on our part with these wealth-producing regions upon which our increasing wants must more and more depend. And it is the prodigious importance to us of this rapidly expanding trade that gives such significance to our foothold in the Orient.

I do not underestimate the seriousness of the difficulties surrounding the task upon which we have entered. I know that it will draw heavily upon our resources of patriotism, wisdom, and statesmanship. My only fear for the outcome is that the jealousies and ambitions and intrigues of party politics will obscure the truth and mislead the judgment. There can be no failure if we continue to be guided by an exalted love for our country and by our best conceptions of the highest welfare of our people and our Government.

TO AGE

ALL honor to thee, calm-eyed Age, aseat
 Upon the throne-like summit of a life,
 With folded hands, and thoughtful temples touched
 With presage of a more than earthly glory,
 Lost in simple wonder, leaning forward,
 Listening.

Chaste Initiate, unto thee,
 Baptized by life-fire in the raging cycle
 Of the senses — unto thee, before
 The portal of a grander tabernacle —
 Earth holds out her jealous arms at last
 For thy ennobled tenement, which, though
 Translucent to an alien light out from
 The world's deep heart, she claims as that dull, formless
 Stuff she gave; and thou, thy self uncinct,
 Thy wondrous sympathies all unconstrained,
 Dost think deep thoughts of immortality
 And hold thyself in passive readiness,
 Nay, dost — with a smile — await the term
 When thou shalt yield thy leasehold up and take
 Thy personal effects unto that statelier
 Mansion which is thine in fee and from
 Whose crystal windows thou mayst far survey
 The glory and the grandeur of God's Nature.

Frederick M. Willis.

THE INDIAN IN TRANSITION

By MARY ALICE HARRIMAN

TRANSITION, the passing from one state to another; that is the present condition of the American Indian. He has passed from savagery toward civilization through the intermediary stages of rebellion, defeat, ignorance, helplessness, despair, and sullen stolidity; he has been betrayed, put upon, ignored,

destiny still makes him a part of the world's peoples, and a higher plane of existence is before him.

How is he responding to the attempts made to elevate him? Is it true that he cannot partake of the benefits of civilization and fulfill his part in the great body politic as intelligently and conscientiously



Some of Our Alaskan Wards, en route to Carlisle

ground down. Nothing but his immense vitality could have kept him alive through all the years of exterminating wars and removals which meant starvation and exposures to the white man's vices. But his

as the foreigners who come to us from many nations and who are the problem of the day in our great cities? Must he be kept always on reservations, touching there only the maximum vice, fraud, and

deceit of the white race as he sees and knows it? Shall sensational journals arouse old-time feuds by scare-heads of Indian uprisings whenever the Indians resent long and patiently borne injustice and deceit, such as caused the Pillager Indians to resist arrest, or the Yaquis to resort to arms to save their cultivated lands, which the stronger race coveted? Will we never acknowledge the truth that from the end of the Civil War up to the present there never has been an Indian war or an Indian outrage that was not directly or indirectly the result of the white man's unlawful encroachment on lands ceded the Indians?

If the view taken by the average citizen of the so-called Indian problem could have the proper perspective of facts and figures, and then be looked at through the lens of impartial fair-mindedness, it would induce an optimistic belief in the ultimate transition of the present and succeeding generations of red men into self-supporting, law-abiding citizens of the United States.

The time has gone by when we may consider the Indian as a savage. The older of them are still hampered with traditions and remembrances of nomadic or pueblo life; but the younger have practically lost all prejudices of race or tribe, and wish to be as are their white brothers. The possibility of civilizing our Indians by education is no longer a matter of question or doubt. Indians are men; and with the same mental, industrial, and moral training that other races receive, they will take their places among us as useful citizens. Results already achieved are full of encouragement for the future. Thousands have gone out from the schools and are exerting an influence for good upon the people among whom they live. All experience, past and present, proves that anything of either honest labor or education, however lowly, which gets the Indian out from his tribe into the activities of right civilized life, is immeasurably better for him and for the Government than all that can be done for him within the domains of the tribal or reservation home.

Not many years ago any scheme of Indian education was deemed Quixotic. The class who then said most persistently,

"You can not do it," now croak, "It is of no use; they all go back to the blanket, and are worse than they were before." Those who utter such sentiments are either blind or ignorant of the true situation. Criticism is freely given on the dealings of the Government with the Indian, but the last twenty-five years have seen much improvement, especially in educational work; and as a rule, there are able and upright men in charge of Indian affairs, both at the head and throughout the service. When these give the best of their hearts and brains to the solution of awakening the "souls bound in red," are they not in themselves a revelation and an object-lesson to the Indian as to what the average honor and virtue of the white man is, in contrast with those who have pushed him farther and farther from the hunting-grounds of his fathers, and given him nothing but desert land and whisky for his portion? Would he not desire to emulate their example and profit by their presence? Records say "Yes" a hundred times over.

It is charged that the Indian is dirty, lazy, resentful, unprogressive. The indictment is true enough in each separate charge. The Indians one sees along the lines of some of the transcontinental Southern railroads are lazy, dirty, even filthy. One of their reservations has a fine irrigating stream running by, but owned by white men who would not allow an Indian to drink therefrom, if they could help it, and do not allow a drop for irrigation. Nothing grows in the Southwest without irrigation. What is the Indian to do? He is not permitted to go elsewhere. Why should he not be lazy? Another band has no water from heaven or earth, and water for domestic use is carried five miles. Why should they bathe frequently? And yet it is worthy of note that the children of the least civilized, the most repulsive of these poor people, those who live where they could not get water to bathe if they wanted to,—the Apaches, for instance,—are most cleanly, tractable, industrious, and capable, as well as grateful, when taken from their squalor. Teachers of both reservation and industrial schools unite in such testimony.

A tribe is comfortably placed, has water and vineyards and homes occupied for

generations; but certain persons, aided and abetted by those in authority, who will profit thereby, covet the land and the Indians are ousted. Why should they not be resentful, vindictive? The Sioux, Arapahoes, and Assiniboinas are content to lie around agency stores and drink and steal when they can. Forced into idleness, their old hunting-grounds rendered barren of buffalo and game, placed on lands either semi-arid or where they are snowed in all winter and have killing frosts till July, what incentive have they to progress? Put yourself in the Indian's place, you who think we are taxed to death to support a lot of lazy, incapable people.

By what process were we ourselves educated, civilized? The enlightened few planted their ideas and were jeered and scoffed at by ignorance. Time, however, added to their influence, their ideas spread, opposition weakened, savagery gave way. The process is as plain, the result as sure, with the Indians as with our ancestors. Educated red men are to-day a small minority, but each year adds to their numerical strength and correspondingly diminishes the opposition. Teachers experienced in teaching before entering the Indian service are universal in their testimony that the Indian pupils are no more limited in their capabilities than



The Alaskan Wards, One Year from Home

Could you do better, be higher morally or mentally, if such conditions prevailed for you and yours for generations?

But the condition of the Indians on reservations is gradually, and in some cases rapidly changing for the better, largely through the influence of the young educated Indians whom the Government schools send back to their people every year. Then, of course, the reservations are more and more becoming surrounded by civilization. So, within and without, benign influences are at work, and the beginning of the end of the Indian as a problem is to be seen.

white children. The hesitancy caused by use of the strange language is no more marked than in children of foreign birth.

The United States has been a long time in finding out that education is the only salvation for the Indian. From the first attempts to educate Indian children, before the Revolution, to the present system of Indian schools is a far cry, Washington's idea of association and final absorption by the white race never having been fairly tried. Jackson's reservation plan was adopted, with subsequent removal of Indians to unknown soil and climatic conditions. Its evil of maintain-

ing tribal relations and the subsequent degradation and pauperizing of a one-time free and self-respecting race has culminated in such evil results that it is one of the gravest questions confronting our Indian Bureau and educators to-day.

It is only within the present generation that the Washingtonian idea has obtained general favor. From a small beginning twenty-one years ago, when the sum of twenty thousand dollars was appropriated for educational purposes, the work has steadily grown until nearly three hundred schools, subdivided into day, reservation, and non-reservation, boarding and industrial, are filled to overflowing with nearly twenty-five thousand children from the two hundred and fifty thousand Indian population reported by the last census. For the support of these schools Congress appropriated for the last fiscal year nearly three millions of dollars.

This outlay justifies inquiries into the results. It might not be amiss to state that since 1831, Indian wars have cost the Government over one hundred millions of dollars, to say nothing of the loss of life to both races and consequent retardation of settlement and civilization.

In eighteen years we paid out twenty-eight millions of dollars for support of the Sioux, and almost as much more for the lands purchased from them, including army expenses to keep them on their reservations. They are now gradually dying out, corrupt and diseased from idleness, because they were forced to be supported instead of supporting themselves as they wished. Suppose one fourth of this vast sum had been expended in the proper education of their children and in encouraging and helping them, old and young, to emigrate into and distribute themselves throughout our communities, can there be any doubt that the Sioux would now be practically self-supporting citizens? From the financial point of view alone, it is wiser as well as cheaper to educate than to subjugate the original owners of this country. If they must be supported, the cost of such support for an educated Indian is much less than that expended by the Government to keep the wild aborigine in subjection. It costs one hundred and twenty dollars to support an uneducated Indian in South Dakota for

twelve months, and only seven dollars for an educated one. Then again, since education began among the Indians the number of military posts has decreased from seventy-one to ten,—about one seventh of the number previously required.

All who cavil against the Indian and his ultimate education should remember that whatever it be that so develops the soul as to cause an entire change in the life and expression of an individual should not be set aside as worse than useless. It is good for any one to have "The sublime spirit of discontent" aroused within when one is not utilizing his God-given powers. Taken, as the little blanketed child often is, at a tender age, given fewer years of education than are granted to most white children, then sent back to fight for its life and soul among surroundings of the most discouraging kind,—this is a surpassing test of endurance and character, rivaling the old-time tortures self-imposed by young braves. Yet Dr. Hailman tells us that "whenever on reservations there has been marked progress it is traceable largely to returned students' influence." Honor and grateful admiration are due the young heroes and heroines who go forth from the Indian schools, throwing their lives against unreasoning superstition and wresting victory from what sometimes seems utter defeat.

If the Indian had not been greatly benefited by the educational privileges already given him, would the appropriations have been increased nearly one hundred and fifty fold in twenty years? Would the Government be considering the erection and maintenance of ten more industrial schools for its wards if it did not think or know that this would be the quickest way to eliminate the vexed Indian problem and wipe out the blots on history's page of a century of dishonor?

In ignorance and weakness these children of nature stand facing new and strange conditions. To them it is all a dark mystery. Their fate is upon them. They reach out appealing hands. Forty thousand swarthy, straight-backed, eager-eyed Indian children wish to be released from the bondage of the old Mosaic law,— "The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children." Shall they not have a fighting chance for their lives and souls?

Truly, justice will prevail, and in spite of political talk of reduction of expenditures (and the Indian Bureau is always a ready target for such ill-judged retrenchment), the judgment of our better class of legislators will prevail; the needed money will be appropriated, and the child of the forest, the plain, and the pueblo will be assisted still more fully into the light of civilization.

We insist again that education is the great factor in the transition of the Indian. The growth of a healthy educational sentiment among these people will

ing, and industrial, seems best to meet the exigencies of the situation.

Those educated in these schools are prepared to become citizens of the United States. They will appreciate the public schools for their children, and will seek to establish and maintain them. They are brought into close and sympathetic relationship with American institutions, and find there are people who do not want to take everything away from them, giving nothing in return, but who treat them as "brothers under their skin." This is a revelation to most of the newly arrived



Apaches, when They Came to Carlisle School

conduce more to their welfare, material prosperity, and civilization than all other agencies combined. The methods now employed to bring about such desirable results are the outcome of gradual evolution of experience in dealing with the red men. The numerous tribes throughout the United States are diverse in manners, native intelligence, and customs; and this renders the question of the best methods for the whole a complex one. The subdivision of the Government schools into reservation, non-reservation, day, board-

students in any school, and one welcome in its novelty, accepted in its spirit, and appropriated as a lesson. As the pupils go out from the reservation schools to the larger industrial ones there is a blending together of many tribes. Under the influences to which they are there subjected the representatives of the various tribes learn to respect one another, and there is a breaking down of the tribal animosities and jealousies which in the past have been productive of much harm and a fruitful source of trouble to the Indian

and the nation. A homogeneity results which will render war between different tribes of the United States improbable, if not impossible.

The greatest hindrance to the general schooling of the Indian children has been the lack of compulsory laws. All over this broad land public schools are preparing white boys and girls for the active duties of life; but notwithstanding our advancement and learning in this direction, it has been found necessary in some States to adopt the plan of compulsory school legislation. When, therefore, Indian children are eager for education, but on the other hand the grandfather, bound by superstition and the memories of the scalping-knife, or, more likely, the grandmother, ignorant and coarse, is unwilling to let the child go, there should be no mawkish sentimentality as to the sacredness of the home ties. Something must be sacrificed, and whether it shall be the well-being of the little child and the good of the whole country, or the ignorant prejudices of the aboriginal mind, is the question to be considered. The natural love of the Indian father or mother should, of course, be duly recognized, and no needless violence should be done to these bonds of humanity; but no parent, whether red or white, has the moral right to stand in the way of his child's advancement in life; and no nation has a right to permit a part of its embryo citizens to grow up in ignorance and possible or probable vice.

In regard to the free schooling of Indian mixed-blood children of predominating white extraction (and they are increasing as the white settlements draw nearer and nearer the dividing lines of the reservation) the Government for several years yet will have to assume the burden, until the prejudice against Indians of all grades is still further dispelled. There is in many quarters a deep-seated antipathy against such children even to the extent of demanding their exclusion from public schools, unjust as such prejudice may be; and until such feeling can be overcome (and it is rapidly diminishing) these children should be given the free schooling afforded the purer bloods. Another reason is, that parents of mixed-blood children are very poor as a rule, few

having property to be taxed for school purposes.

The Indian schools are surely working a revolution in the character of the Indian. That there should be individual exceptions to this statement; that there should be a lapse on the part of those who have enjoyed the advantages of these schools; that there should be many instances in which pupils have gone away without bearing the impress of the schools, either for one reason or another; that there should be many who succumb to the tribal influences of reservation life to which they generally are obliged to return, is not to be wondered at.

It is idle to give statistics as to the ratio of white children who do not turn out well, although they have attended our public schools; but the comparison will be favorable indeed to the red man's child when statistics, carefully gathered, show that seventy-six per cent. of the students of Indian schools, whether graduated or not, are capable of dealing with the ordinary problems of life, and are so doing.

Within the past year careful inquiries have been made anent the returned pupils living on reservations or elsewhere, and estimates formed of the character and conduct of each with reference to the results of their educational course at school, together with the conditions under which they labored. The efficiency of the men and women thus located, was most gratifying to those who have the Indian's best interests at heart. Many are teachers, others are in various trades, others still are farmers and stockmen, and a few are lawyers and doctors. Of the pupils who had attended school, though only a small per cent. had graduated, three per cent. are reported excellent, or first class, seventy-three per cent. as good or medium; while only twenty-four per cent. are deemed bad or worthless, having received none of the benefits of school life.

Thus far the majority of the educated Indians have had to go back to the reservations. They have taken the intermediate steps, have jumped, as it were, from a savage state to a practical working knowledge of civilization. This is the curse, this the oppression, that keeps the Indian still in transit, and it bears hard upon him. It is no part of this résumé of

Indian transition to speak of the faults of the reservation system other than to show that, considering the circumstances and environments of the Indian pupils prior to school life and their return thereto, they are making the best of existing conditions, and whether on reservations or scattered among whites, are doing as well, man for man, as the same number of average scholars of our public schools. It

is not so wonderful that seventy-five per cent. of the present generation of Indians make use of the teaching given them, as that the figures are not reversed.

Pondering the situation, giving credit for what he has accomplished, remembering from what he came and what he has to overcome in his transition from savagery to civilization, is not the Indian advancing as rapidly as we could expect?



Apaches (same group as on page 37), after One Year at School

FAME GIVETH

FAME giveth, when the lips that would answer are dumb;
 Light and warmth—when the heart they would quicken is numb;
 Bright laurels—to lay on a gray, drooping head;
 Shining gold—when the soul 't would have ransomed is dead;
 Brave medals—to wear o'er a breast in its pall;
 Giveth all things but love—when 't is learned love is all.

Sadie Bowman Metcalfe.

THE ISLE OF THE DEAD

In the desert floods horrific,
Where no star shines beatific,
Lies an island that uprises gray from out the murmuring tides.
There it lies, close by that region where the weary, weary Ocean,
Like some cataract that floweth o'er some precipice's sides,
Flows forever and forever down the hoar Antarctic pole,
To Earth's heart by moaning, dead winds led along in swiftest motion,
Flowing, falling as dark fancies fall and flow o'er thee, my soul.

There the Sun lies dead forever,
Wrapt in clouds no sun could sever,
Never part the funereal, overhanging vapor palls,
And the Spirit of All-Silence, breathing deep beneath the waters,
Lifts and sinks the sable surges as they lap the granite walls.
There dwell phantoms vast whose faces watch in dun-gray mists the while,
And two guardian ghosts—two sisters, Peace and Death—the only daughters
Of that Universal Silence brooding o'er that haunted Isle.



From Copy of Böcklin's "Die Todteninsel"

And that island forms a crescent
Stilly cove where the incessant
Shifting surges lie in melancholy contemplation still,
'Neath the spell and scent of cypress sentinels and mandragora,
Its smooth face reflecting whitely marble walls built in the hill,
Ancient walls of milky marble, mossy tombs hewn in the stone.
From the cliffs Lethæan lilies breathe a dull, lethargic aura,—
Ah, these eyes wept as those lilies weep—these eyes wept not alone!

Like the heart-beat of my saintly
Loved one, now an oar beats faintly.
'Tis a black-draped barge comes gliding, sliding o'er the unsailed sea,
With a muffled, masked rower and the form of Grief, who, weeping,
Standeth o'er a velvet casket as she prayeth ceaselessly.
Tell, what prayers need there be said, Woman, o'er that blessed head
That so slowly now comes creeping to the tomb where I was sleeping
Seven centuries and cycles in the Island of the Dead?

Herman Scheffauer.

RED BIRD'S LAST RACE

By ADAVEN

YES, sir; she's a beauty!—coat like red satin; slender and sleek as a weasel.

Why don't I race her? Ah, lad, she made her last race when you were yet riding a rocking-horse.

You're right, sir; she's the same Red Bird that won the great matched race with Viking, twenty-odd years ago. She flashed before the racing fraternity like a rocket, and like a rocket she disappeared in darkness,—at least for her, poor beast! Thanks for the cigar, sir.

Tell you about Bird? All right. But come up where we can smoke as I talk. I never smoke in the stalls, sir; don't allow my jocks to. The lad that can't keep a cigarette from between his teeth while he's working round the stables, won't do to take care of *my* horses. Now we're comfortable. You smoke a good brand, sir,—just seems to make a man feel like talking over things he thought he'd forgotten.

When did I first know Red Bird? Why, I've known her since she was an undersized colt, and I, the smallest jockey past twenty-one years of age, was training her for Old Berry, the plucky old turfman who'd made and lost half a dozen fortunes on the track, and was ready to risk another on a horse that really pleased him. But Red Bird was no favorite of his. He said she was too small; and I think that was the very reason I liked her better than any other horse on the string. I could feel my cheeks grow hot when men who called themselves judges of horseflesh, looked at her and shook their heads, or laughed and called her "The Toy Horse." I got the same kind of banter on my size every day of my life, and laughed and joked at it. But, sir, the reason little men are so often called cranky, is because their very souls are worn out, knowing their hearts are big as the biggest, feeling their breasts heave with great thoughts, and then seeing some fellow with the heart of a rattlesnake and spirit of a mouse walk right over them and get all the favor just because he tips the scales at a hundred and eighty.

I did not always feel this so keenly till one day, when the old man's daughter Medea was down with him. He'd stopped to do some bragging with another stable-owner, and told me to go on and give her a look at the horses, more than half of which she'd named. I'd known her since she wore her dresses at her shoe-tops and said, "Oh golly, Lew!" when some ill-tempered mount stretched a halter to snap at her. And though she'd been away to school, and now held her dress from the ground in the daintiest little bunch in her white hand, she still called me "Lew," and had not forgotten that horses have their prejudices just as much as girls.

I never saw the sun shine as it did that day; and yet there was such a cool, delicious lightness in the air I could have run three times around the track and not have stopped for second wind. Though no one else seemed to notice it, Medea felt the perfection of the day, too; and I suppose that was why we laughed so when Nelly Gray tried to eat one of the little lady's long brown curls. And when she said Red Bird was just the right size to be handsome, I'd said, "I take that to myself," before I knew the words were coming. Then the man-eating black stallion showed his teeth at her, and I went into the stable and set him on his haunches. I felt that strong I could have broken his neck with my bare hands and laid him at her feet. But she was so frightened I had to hold her little trembling hands in mine, and press them against my heart again and again to show her it was beating, and I was not killed.

O the sunshine of that day, and that glorious morning breeze! And right in the glow of it all comes Dag Sergeant, six feet clean, with shoulders a giant might envy, and with a smile lifting the corners of his dark mustache, as though he knew he had a cinch on the best of everything. "I want you to come up to my stable and see my world-beater, Viking, Miss Berry," he said, offering her his arm with a bow that made her young face turn pink; and as they walked away together, he called

back carelessly, "You are glad for a chance to take the baby sorrel out for a canter are n't you, bantam?"

I think it had begun to cloud up, and the wind grew chilling, as it sometimes does in the spring. I went in and laid my head on Red Bird's neck and cried as I had n't since they woke me, a little shiver-

But didn't you ever notice, sir, that when you are at the very bottom of your pile, whether it's money or grit, you always get a raise? "T was so that time; for the next day Medea sent me a dear little note of apology for leaving me so suddenly. Some one loaned me a book that was all about Napoleon, the little great



"She was frightened. I had to hold her little trembling hands in mine"

ing kid, to see my mother die. I did not try to think what made me so wretched, but the sobs almost cracked my short ribs; and when the tears dropped on Bird's glossy neck and made her flinch, I kept saying as I petted her, "We are so little, Bird,—so disgracefully little!"

man; and as if to leave nothing lacking to make me light-hearted, the knowledge I'd been picking up about horses all my life showed me that, slow as she was to find herself, Red Bird would be a flyer. Old Berry accused me of being drunk when I told him what I thought. But he was still

cramped for money from his unlucky betting at Frisco, and he thought he saw an easy way to settle with me, for I'd been letting my wages run for years. We both believed we were cheating the other, but I finally gave him a receipt in full, for wages due, and the slender-limbed, high-headed little beauty was mine.

It was almost a year later when she began to make a stir, and men said that, barring the difference in size, she'd be a match for Viking, who was expected to beat any horse in the States. By that time she was as much Medea's horse as mine. The old man did n't say much, but well we knew his consent to our arrangement depended on me being a stable-owner, and not merely a rider, no matter how good; and my only chance lay in the speed of the wee sorrel mare. I was winning everything I rode for, and piling money up faster than I'd ever expected to; but I was a long way from being happy. I knew Medea would n't go against her father's wishes for any man on earth; the old man was up against 'em that season, running to hard luck right along. He was fairly infatuated with Nellie Gray; and though at times she showed astonishing bursts of speed, she generally managed to run behind the money.

Did you ever see a man dead in love with a horse, sir? It's a common sight on the track. No woman ever made a man more pig-headed and blind, or cost him more, than one o' those stable Delilah's, as we call them.

I'd have been glad to put up for Berry; but he would n't take a nickel; thought 't would be giving me too much show with the girl, I suppose; for, first thing I knew, he was in so deep to Dag Sergeant that his whole string, put up for what they'd fetch, would n't more than square him. He was spending the summer about thirty miles out, at a deserted stage-station. There'd been bags of money spent, grading and making that road, and putting up stage stations; but now the railroad whirled the mail trains past the old line that had once been so important. Berry said he was out there for his health, though 't was to keep me from seeing Medea, I honestly believe. I had not heard a word from her for a month; and I was getting fairly savage, for I knew Sergeant had ridden out with

the old man and stayed over Sunday more than once.

Well, you know how 't is with a fellow, —lying awake nights to think over a trouble, mixing bitter thoughts with Ketchell's liniment, and sifting his wrongs with the oats, till he suddenly blazes into a fierce resolve to bear it no longer. There's only two miseries that have exactly the same effect on men,—that's love and the toothache; and I was feeling just as a man does when he runs all the way to the dentist's when I started for Berry's office, intending to speak my mind as freely as I could, without the laying on of hands, which I must forego, because he was my girlie's old father.

But I never spoke that fiery piece I'd been rehearsing so many wakeful nights. Berry was sitting leaned over his desk, his gray head bowed upon his arms, and as I stepped noiselessly into the door, I heard his broken old voice say, "O God, help me!" I did n't think about him being her father then. A queer strangling feeling came into my throat, and my nose tingled so the water stood in my eyes; and I only knew that my old boss, whose successes had made me happy, and whose losses had been my sorrow for five long years, was falling behind with a too heavy handicap.

"What is it, old boy?" I said, with my arm over his shoulder. "Brace up and tell me, and we'll overhaul 'em yet on the curve of the course."

He was quite a while telling me, but when he finished I wanted two things at once; one was a chair to fall into, and the other was a rope around Dag Sergeant's bull neck. He'd urged his money on the old man, as he had forced his attentions on Medea; then, by some chance, or most likely on purpose, one of the checks he'd filled out for the old man was n't signed. Berry had it in his pocket, and supposed it was all right, till he went to put it up on the pacer Disraeli. Sergeant could n't be found; and being handy with a pen and the pool no place for close inspection, he signed Dag's name. Of course, Sergeant got hold of the check, and now he gave Berry the choice of taking him for a son-in-law or a term in the pen.

Well, I sat and studied on the matter. Aside from my own regard for my employer, was the conviction that Medea would

marry the "Beast With Seven Heads," to save her old father from arrest. I had money enough to redeem the old man's notes, but how to get the forged check?

Sergent had been trying to bluff me into racing little Red Bird against Viking, catch weights; but I was n't wanting to take such chances; for Viking was a magnificent runner, with a disposition as kind and true as a woman's; and a record white

as his milk-white coat. But I was desperate now; and thirty minutes later I had offered to race him any way he liked, every dollar of my money against Berry's notes and that check.

We drew up the papers and left them at the bank as a forfeit, or for the winner. Medea wrote to me, saying, if I won, her father had promised we should be married as soon as I could come out, as she would



"I went in and laid my head on Red Bird's neck and cried"

not watch the race that meant more than life and death to her. She would have the minister there, and, if I lost, she must marry Dag, to save her father. She sent a plain gold ring to the judges, to be delivered to the winner. "The man who brings that ring I'll marry as soon as the words can be said," she wrote; "for, Lew, if I marry that man, I'll have to do it before ever I see your dear face again."

Well the day came, and with it such a crowd as even that popular track never drew before. You could n't hear any thing but a suppressed roar of voices, as the great sea of heads nodded and turned over the stacks of greenbacks and piles of coin. Through the confused murmur the voices of the pool-sellers rose like the hoarse orders of a company sergeant, and I could hear that Viking took first place and Red Bird second.

Dag's jock was a regular cracker, and as reliable as his horse. So I was n't in an exactly playful mood, as I got on my colors and started for the scales with my saddle and quirt. I'd a marriage license in my pocket, and I knew Dag Sergeant carried one precisely like it, with the trifling difference of his name in the place of mine. I was thinking about that when I met him with some of his backers. He had a grin on his face, for he'd had more than a drink or two, and he commenced joshing me about going to lose my money and sweetheart all at one wire. 'T was bitter hard to keep my tongue between my teeth, the more so as I'd a deadly fear he was speaking the truth; but I made no answer, and was hurrying past, when he caught hold of me roughly, and with his unpurified hand began to wipe imaginary tears from my face.

Ah, size! it makes no difference about your man in a time like that! I sent out my right fist, and if it was n't much bigger than a bullet it was n't a bit softer. He was so much taller than me that I caught him on the point of his jaw, and he went down, knocking the man behind him over as if he'd been struck by a falling tree.

I left the crowd to pick him up and keep him off me till after the race. The next I saw him was just as we were mounting. He was standing by Viking, with a lump on his jaw like a California plum,

as-swearing at his jock and ordering him to ride the Viking with whip and spur from start to finish.

"It won't do—" the boy began, but Dag caught him by the face with one great paw, in a grip that left the livid mark of every finger. "Who's boss here, anyway?" he snarled. "All right, Mr. Sergeant," said the lad, staggering back; "these gentlemen are witnesses that if I cut the gelding up, 't was your own order." Of course, the man was drunk with rage and rum, or he would never have given such directions with a horse that would run on three legs if only he was treated kindly.

Well, that is one horse-race that I don't like to remember; for it was the first I ever knew there was any murder in my make-up. Under the unusual stimulus of the pain and fright of lash and spur, Viking flew down the track, making a space of yellow road between us that I could n't lessen, though I snapped my quirt so hard it touched Bird's flank, and to save my life I could n't help trying to decide whether if Dag won, I'd shoot at his head or general bulk.

But you never can be sure about one of those little horses that are just like coiled steel. Red Bird gained speed as she ran; and as she stretched out on the track, flat as a ribbon, the big white began to run wild and slacken his pace because he was trying frantically to fly the track. I hardly saw him when we passed him, as he was at the farther side of the course, and Bird was hugging the pole till my elbow almost touched the dust at the curves; for she made the turn with a bend that seemed to lay her on her side. I won easy at the last, and with cheering and hand-shaking on all sides.

I took Medea's little ring from the smiling judge, and tucked it in my pocket with the license, first giving it a quick touch with my lips, though there were thousands looking at me. The only thing that troubled me was the thought of how I'd brought the whip down on the faithful little animal who won all my happiness for me. "Never again, Bird," I said as I rinsed her mouth with cool water and watched the swipe winding her ankles. "You may run if you are willing, but I'll never urge you like that again." Poor Bird! In less than two hours I broke that.

promise,—and that with a cruelty we neither of us had dreamed of.

But I had no fears for the future then; for with a thrill that nearly took my breath I remembered that this was the one day for which a man usually is born and always willing to die rather than miss. It was my wedding-day! I slipped off the

the boy after a couple dozen more, when Pete the swipe rushed in and asked me what was the matter. For a man had run down where he was rubbing down the mare, and told him I was desperate sick and wanted him quick.

I suspected treachery right away, and hurried down to the stables without neck-



"I took Medea's ring from the smiling judge"

colors and leaving the swipe to walk the mare, I ordered a good buggy-team hitched up, and hurried up to the hotel to dress for my marriage.

I had eaten a light lunch and been something more than an hour dressing. The most of the time I was trying on neckties. Not one of them made me look as I wanted Medea to see me. I'd just sent

tie, or hat either. I noticed Sergeant galloping down the road on Viking, who, by every rule, should have been in his stall. I was some time examining the mare, but she was right as a new shoe. Nothing was out of place in the stable, and we concluded Pete had been getting a return in kind for some of his practical jokes.

I thought I'd take the precious little

packet that I'd left in the pocket of my colors, so I need not come down again. What was my surprise to find the license torn and crumpled and Medea's ring was gone! I was n't long in understanding what it meant. Pete had been tricked away to give Dag a chance to get the ring he had seen me put in the one pocket a jock's suit owns. He had risked ruining Viking, because it was a choice between the horse and the girl he was determined to possess. If he reached there first, with her ring, they would be married before the truth about the race was known to her. I cursed my folly in not taking the ring up with me; but as I cursed, I was buckling Bird's throatlatch and taking an extra hole in the cinch. No other horse could hope to overtake the Viking. Bird must do it!

The sun was setting in a bank of purple edged with gold, as I galloped easily out on the old stage-route. No use to rush at first; though I could scarcely keep from shouting to the mare or springing from the stirrups and dashing up the hill on foot. 'T was a long hill, and at the top I had the valley clearly visible in the twilight; but no rider was on the road ahead. Dag had pushed hard at the start, and that bettered my chances.

I threw off the coat I'd thought to wear when I married the girl who might be Mrs. Sergeant when I next heard her dear voice, and I let the mare out, through the valley, up the other side, and her heaving sides and the effort she was evidently making to keep up that pace was forgotten when, far over the river, clearly showing against the darkening sky, leaving a scurry of dust behind, was the big white horse. I could see Sergeant's arm rise and fall with the regularity of a pendulum as he applied unceasingly the heavy whip he always carried when riding.

I bent and kissed my pretty sorrel's neck a sort of good-by to all I'd hoped she'd one day be, and then I dug my spurs in her quivering flanks, and the rocks and trees flew past. Across the river, gaining a quarter of a mile by missing the bend the road makes at the bridge. 'T was a nasty ford; but the little racer made it at a gallop. On and on, now losing the cloud of dust, and urging the mare with savage yells; now coming to a rise that showed him so short a distance ahead that I'd

grow suddenly cool and steady and give the mare a second's time to breathe. On and on, when the stars came out in the cool, dark overhead; and I stood in my stirrups—for Bird stumbled down the hills and staggered up them, till I momentarily expected she would go down.

I snatched the marriage license from my vest pocket, thrust it in my bosom, and flung the vest away, as we came to the long graded road that runs for three miles along the mountain-side. Here and there it had been made wide enough for teams to pass. The drivers used to stop and halloo to know if the road was clear to the next scoop out, and no horse was allowed on that grading without wearing a bell. Above the road, the rocks and trees seemed to touch the sky; below, the tall pines looked like little shrubs, and the river was a spring brook you could have stepped across. A hundred feet below, but still high, high above the top of the tallest tree in the valley, the railroad glittered in the moon's bright rays that shone over the road, just as, far, far away at the end of the narrow grading, I saw a twinkling of light at the old stage-station.

The mare was going a little faster than a walk now, though she lunged on in a sort of gallop; and (I've seen just such sudden strength come to the dying before) Viking suddenly raised his head, gave a long, hoarse neigh, and for the second time that day, the distance widened between us. But there was no breaking this time. He kept that cyclone pace, every spring as strong as the death-throe of a tiger. I saw Sergeant throw away his worn-out whip; I caught the sound of his mocking laugh as he waved me good-by; and then they grew smaller and smaller as they left us far behind on the moonlit road.

Do you believe there is any motor power in thought, will, the spirit's strength, or whatever it is called? I do; for in that moment, when I swear the pain of my own wrecked life was n't maddening me like the thought of that girl-woman's despair, I leaned forward till my heart, which seemed bursting from my breast, throbbed on the mare's steaming shoulder. But when she only responded to my cheering words by a sort of sob, and lurched slowly on, I gave one shout that sounded like the cry of a wild beast in agony; 't was no voice that

ever came to my lips before; for it came from some place in my soul that had never before cried out, "Go, Bird—in Medea's name and in God's name, go!"

You'll think I was crazed with excitement, or 't was because fictitious strength

rocks that loomed before and vanished behind us. Not a sound was heard but the thud of her feet and my breathing, like the heavy, gasping breaths of a man running for his life. Not a grunt or groan escaped her, as we neared the white horse,



"He pitched over the animal's head"

was gone, that we gained on them till they seemed standing still. But I tell you that mare thrilled from ear to fetlock, and ran as nothing else living could run, but only my wild desire. She was silent as the

reeling like a sinking schooner; but the awful throbbing of my heart beat on my brain with the boom of a hundred cannon; and through the film of blood that suffused my eyes, I saw Sergeant rise in his stirrups

and the light streaming from the open door of the stage-station was caught on the steel barrel of his gun as he leveled it at my breast.

But the bullet went z-i-p-ping over me, as Viking plunged forward on his head and neck—his feet pointing straight at the pale moon for a second, then falling with a heavy thud, in the dusty road. Dag was turned backward when the horse went down, and he had no time to save himself. He pitched over the animal's head, caught at the trailing vines on the edge of the narrow road, and as they tore up in his desperate grasp, he clung to them as he went bumping, crashing, plunging from rock to tree-trunk, into the little clumps of scrub-oak, out again, and down, down, till that which struck the railroad-track at last had

no uprooted vines, nor hands to hold them, nor breath or sense or shape of humanity any more.

No; I was n't married that night, nor for many a night after. I lay trying to see if I had any strength left in me for long fever-tortured weeks. 'T was a close shave; for, sir, I've always believed 't was *my* strength carried us over those last miles.

Red Bird? Stone-blind, sir! The last light her poor eyes ever saw was the moonlight when we struck the three-mile grade. She gets more care than anything else in the stalls, and, though the value of my racers would reach pretty well to six figures, my wife would n't take the whole string in exchange for old blind Red Bird.

THE SUBJUGATION OF INFERIOR RACES

By GEORGE A. RICHARDSON

THOUGHTFUL citizens of our great country are devoting much attention to the future policy of the nation with regard to the Philippines. Already "Anti-imperialists" are ranked against "Expansionists" in well-defined classes, and the fundamental principles of government will be more closely scrutinized than they have been since the era of discussion which preceded our Civil War.

Able men on both sides of this controversy admit its serious nature, and do not waste their time in the small work of attacking the motives of their opponents. It is important that the reasons for and against the retention of the Philippines shall be stated clearly and with entire freedom from the verbose denunciation of ordinary political warfare. It is not important to say that those who have urged the Filipino war are tyrants, or that those who have opposed it are traitors.

The essential problems of expansion are entirely distinct from the war upon the Filipinos. No matter whether a citizen of the United States believes or does not believe that the war was just and wise, he

must still face the consideration of a policy to be adopted as to the relations that shall exist between the Americans and the people they conquer.

The greatest and most serious objections of anti-imperialists are not against the war, deplorable as it seems to them. Their objections are not particularly against the islands; for if they were not densely populated by seven or eight millions of people low in the scale of civilization, and of a race dissimilar to our own, it is reasonably certain that very little opposition would be made to the plans of expansionists. The real contest is over the people of the Philippines and their future relations with our own people. Anti-imperialists are willing that this country shall expand if the territory thus obtained is either not inhabited, or is very thinly inhabited, or is inhabited by people who are fit in race and civilization to become citizens of the United States. They object to any expansion which adds to this nation large numbers of people greatly inferior to our own in civilization and of a different race, or which places

such people permanently under our control, compelling this nation to assume the responsibility for their political behavior.

The expansionist, on the other hand, so far as his policy is now formulated, believes that the time has arrived when the commercial interests of the nation and its duty to other nations, require that it shall retain control of the Philippines and their people as an immediate issue, and extend the same national action to other communities who may be under similar conditions and apparently in need of a guardian. We are to "take up the white man's burden," which is defined as subjugating and dominating weaker people temporarily if not permanently for the purpose of benefiting them;—first, by teaching civilization and good government; second, by increasing their financial prosperity while we compel them to keep the peace; third, by filling our own pockets at the same time, through commercial relations to be established with them. In the minds of many active expansionists the last reason is certainly not the least. The immediate object of expansionists is to hold the Philippines under some form of government dictated by this nation and upheld by military power, and to continue forcible government of this kind "till the Filipinos shall become capable of self-government." The expansionist who is able to clearly explain what constitutes self-government, and when a people become capable of self-government, has not yet presented his thoughts to the public. The future which the expansionists propose for the Filipinos whom they propose to govern is, therefore, very indefinitely outlined.

The immediate object of the anti-imperialist is to convince the American people that political relations now existing between the Americans and the Filipinos ought to be severed at the earliest possible moment by permitting them to set up their own government or governments in the islands, and by withdrawing all our claims to "sovereignty,"—that word of all words most inappropriate to the principles of a republic. An object more remote is to convince the people that the subjugation and retention of any other body of inferior people is a policy unworthy of a civilized nation and disastrous in the end to those who engage in it.

These propositions are usually met by the effusively patriotic expansionist with the inquiry, "Would you pull down the American flag?" To this the anti-imperialist firmly answers, "Every time, when it is hoisted over millions of people who in no way comprehend what that flag signifies." Anti-imperialists love the real nature of free institutions too well, and venerate the American flag as the emblem of them too much, to be willing that the flag shall be used as the sign of despotic power.

The ultimate destiny of the Filipinos under expansion is either to become a part of this nation under territorial and state forms of government, or else to assume the forms of colonies under the sovereignty of the United States, subject to our control and direction, but not forming any part of the republic and not being capable of admission to it. No choice can be offered except between these two plans, for the Filipinos must become our partners, or remain our subjects, unless they immediately become independent. Now, compelling a people to work as we direct is industrial slavery; compelling them to submit to government which we direct is political slavery. It is not desirable to cheat ourselves by calling usurpation by some other name. Negro slavery was not bettered by calling it "a peculiar institution," nor by alluding in the Constitution to the slaves as "people held to service or labor." Slavery was not made just or beneficial by alleging, what was partly true, that the negro was better protected from his own ignorance and improvidence while a slave than as a freeman. Subjecting the Filipinos to a foreign control which they do not desire and which they would not seek of their own spontaneous action, is not made a whit more respectable by calling it "beneficent assimilation."

The present doctrine of expansion in its ultimate significance is vastly more hazardous than the mere future relations between this nation and the Filipinos. The policy of subjugation is capable of extension so long as any nations remain on the face of the earth that are weaker than the United States. Many rudimentary nations undeveloped to our own degree of civilization still exist, and the chronic instability of their government is a con-

stant menace to the business relations which the great commercial syndicates desire to establish. The expansionist idea in its entire significance, following along the lines of British domination, implies the gradual subjugation of these weaker groups of people by the stronger and more highly civilized powers, and the establishment of military control with the hope that trade may flourish and fortunes be accumulated. The subjugation and retention of the Philippines is merely an incident in the logical and natural development of this kind of expansion, if the people of the United States accept the doctrine and proceed to put it into operation. The Philippines are under process of absorption. Cuba is occupied, and a proposition to annex the island with all its mongrel population may be made any day. We have Porto Rico, Hawaii, and a portion of the Samoan group. There remain in somewhat anxious expectancy Hayti, Mexico, China, and the Central and South American States. The policy has for its ultimate issue an English-American alliance and the colonial methods of Great Britain.

The opponents of this extreme form of expansion do not deplore any and every increase in the area and population of this country. Many anti-imperialists, like David Starr Jordan and John J. Valentine, are evolutionists in their habit of thought. Whatever may otherwise be said of the men who have organized against expansion regardless of political faith, it cannot be charged that they are ignorant either of the history of their own country, or of the world's social evolution. Such men comprehend very clearly that no country can remain stationary in area or population. They do not expect or desire this nation to remain stationary, but they hope to see its progress directed along lines of greater freedom instead of continuing in the deeply worn ruts of mediæval despotism. They want this nation to grow not merely bigger but better. Anti-imperialists might regard with favor a voluntary union between this country and the British American States; they would deplore as a national calamity any political connection, forced or free, between this country and China, no matter whether the Chinese became citizens with our people, or we forced them to acknowledge us as "sover-

eign." The development of this country should be regarded as the "expansion" of a man's farm. When a farmer requires more land than he owns and can use it to advantage, he may with benefit to himself extend his farm by the purchase of contiguous territory. But if he merely becomes greedy for possessions that he cannot use, and obtains land located at a distance from his home, unfit in character and situation for his occupancy, and claimed by a rival purchaser ready to litigate for its possession, the expansion does not seem to be characterized by the good business sense which nations as well as farmers ought to display.

Many an expanding farmer has become "land poor" and bankrupt in the effort to pay taxes upon unproductive property. Many a greedy nation has drifted to the same unhappy fate, paying its taxes to the war-god as tribute exacted from all who do him reverence. Among bankrupt nations, Spain is now the most conspicuous, although her position as an imperialistic power was once prouder than England's. If the Spanish people had abandoned their colonies of inferior people a hundred years ago, and had devoted their attention to the development of their own intelligence and the resources of their country, Spain might now be one of the most vigorous and prosperous nations of Europe instead of the most decrepit. Imperialism is only a modified form of slavery, and like slavery it weakens and debauches in the end the people who practice it. The absence of industrial activity in the Southern States as a legacy from slavery when it was abolished, indicates the condition of any people who expend their energies in controlling inferior races instead of developing their own capabilities.

In the development of nations from the little warring clans of antiquity, the evolution of strength and the progress of decay are easily perceptible. The voluntary consolidation of clans or of more highly developed political organizations, in which the people were similar in race and color, even if dissimilar in language and religion, has uniformly resulted in national vigor and efficiency. The result of such unions could not be otherwise, because that kind of increase or expansion is founded upon mutual desires and

interests. All the great European nations have developed in this way, the latest step in the process being the union of the German States under Bismarck's wise policy. The formation of the United States by the union of the thirteen colonies was an instance of this national evolution. Even where a forced union has followed upon wars between two embryo nations of this kind, involving the conquest of one by the other, the results are not evil in the end although there may be usurpation and tyranny in the beginning. England overcame Scotland and Ireland in this way, one now being entirely reconciled to the change, the other only partially amalgamated. Russia absorbed Poland in the same way and is gradually digesting and assimilating that once hostile body of people.

The factor which accomplishes these marvelous changes, converting the bitterest foes gradually into the firmest friends, is marriage. Intermarriages have formed the English people—the most steadfast of all the world in national ties—out of the bitterly antagonistic Normans and Saxons who once confronted each other in deadliest hatred and who remained foes for a century. Twenty centuries have failed to remove the antagonism between Jews and Gentiles, because the influence of the little god of love has never been allowed to prevail among the young people. The gradual development and consolidation of people between whom marriage freely obtains is true national expansion. It is the only desirable form of national growth by external additions.

In Spain's expansion among her colonies, a different principle was involved. She subdued temporarily vast regions inhabited by Indian races incapable of amalgamation with her own people. Hostility between the two races never died, and the Spanish people have paid the penalty of their own folly. Spain never dealt more barbarously with her colonists than the Normans did with the Saxons, but in the one case animosity disappeared, because the peoples were of the same race and their descendants intermarried, while in the other case two divergent races, indisposed to marriage with one another, remained in perpetual hostility until they were separated. Marked differences of race and color, however, form a barrier

that make consolidation forever impossible, the tendency of race development being away from intermarriage rather than toward it, the highly developed specimens of the white and the negro race, for instance, being less inclined toward intermarriages than the lower and more ignorant types of both races.

The races of mankind evidently follow the lines of development noted by Charles Darwin among the lower animals and the plants. Race types appear to be varieties of human beings, divergent in their tendencies, but not yet evolved to such dissimilarity that entire sterility exists as a bar to hybridization and a reason for considering the variation one of distinct species. Among the lower types of all races, sexual aversion, a universal negative factor in the development of species, does not exist to a degree that will prevent the appearance of a mongrel progeny tending towards its own extinction; but aversion always exists sufficiently to bar marriage as a general social relation, and hence to absolutely prevent that consolidation between two kinds of people who can be harmonized in no other way.

In every contact between two divergent races averse to intermarriage, misery to both has been the invariable result. This has been peculiarly true of contact between people of Anglo-Saxon ancestry and the inferior races, the Latin nations showing a somewhat greater power of assimilation, owing to a slight tolerance of interracial marriage. It ought not to be necessary to minutely review the history of contact between the whites on the one hand and the negroes, the Indians, and the Chinese on the other, to illustrate these evils of race antagonism. American history is full of these troubles and nearly all that is really a disgrace to this nation is comprised in the "negro problem," the "Indian problem," and the "Chinese problem." Expansionists being now prepared to inflict upon the nation the additional disgrace of the "Malay problem," it may not be treasonable or even unpatriotic to respectfully inquire why they believe that the relations between our people and the brown race will be more satisfactory and creditable to our people than their experience with inferior people of the three other colors with whom we have already come into contact.

The American people, after almost interminable hostilities and many years of the most brutal cruelty on both sides, have nearly exterminated the Indians. We did not succeed in teaching the Indians self-government, and we failed to govern them either wisely or efficiently. We are now ruling the negroes of the Southern States by a system of local repression which deprives them of real political action quite as completely as in the days when they were slaves. We have amended our "paper constitution" to give the negro political liberty, but he has never yet obtained the privilege of voting for his real preferences. Southern people are not to blame for this slavish condition of the negroes. Transfer the people of New England to the South, give them the negroes, and in a short time the results would be the same, or possibly worse, for a greater personal antipathy is felt toward the negro in the North than in the South. One race or the other must rule, for union is impossible, so the strongest and most intelligent race triumphs and holds the other in subjection—a form of imperialism that is already with us. The disgraceful and disheartening social condition of the Southern States is merely the confession of our own impotence as a people to deal with these terrible problems of race antipathy.

Our more limited experience with the Chinese has been equally instructive. If the Chinaman were not of a distinct race, and if he were capable of assimilation in this country by marriage, he would be no more undesirable as an immigrant than the uneducated and clanish denizens of Europe who flock to our shores. The Chinaman is shrewd, industrious, and enterprising. If he were capable of absorption, like people of our own race, there would be no necessity for preventing Chinese immigration. Divergency in race produced the boycotts, the riots, and the murders of recent Pacific Coast history, however, and we parted company with the Chinese. If our people pursue the plans of expansion and meddle with the affairs of China, thus again coming into social contact with these people, they will learn that locality is not the cause of these miserable conditions, but that they occur whenever two antagonistic races are brought together, and as readily on one

side of the Pacific Ocean as on the other.

In spite of these painful lessons, the American people are now asked to indorse a policy that will inevitably bring them into political and social relations with several millions of Malays, with whom marriage and amalgamation are no more desirable or possible than they are with the Chinese. The only alternative to amalgamation is continuous hostility between the Americans and the Filipinos, which will terminate only with the extermination of the weaker people, or with their separation into distinct and separate political organizations. The negroes have lived among us in America for more than two centuries, yet social unity between the two races is apparently as far away as it was in the beginning of social contact. We still rule the negroes, but every increase in their numbers, intelligence, and military spirit will make the undertaking more dangerous.

We are to consider what is to be done with the Filipinos after they have been subjugated. One method is to organize them under territorial and state governments. This policy will make the Filipinos partners with us in our national affairs. In degree of civilization the higher types of the islanders appear to be similar to the Japanese. The lowest types are no better than the native races of California and Nevada. Between these two extremes are found every gradation of savage and barbaric development. Such people can never become desirable elements of this republic.

Another method is to hold the Philippines permanently under a colonial policy similar to that enforced by Great Britain in India, Egypt, and the Soudan,—an appointive government, upheld by military power. This policy is imperialism in spite of the protests of expansionists that they do not contemplate any departure from democratic ideals. A colonial policy enforced by an army deprives a colony of self-government, substitutes the government of another people, and is the very essence of imperialism. The characteristic Briton frankly admits that such government is imperialism, but urges that English domination of an inferior people is better for the subject race than complete liberty and self-government. The British colonial policy is really the doctrine of the

slaveholder, who urged with a similar plausibility and with as much favorable evidence in immediate results, that his ownership and care of the slaves was better for the black man than freedom and the risk of penury. It is to be regretted that no stronger or more civilized race exists than the Britons. Their own subjugation and reduction to political servility by a superior people might teach them that even to the little caged bird, however wisely it may be controlled or lovingly protected, liberty is the one great aspiration.

A third method of procedure is to retain the islands, according to the plans of many expansionists, "till the Filipinos become capable of self-government." Expansionists object to permitting the islanders to organize their own government free from our control for fear that the Haytian massacres may be repeated. Facts do not justify this conclusion. At the time our soldiers captured Manila the natives in rebellion had almost driven the Spanish from the islands. Before our arrival and since that time all the towns under native control have appeared to be free from unusual violence and brutality. The only great destruction of life and property is due solely to the presence of our troops in the islands. The natives do not seem to be an unusually ferocious race. If they shall be permitted to organize their own government or governments immediately in their own way, there is every reason to believe that they will soon succeed quite as well as the people of Mexico, Cuba, Central America, and most of the South American states. They would undoubtedly succeed much better in government than the present population of Hayti. A government is an emanation from the people who organize it, and in its essential characteristics it delineates their natures. All the governments mentioned in this paragraph are military despotisms masquerading as republics, and the Filipinos, if they be permitted to act for themselves, will naturally evolve similar despotic realities, no matter what republican forms they adopt. Military despotism is the natural governmental expression of the characters of people at their stage of civilization, and it corresponds to the political institutions of our ancestors in Europe five hundred years ago.

It may be well to inquire when our own people or their progenitors became capable of self-government. In early European history our forebears were tribes of brutal, half-naked savages, roaming the earth, like Satan, seeking whom they might devour. In their moral code, killing a man was no murder if he were a stranger; stealing was no theft if the property belonged to another tribe; beating a woman into abject submission was no offense whatever, provided the flogging was inflicted by her rightful owner. Slaying one another was the ordinary vocation of the men, performing the lowest drudgery that of the women. Their conception of justice was to murder a member of any antagonistic clan as often as one of their own clansmen was slain. Whether or not they thus inflicted the penalty upon the man who actually committed the crime made not the slightest difference in equity as they practiced it under the stern code of "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth." Heaven was to their brutish comprehension a place of unlimited slaughter and drunkenness. Hell was some horrible form of imaginary torment but little more devilish than the tortures actually inflicted upon one another in their fierce hostilities. Compared with our early European progenitors, the better grades of existing Filipinos are as angels in heaven.

Yet in spite of all the savage and brutal traits which every student of human development knows to have characterized our remote ancestors, is there a man among us now who is so vile a traitor to his race as to assert that once there was a time when our people or their progenitors were "not fit for self-government"? Will any expansionist declare that our ancestors would have been better off at some time in their past history under the domination of a more powerful nation than as a free people?

The rude pregenitors of the American people worked out their own civilization from within themselves without any master or teacher save the God who has given to all mankind the ceaseless struggle which makes civilization. The brutes were—and are now—gradually exterminated by the operation of their own brutality. The somewhat better natures survived, and we

have now the improved civilization of a race of people who, alas! are not willing to extend to other human beings, undeveloped as our forefathers were, the liberty they would have demanded for themselves at any time in their race history. No race of people ever lived who were not at all times capable of self-government, and no people ever lived, or ever will live, who can govern a weaker or inferior people better than they can govern themselves. Even a monkey, to say nothing of monkey-like humanity, can make its own life happier and better, and less troublesome in the end to its superiors when existing free from meddlesome control, and uncursed by cages and constant interference, however benevolent its spirit.

It may be assumed that the meaning which expansionists attach to the phrase, "incapable of self-government," is that the Filipinos will not be able to maintain independently either a true republic or a very stable government of any kind. Even granting that this may be true, what right have we to complain? Government is not a political garment that may be made for a people as a tailor makes a coat. It is easy to change the form of government, but impossible to change its nature save by the slow march of centuries that transform the character of the people. The American people can not teach any nation the real spirit of democracy or republicanism. Every nation has to slowly evolve its government as a plant develops its buds, its blossoms, and its fruit. It is not our business to attempt the impossible by making governments for other growths, but to guard our own national development. We can not make a government for Filipinos nor teach them government any more than we can legislate for apes or angels.

If armed revolution should occur tomorrow in the United States, and commerce thus be disturbed a thousandfold more than any Filipino rebellion can ever disturb it, would any European power or coalition of powers be justified in placing our people under a protectorate, with the plea that our government was not stable enough for commercial interests? Our complaint against the warlike tendencies of the Filipinos among themselves is an absurdity. We have no right to complain

of any nation. For four long, dreadful years of carnage our people fought among themselves like demons over the evil heritage of slavery. During that fearful period, we destroyed more lives and property, and caused a greater disturbance of the world's peace and well-being by our own inability to control our destiny without internal warfare, than the Filipinos can accomplish under complete independence during the next century. We have completely outdone their ablest efforts in rebellion and brotherly slaughter, and yet we preach to them of self-government!

The only essential difference between the self-government of our grade of civilization and that of the Filipinos is that they will experience intestine struggles frequently, and with comparatively little harm, while we, in more modern development, will battle among ourselves less frequently but a thousand times more destructively when the actual contest is waged. An armed revolution among people like the Filipinos is the ancient and undeveloped form of holding an election. We, in our progress, have evolved the later method of counting heads to save the pains of breaking them. Let no benevolent expansionist suppose that in the endless progress of civilization, our people have acquired such ability in self-government that the stern arbitrament of civil war has finally been abandoned. It is a poor, shallow, unjust plea to say because a race of people in the universal march of civilization have not quite reached our own stage of advancement, that we must dominate their destinies and force them to accept our own weak, imperfect conceptions of what really constitutes self-government. May God pity our unconscious egotism! Self-government, in its real significance, would mean a heaven on earth free from all wars and thoughts of domination. A long painful struggle toward genuine self-government must be waged by the descendants of the existing American people in the dim future which lies far ahead of our present stage of civilization. Let us turn our eyes away from the imperfections of the Filipino and bend them reverently in the direction of our own future, with a prayer that our nation may grow out of the evils and dangers that beset us. No nation on the face of the earth is fit to

teach any other people the art of self-government except by itself obeying the Golden Rule.

Expansionists deride the idea that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed," and quote numerous precedents from the history of this nation, showing that we have repeatedly governed people without their consent. This is true. The Declaration of Independence, from which the phrase is quoted, was the expression of a revolt against Great Britain by her American colonists, who were then subjects of the English king. It is a great mistake to suppose that the men who formulated the Declaration did so for the purpose of furnishing a panacea in its principles for all the governmental ills of posterity. The colonists were absorbed in the very urgent necessity of protecting their own immediate interests, and it is extremely doubtful whether they devoted much thought to the liberty of any other people than themselves. If they had considered the liberty of others, it is not likely that they would have retained negro slavery as a prominent feature of their political institutions after announcing the doctrine, very inconsistent with slavery, that "all men are created equal," and that the Creator "endowed them with liberty." Neither did the men who formulated the Constitution of the United States accomplish their work with any belief that they were making a perfect instrument, fit for the perpetual guidance of any people. They were not worrying about posterity. Some of them may have been so sublimely egotistical as to imagine that their work was a lamp to guide the republic in its march through coming ages, but as a body of law-makers the framers of the Constitution made that instrument just as the Constitutions of States are now made,—to suit the immediate conditions and circumstances under which the agreement had to be made. For the Constitution was merely an agreement between thirteen colonies, each jealous of the others and pugnacious in the defense of its own interests. They came together not so much because they wanted to as because they had to. Those who formed the Constitution were not attempting particularly to confer liberty or wisdom upon posterity, but were striving desperately, and

almost unsuccessfully, to provide some kind of government which the embryo States would accept, and which would give to their early attempts at national action some show of promptness and efficiency. It is doubtful whether a single member of the Constitutional Convention believed that the instrument it had made was more than a temporary expedient; for the Constitution was essentially a compromise, like all constitutions, and was contrived not for the remote future, but for immediate acceptance.

The frequent and extremely reverential allusions to the restrictions, real or imaginary, of the Constitution by both of the parties to this controversy bring forcibly to mind the remark of an intelligent but rather cynical commentator on our political ideas when he said that "the American people in their governmental faith have substituted their Constitution for the Apostle's Creed, and George Washington for Jesus Christ." It is well to remember that the Constitution sanctioned slavery, and that our people had to amend it to rid themselves of slavery. The student who searches in the musty records of the past for either personal or political morality fit to guide modern action will be sadly confused till he discards the senseless worship of antiquity and rebels against the almost universal 'tyranny of the sepulcher.'

Imitation of the past is not improvement of the present. He who searches for morality in the past of this nation will need to go backward but forty years to find slavery enthroned in the South, and William Lloyd Garrison with a rope around his neck in Boston. Less than thirty years of retrogression will discover Susan B. Anthony the subject of ribald jests from one side of this country to the other because she dared to say that women had the right to think and to participate in making or unmaking the laws that govern her. It is less than one hundred and fifty years since Americans accepted hereditary monarchy and the divine right of kings as cardinal points of their political compass. It is not more than one thousand years since our ancestors recognized very little government whatever, except that of brute strength, and adopted as their only political formula the good

old barbarian saying, that "Might makes right."

But the true progress of this nation has been steadily toward the idea that no class of people can be justly governed without considering their desires. Our people will accept the sentiments of barbarism if they adopt the doctrines of expansionists in regard to the Filipinos; for the expansionist is literally breaking their heads now for the purpose, as he asserts, of consulting with them afterwards. The expansionists' proposition is to do with these islanders as we like after they have been conquered. Their opinions are not to be regarded. They have made their homes and their cities, but we shall control them. They earn their money for taxes, but we shall dictate how it shall be paid and used. They have their own ideas—foolish or wise—about government; we substitute our own ideas—wise or foolish—for theirs and make them do our will. This would be a relapse to the methods of barbarism. The true progress of a republic that would foster democratic ideals is away from a government by brutal force, inflicting the despotism of strength over weakness, and toward a closer observance of the Golden Rule. We would not like to have any nation conquer the United States and set up even God's government for heaven over us without our consent.

Expansionists frequently allude to the previous growth of this country and the benefits received thereby as evidence that objections now made to the retention of the Philippines are not justifiable. It is assumed that the reasons for opposition to the Philippines are not different from the objections previously made to the acquisition of territory which has proved to be advantageous. The conditions are quite different.

It is true, as expansionists urge, that in the acquirement of Louisiana, Florida, Texas, the Mexican Territory, and Alaska, our people accomplished an expansion of area which is now regarded as advantageous, although opposed by many people at the time as dangerous. That fact proves nothing. The conditions in all these cases were radically different from those surrounding the Philippines. All the territory previously acquired was thinly populated; it was contiguous to our own

possessions; it was in the temperate zone; and it was immediately desirable as homes for our own people. On the other hand the Philippines have three times the density of our own population; they have a tropical climate, in which the white race degenerates, or rather, in more nearly scientific expression, adapts itself to the environment; they lie so far away from us that they will be expensive to control and defend; and, as the returning volunteers say almost unanimously, they are "no white man's country."

Our "beneficent assimilation" of the Indians may be defended under the doctrine enunciated, as Professor Huxley once said, in the fine old Scottish family motto—"Thou shalt starve ere I want." If two men be lost at sea in a boat, one eats the other as a final resort. It may have been necessary to exterminate the Indians and take their lands, but surely no necessities of this kind press upon us in our dealings with the Filipinos. If we interfere in their career, it must be from love of domination. The benevolent expansionist urges that he is not actuated by selfishness nor by love of dominion, but by love for the Filipino, to whom he would teach freedom.

But if we really desire true civilization among the Filipinos, the thing to do is to bestow upon them the same liberty which has produced our own. Civilization can not be taught like the multiplication table. It is the improvement of personal character which arises out of the free play of social forces and the gradual extinction of unfit social elements by the lapse of years and centuries.

The leading expansionists of the Eastern States urge the retention of the islands as a duty to the world and to the Filipinos. Another class of expansionists, who are afflicted with what may be termed patriotism of the pocket, boldly urge the retention of the islands not because it is moral, but because in their estimation it will pay. Expansionists of this class base their arguments upon commercial reasons. The gist of their declaration is that "We will hold this territory because there is money in it." Just how the money is to be made is not very clearly explained, but it is to result in some mysterious way from the assertion that "trade follows the flag," and

is illustrated by the fact that our expenses so far in maintaining the flag for their trade to follow have been about one million of dollars a day. A discrepancy exists between this frankly brutal form of expansion for money and the highly moral but unbusiness-like type which desires "to see the United States giving protection, inspiration and assistance to communities emancipated from crushing despotism and needing the blessings of freedom, justice, and self-government." It is humiliating for the citizens of a republic to gravely consider whether they will or will not subjugate any people for the sake of making money out of them. It is not a question of new homes for the masses of our people. The financial advantages of retaining the islands exist in the hopes of commercial syndicates and adventurous financiers, like Cecil Rhodes of South Africa, who desire this nation to keep the peace for them at its own expense while they exploit the colony and control its government.

It is assumed that our control of the colonies will make them vastly profitable to us. That is merely assumed; it is not proved. In this day of world-wide commerce and competition, trade does not follow the flag, but pursues the best article for the cheapest price. Trade is absolutely devoid of patriotism. It will not honor the flag, and the flag can not coerce it. All the armies and flags of the world could not have forced American manufactures into distant markets under our old rudimentary system of production when English manufacturers were so much our superiors. All the armies of the world can not prevent our manufactures from reaching the natural demand for them, whenever we are able to supply what the world wants at the lowest prices. A single illustration of trade ought to expose the fallacy that it is necessary or desirable for the Republic to dominate any people in order to trade with them and to build up commerce. South Africa is dominated by Great Britain, our greatest rival in trade. In June, 1899, our consul at Cape Town traveled through South Africa and noted the conditions of trade. He reported to his Government that American manufacturers supplied nearly all the wire fencing, most of the mining machinery, the steel rails for one hundred and fifty miles of

railroad, shiploads of redwood and Oregon pine, all the water-pipes about Kimberly, some locomotives on the railroad to the city, many of the agricultural implements in use, and all sorts of small tools, like hammers, hatchets, and chisels. The trade in South Africa does not follow the British flag. Britons themselves buy of the United States whenever they can get what they want at a lower price. There is no more profit to this nation in subjugating the Filipinos than there would be in caging a wilderness of apes. The aggrandizement of individuals might result, but we are not considering individuals. The experience of other countries indicates that except in affording an outlet for overflowing population, no colony was ever profitable to the mother country. They are usually children which she is compelled to bring to maturity at her own expense. We may owe duties of this kind to our own offspring, but to adopt a young nation of Malays and attempt to bring it to years of discretion is an undertaking characterized by imprudence and a silly benevolence that is not only unwise but harmful.

It is also urged that if we relinquish these islands, some other nation will conquer them. Arguments of that kind need no reply. It is the plea of the thief who excuses his crime by alleging that if he had not stolen the plunder some other rascal would have taken it. The American republic is not responsible for the foolish and greedy imperialism of European nations and it should not imitate their example. It is not so much our international duty to see that other nations do not steal as it is to see that our own nation does not become a thief.

Expansionists strenuously object to being termed imperialists. In this article their own name for their class has been used, but an effort has been made to show that expansion of the kind they advocate leads inevitably to imperialism, because it involves relations with a people who can not become our partners, and who must remain our subjects till we give them independence. Expansionists may not desire imperialism, but they can not avoid it except by giving the Filipinos their liberty. Thus the government already provided for the island of Negros, as described in the President's message, com-

prises an advisory council of eight members elected by the people. Over this council is a military governor appointed by the United States, who appoints his executive subordinates and has absolute power to reject by a veto any legislative action the council may attempt. That kind of government is a military despotism. We may call it "teaching the Filipinos liberty and good government," but that assertion is a lie. It is not liberty and it is not good government,—at least, it is the same kind of despotism that the Filipinos would establish for themselves if they had the opportunity, and no better, except that it artificially represses the natural and free expression of the ideas of an undeveloped people just as an animal is restrained by a cage. Such government may be, and probably is, the only kind practicable if we retain the islands.

Let us not deceive ourselves with fine words about "bestowing liberty." We can not bestow liberty by governing other people. If we as a people love liberty,—not merely liberty for us, but liberty for all,—there is only one way in which to confer its blessing. It is to give to others the same right of self-control that we demand for ourselves. It is to let other people seek their own welfare or ill-fare in their own way, free from our clumsy attempts to secure for them the liberty which they can attain only by adopting their own plans. A cat's government for a cat is better than any human contrivance, and cat government can not be well conducted by any other animal. A child learns to walk by failing and trying again. It can not learn by being repressed and by having the walking done by some other person. Our people have learned what civilization they have so far accomplished by failing and trying again. We had no teacher; do we want one now? We are still trying and failing, but out of our self-activity will come genuine progress, even as it will come to the Filipinos if we let them enjoy Nature's teaching and do not inflict our own poor guidance. If we have failed to provide a government without imperialism for the negro,—and it is impossible to show that the negroes of the South enjoy self-government,—how shall we control and at the same time confer

self-government upon the Malays of the Philippines? The two ideas of sovereignty and self-government are incongruous. We can not whitewash a building with lampblack, and we can not teach the Filipinos true democracy or republicanism by subjugating them and establishing a despotism, no matter how benevolent it may be.

British expansionists, whom we are imitating, do not pretend that the policy of controlling weaker nations is not imperialism. The characteristic Briton is proud of imperialism, and maintains that it is the very best government for inferior races. He entertains no "nonsensical ideas about equal rights," and proceeds to absolutely dictate whatever policy he may consider to his advantage. "Volume of Trade" is the Marseillais which John Bull sings in his colonies. He makes no labored attempt to show that he is teaching liberty and self-government. He is in the torrid zone to buy and sell, and he preserves order, like a policeman with his club, in order that barter may be conducted. He is not particularly interested in the beneficent undertaking of inculcating liberty, but he contends that he governs all his subjugated races better than they could govern themselves if they were free.

John Bull's doctrine is the same which our American slave-owners maintained for a quarter of a century preceding the Civil War. Slavery was better for the negro than freedom, because he was ignorant and childlike, and because he enjoyed a sure maintenance under bondage better than self-effort and the penalties of failure. This doctrine was so thoroughly understood and believed that the slaves often pitied a "free nigger" who "had no massa." Yet the inevitable penalties of wrong were paid. If we judge conditions by immediate material prosperity, the British policy of caging the monkey without either pampering or unnecessarily restricting him is fairly successful. But there is always the aftermath. British imperialism applied to whites, though not the modern British colonial policy, led to the American Revolution. Imperialism in South Africa has caused the Boer war. Some day when they have gathered strength, Kipling's "sullen people" out

of their servile condition may develop catastrophes such as negro slavery produced, thus proving once more that no nation can mingle divergent races without paying the penalty in the end. Greed for money and for political domination may for a time be successful. But the injustice of any crime against nature perpetuates itself, and some day, in one way or another, there comes a reckoning. No nation on the face of the earth is wise

enough or good enough to rule another people, and no people are so ignorant or so vicious that they can not govern themselves better than others can govern for them. The greatest evils of slavery were inflicted upon the masters, and so the greatest evils of imperialism will afflict the dominant nations which are to-day adopting the ancient creeds of despotism under the euphonious name of "beneficent expansion."

IN THE SERVICE OF LOVE

By JO HATHAWAY

IN THE northern part of California there is a strange volcanic land, cracked and blanched and dry—a land of death. In this land there are many unmarked graves, and one, a new one, that is marked with a wooden slab. On the slab is a name and a date, and the verse: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend."

"A skull? An Indian skull? On Jump-off Joe? Then I must have it."

Pete Morris stared. When he was astonished he looked more than ever like an unbaked pie.

"You must get it for me. No; take me, and I will get it."

"What do you want it for?"

"To say my prayers to."

Pete's face changed. He had heard it whispered that this young woman was an infidel. The pride of virtue was strong in these "tule-twisters," who felt themselves to be the elect of Deity. Luria's laugh rang out in derision.

"You can get your own skull," he muttered doggedly.

Luria did not hear him, and he shifted uneasily. After all, he remembered that he was a man. He reached for his hat.

"Do you want to go now?" he said awkwardly.

"Yes; this minute. If the skull's gone you'll have to kill an Indian. I must have one."

They presented a strange picture—the young woman with her picture-hat and gypsy hair, small, nervously strung, graceful as a cat, fastidious yet indifferent, with scornful lips and dreamy eyes, repellent, almost beautiful; the man, big, blonde, shambling, work-hardened, yet so young, with a halt in his gait and a pulsing scar on his forehead where a horse had kicked him, broad, powerful, irresolute; behind them, the gray of the tules and alkali, before them the grim bluffs of Jump-off Joe.

They walked in silence, and the dead sage-brush crackled beneath their feet. The man's face was stoical and emotionless. The girl looked around her, and her breath came in little gasps. It had never seemed so terrible before, this leprous, white earth, naked and unashamed. Suddenly she knelt beside a stunted juniper and spread her handkerchief out tenderly on the ground. Her face was white and drawn.

"What are you doing?"

A smile flickered across her lips.

"Does n't your Bible say to clothe the naked?" she asked.

"Clothe the naked?" he repeated dully. And then he understood. The slow anger mounted to his brow.

"What makes you stay here if you hate it so?"

"I don't hate it,—I love and pity it."

"It's a poor-man's country, and you sneer at it. You sneer at our ways and

our religion. You do nothing but sneer and sneer—"

"Sneer?" she said delicately. "I don't like the word 'sneer.'"

"And you sneer at me. First you did n't see me, treated me same as a worm you were too nice to step on. And then you—why can't you be decent to a fellow? Why can't—"

"So it's a personal matter, after all?"

"You don't do anything now but—"

"Bully you? I'm afraid I am a bully."

"Why can't you treat a fellow decent?" he reiterated helplessly.

Luria gave her shoulders a slight shrug. "Well, you see, I've been here seven weeks already, and I mean to stay three more."

"What's that got to do with it? You surely don't imagine I'd fall in love with you?"

Luria laughed. "Quien sabe? I don't mean that you shall."

"By heavens!" he broke out, his face purple with rage. "I'm not a fool, Miss Starr, if I was born on the desert. There are young women, right here, a good deal better than you are, if they are n't so handsome."

"True," she said, still smiling. "But look!—there comes His Holiness."

She pointed to a man in blue overalls who was riding slowly toward them. His face, when he lifted it, was hard, bearded, and unsmiling.

"Ah! that's Sammie," said Pete.

All are known by their given names on the desert. Sammie was the middle-aged postmaster, and a pillar in the church.

"Do you know," Luria remarked, "he asked me last night if I was n't an infidel, and then what in the name of conscience my religion was."

"I suppose you told him?" said Pete, acrimoniously.

"Yes; I told him."

"What?"

"That it was whatever he most specially abhorred."

"And yet you think I could fall in love with you," he said with revived bitterness. "I don't even like you. You're mighty proud and big-feeling, Miss Starr, but you're not a bit prouder than I am. Fall in love with you?—huh! I'm not a fool! Miss Starr is not a fool!"

Luria shrugged her shoulders again and laughed. There was a quality in her tone like the tinkling of ice against a goblet.

"How things work you up!" she said. "I don't like to be serious myself—no one can be serious and quite sane, you know. But listen: It is n't that you're necessarily a fool—that's a mere detail. It's the law. Put two together in a wilderness like this, let them break bread at the same table and breathe the same air, and if there's no one else very near, he'll fall in love with her, every time. Of course, if she is n't too old or too ugly, it's just as well. But man is an amorous animal, and if his love is n't active it's potential. Who the woman is that brings it out is a mere matter of chance. Do you see? Now, I should n't like having you in love with me," she added fastidiously. "I should n't enjoy it. So you will please let me go on being disagreeable if I think it expedient."

"Expedient!" he snarled, his face growing purple. "You can save yourself the trouble. I thought—" he gulped twice—"I thought women had hearts and were good. I can despise you now, Miss Starr, and I will. Why did n't you let me go on thinking women were good? What made you ever come?"

Luria's lip curled. "A reason," she said coldly.

"A reason? Yes. Ha, ha! A reason!" He laughed brutally. "It must have taken a reason to bring you here. They say it took a reason—ha, ha!"

Luria looked up at him, absolutely without resentment, and smiled. He blushed for shame. The passions of this young barbarian were complex.

"Are you mad?" he said clumsily. It was his apology.

"Mad? O, no," she said indifferently; "only bored. Must we climb? Give me your hand, then."

He helped her over the loose blocks of lava, discolored with dead moss and sprouting with huge bunches of wild rye, till they came to the crevasse where the skull was lodged. He pointed it out mutely and stepped back. Luria gave a little cry of delight and loosened it fearlessly with her bare hands. He watched her with a half-sick curiosity as she turned it about, peered into its empty orbits, adjusted its detached and broken jaw, smiled, laughed,

chattered. The skull was small and milk-dewed, and the teeth were worn nearly to the sockets. He noted the contrast between her glowing, youthful beauty and that ghastly relic, and his heart turned sick within him. The relations of life and death were stern and fearful to him, and levity seemed the ferment of the devil. He wondered vaguely and miserably if in the infinity of God's mercy there was any salvation that could reach a young woman who could gather human bones from their resting-place and laugh.

"Heavens!" cried Luria. "What makes you look so glum? Do you think it's a Modoc?"

"Yes."

"I'm so glad I've got it."

"There are plenty more in Sheepy Creek," said Pete grimly.

"One's enough. I don't covet the catacombs. Look 'in these holes where eyes did once inhabit.' Can't you fancy you can see the gleam of a warrior's orbs? Do you suppose he was killed in the Modoc war?"

"'T was n't a brave," said Pete, morosely. "It's the head of a squaw—"

Luria gave him a startled look, then, quick as thought she replaced the skull where she had found it, and turned away.

"Don't you want it?" he asked.

She shook her head and started down the bluffs. "The head of a squaw!" she murmured. "I could n't take it if my life depended on it. It's a kind of chivalry, I guess. If I were a man," she smiled fantastically, "I should be tender of all women, living and dead. I should wear a lady on my shield and kill giants."

"Yes?" said Pete, interrogatively.

"Yes. I should feel toward them as I do toward this great skeleton land of yours—I should love and pity them."

Pete did not answer. He was brooding on fancies of his own.

The moon shone over the desert. Luria lay in her bed with sleepless eyes. At last she arose, threw a white shawl about her, drew on her feet her tiny worsted slippers, and lit her candle. On the table were some sheets of linen paper, closely covered with beautiful script. One of them was only partly filled. She took it and began to write. Her eyes were heavy with shadow,

and her lips were parted in an ethereal smile.

"You are so near to me to-night, beloved," she wrote. "I walked out into the darkness and you were by me. I felt your presence and heard your voice. We looked up together to the stars, and my unrest forsook me. I reached my hands up toward them, and could almost have plucked those bright worlds from their courses—so near they seemed! But you caught my hands in yours and held them fast. You are like the stars, beloved, quiet and constant and cold, though your heart is a living flame. You drew me to your bosom, and I lay there like a babe at rest. And then the moon rose and I saw you. Your brow was pale, but your eyes burned into mine. I lifted my lips, and you kissed me. Ah, love, that kiss! Only death can merge our souls more nearly into one. There was in the whole communion the perfectness of death itself. It is like death to be here where you have been, to see the things you saw, to sit in the very room that was your room, and feel my soul unfettered in its love for you. The joy of it makes me want to die. And every day I go to the little church where you used to preach, and throw myself on my knees and pray—yes, pray, beloved!—that my love may be so pure that God will keep it immortal when I die for your sake, dearest. But sometimes when I want you most, when my arms are wide and desolate for you, you will not come, and I know that my heart is not pure. And then I laugh and do strange things, and it seems that I must go mad. But in the night you come to me, and I feel the touch of your priestly hands put out to bless me. I feel them on my forehead now."

There was a sound on the porch outside. She sighed, dropped her pen, and leaned back with closed eyes. A step shuffled along the walk, and the gate clicked. She did not hear. Somewhere in the house a clock struck one. Out in the moonlight Pete's stooping figure was silhouetted against the sky. He had not slept, and his step was restless and uncertain. He moved toward the black bluffs of Jump-off Joe. Beside a stunted juniper a patch of white gleamed in the moonlight. He stopped, gazed at it musingly, and picked it up. It was a woman's handkerchief.

The dainty fabric curled through his fingers like foam. He stood as if lost in reverie, looking down. His face was hidden in the shadow of his hat. At last, with a sudden passionate gesture, he lifted the handkerchief half-way to his lips, paused sharply, and let it flutter slowly to the ground. Then he turned, and, with bent head, retraced his steps.

Lava Bed society had been slow to take Luria up. As a young woman from that vague and godless region known as the Outside, she was regarded from the first with suspicion and fear. The world, the flesh, and the devil were a trinity they considered indissoluble, a three in one—and no very long time had passed till they were convinced that Luria was that one.

She did strange and inexplicable things. She walked alone on the desert at night, and sang. She read forbidden books, and piled them in the same stack with her Bible. She held strange orgies over a shining flesh-pot she called a chafing-dish, with Pete, now thoroughly demoralized, as her one companion. He came at her beck and did her bidding with slavish but sullen devotion. Usually she was imperious or indifferent, and he served her mutely. Occasionally she was gracious, and he reviled her. Sometimes she seemed unconscious of him and of all things, and he watched over her as a mother might watch over an ailing child. It is a tender and awful thing, the instinct of maternity that is in some rough men's bosoms.

It is probable that Luria did not know what depths she was stirring. The people about her, with their fanaticism, their intolerance, their loves and hates, their triumphs and their passions, impressed her only as "magic shadow-shapes that come and go." With her the real was immaterial, and the immaterial real. Occasionally she amused herself with fact, just as you or I amuse ourselves with phantasy. But the charmed circle of her inner life she held inviolable. The parson, with his voice of yellow brass, the parson's wife, too humble to claim even an identity, Sammie, who prayed for her soul in meeting, and Pete himself, who in a little she understood, (for she was a woman, after all,) all were grouped in her mind with the alkali pot-holes and the sage-brush—pic-

turesque features certainly, but bloodless—a part of the skeleton land.

Time passed. The last week was drawing to its close.

Luria sat one afternoon in the shadow of the cliffs, gazing across the desert. The heat trembled up through the haze, and the lake in its fringe of scorched tules glittered like steel. Wild geese, thousands of them, floated in squadrons on its polished surface, or moved in long, divergent lines across the sky, like Cæsar's army, with the leader of the flock in the apex. Their motion held her in hypnotic trance. The heavens were beaded with them. She heard them scream, and caught the beating of their wings. Out of the distance came more, and ever more. It was like infinity. She gazed and gazed, till suddenly she was not, and the world was everything!

A horseman approached from the north. It was Pete. He dismounted and came toward her. He looked like some wild, fierce animal in his shaggy chaparejos. His mare wandered away, nibbling as she went. He did not seem to notice.

Luria awoke with a start. He was close beside her.

"You were right," he said in a voice thick and throaty, like a drunken man's. "I have fallen in love with you."

Luria looked at him attentively. His face was more like dough than ever, and the pulse in his forehead beat heavily. His lips were parted in a maudlin smile.

"Have you been drinking?" she asked quietly.

He gave a hoarse laugh. "No," he said. "I'm drunk with love."

"Do you want to marry me?"

"No."

"No?"

"No."

Luria's face betokened the dawning of interest.

"Really, then," she remarked, "you are not such a fool, when all is told. It would not be profitable to want to marry me, you know. But how comes it you don't?"

"I don't know." The pulse beat heavier in his brow. He stared at her with famished eyes.

"How does it feel," she inquired, "this love of yours?"

"I don't know. I'm afraid of you, but

I want you. You are so beautiful and—and keen."

"Like an edged tool—so?"

"Yes."

"That would cut the hand that holds it—so?"

"Yes. But I want to hold you. I want to hold your hands—I want to!" He bent nearer. His face grew paler and flabbier, and the smile looked ghastly on his loose lips.

Luria did not shrink. She looked at him inquisitively. She was absolutely without fear, as a goddess might have been. She even leaned a little toward him.

"And after you were given my hands to hold—what then?"

"I should want to touch your hair."

"Touch it?"

"Yes, stroke it. O, God!"

Luria smiled. "What an animal you are. And you dare call on Deity to pity you with such passion as that. It is as I thought. There is no love here on the desert. The hard vise of poverty has crushed your very souls. Heavens! the tragedy of it!"

"I love you!" he groaned.

"No; it's passion—the one cheap indulgence your senses are allowed. You covet a woman's hands and hair and lips, and she gives them to you, and you loathe her. And after a while you forget to do even that, and the machinery of life grinds you under. How do I know? I've seen it in the children's faces. And yet man was created in His image!"

"I'd give my life for you!" he murmured.

"No," she said; "you would not. It's the part of love to sacrifice. Passion only demands. You might have spared yourself and me. Your telling me all this is worse than useless. You know—you must know, that there is no place in my life for you."

"I know," he said.

Luria regarded him calmly. His thirsty eyes never left her hands, where they lay, white, beautiful, quiet, in her lap.

"Good Lord!" he whispered, "give

them to me! Let me touch them—hold them—it can't hurt you. It can't hurt you," he repeated brokenly, "and it'll make a poor devil happy. Let me touch them—your hands!"

Luria lifted them with sudden intensity and laid them on his arm.

"Must I tell you?" she cried. "*I love!* They are not mine to give."

His eyes sought hers and he started back. The happiness in them seemed to craze him.

"Curse you!" he hissed. "You love? You love? You have ruined my life! Murderess! I could kill you—turn your eyes away! Why did you ever come?"

"I will tell you," she said, with her unfaltering eyes, love-filled, and terrible, upon him. "It was for my love's sake. In six months I shall be dead. The doctors have said so. Did you ever notice *that?*" She pointed to the blotch of crimson on her cheek. "I want to be ready to die. I want—"

She paused and frowned. His face had taken on the unlovely pallor of a corpse. His lips moved, but no sound came forth. His hands were stretched out imploringly.

"Don't pity me," she said. "It jars. It's like a false chord struck by blunt fingers into my own sweetest harmony. And my life has been so harmonious! Do you know," she went on dreamily, with her eyes tracing the shadowy and distant windings of Lost River, "I shall pass in music—he has promised it. I know exactly how it will seem. I have lived it through so often. First a drowsiness, then ecstasy, then oblivion. It will be sweet to die." Her voice trailed off, her lips parted, and her eyes took on their look of lethargy and calm.

The sun had approached its setting. There was an ominous sound beside her, and a rattlesnake, enraged to find its path obstructed, reared its head to strike. Pete sprang forward to grasp it, and its fangs were buried in his hand.

Luria, vaguely disturbed, rose and walked slowly toward the house.

At a little distance Pete followed her.

The night came on apace.

THE VINES AND WINES OF CALIFORNIA

By ANDREA SBARBORO

AMONG the many economic resources of California, none is more valuable, and none holds greater promise for the material development of the State, than the culture of the grape and its preparation in various forms for the use of consumers. Viticulture in other parts of our country is seemingly little more than an avocation, a matter of side interest among agriculturists; but here in the Golden State it is an established and extended industry, and destined to grow to vast proportions not far in the future. The wine industry alone already gives employment to over ten thousand people.

The origin of the industry in California is of especial interest, being due to the pioneers of the Church, who laid here the religious foundations. The first missionaries, who had been accustomed in their

that the grape-vine could grow here as well as in those countries of the Old World. Their opinion was fortified by the fact that wild grapes grew profusely on nearly all the hillsides of California. They were not long in writing to their brethren who were preparing to leave the old country for California to bring with them cuttings from grape-vines. The Missionaries set these out in different parts of the State and to their satisfaction found that grapes grew as luxuriantly here as they did in their native land, and made as good wine. The first varieties of grapes were called the "Mission," as they were brought here by the Missionaries.

The oldest vineyard was planted in Sonoma County, although there recently died a single vine at Santa Barbara which was supposed to be over one hundred years old and produced over one ton of grapes.



Vineyards on the Russian River

native country, to the use of wine, both at the mass and on the table, when they arrived here to civilize the Indians found an abundance of everything with which to satisfy their appetites, with the exception of that which they most desired—wine. However, being scientific men, they readily ascertained that the soil and climate of California were very similar to those of Spain and Italy, and they soon discovered

The setting out of new vineyards which was pushed to an extreme for a decade or two, has been discontinued until recently, for the reason that the grape industry had been brought down so low by unreasonable competition that in some cases it did not pay the farmer to gather his grapes. But within the past two years the price of grapes has advanced to such a figure that this season new vineyards are being set out

in some parts of the State, especially in the northern part of Sonoma County, where, by-the-bye, that dreadful insect, phylloxera, has never appeared. This pest has done a great deal of damage in some parts of the State, notably in Napa County, which was once the banner grape-producing county of the State, but now produces not one quarter of its former crop. However, many vineyards are now being set out with resistant vines, which are not affected by the phylloxera, and as the demand for wines is rapidly increasing, both for home consumption and the supplying of the European market, and in our new possessions of Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, where there are a large number of wine-drinking people, it is expected that hereafter the grape industry will increase from year to year and eventually become the principal industry of California.

A large quantity of table grapes is produced in California, and during the early part of the fall all parts of the Eastern States are supplied with this luscious fruit. They are generally put up in neat little crates of about five pounds each, and thus work is furnished for many families at remunerative wages. The grapes shipped East are generally Tokays, Muscats, and several other varieties, which grow principally in the Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys.

The raisin industry is of still greater importance in California. For many years raisin-growers have met with great discouragement, owing to a long-standing prejudice against home-dried raisins. More recently, however, Eastern, and even foreign markets have come to esteem the best varieties of California raisins as equal to the Malaga product. The result is that the raisin industry has within the past few years also developed to large proportions, and now supplies not only the United States, but raisins are exported to several foreign countries. The number of acres set out in raisins is estimated at about fifty thousand, producing on an average one hundred and fifty thousand tons of green grapes or forty thousand tons of dry raisins. It gives profitable employment to about five thousand people.

To Colonel Forsyth, of Fresno, is due the credit of having recently introduced a machine by which the seeds are removed

from the raisins without spoiling the looks of the clusters, which obviates the tedious work that housewives had formerly to do in order to prepare them for their pastry.

Raisins do well as far north as Yolo; but the best and largest quantities are produced in Fresno, Madera, King, Tulare, Los Angeles, and San Diego Counties.

The raisin-growers in the beginning had up-hill work in making any profit out of the industry. They did not understand either the drying, the packing, or the shipping; but by dear experience they have now learned the drying and packing to perfection, and some of the finer grades compare favorably, if they do not surpass, the finest Malaga raisins of Spain.

Within the past two years the raisin-growers have formed a co-operative society, through which nearly all the raisins are marketed by a board of directors for account of the growers, in accordance with the qualities produced. In this way they have succeeded in obtaining good prices for their product; and so long as they remain in harmony together, there is no doubt that the industry will pay large interest on the labor and capital invested. In fact, it seems certain that the orange-growers and producers of all kinds of fruit will eventually find it to their interest to form co-operative societies for each branch of the industry, as was recommended by the convention of fruit-growers recently held in San Francisco. California can raise enough fruit of nearly all kinds to supply the world; but the man who tills the soil must be enabled to market his product at remunerative prices, and the best means to obtain this great desideratum is through co-operation.

Although the culture of table and raisin grapes flourishes in California, a far more important and extensive industry is that of the production of wine.

The acreage of wine-grapes in California is now estimated to be eighty thousand acres in bearing, which produces about two hundred and fifty thousand tons of grapes, giving an average of about thirty million gallons of wine per annum, including all varieties of red and white wines, and also the sweet wines, known as Port, Sherry, Madeira, Muscat, etc.

A large quantity of grape-brandy is also produced in the State, and that which has



Largest Wine Tank in the World; at Asti, Cal.

been aged from eight to ten years is pronounced by experts to be equal to the famous cognacs of France.

Grapes can be grown in nearly every part of the State; but every section, as in France and Italy, produces to perfection a certain variety. For instance, the dry wines, such as Zinfandel, Burgundy, Mataro, Sauternes, Rieslings, Hock, and other like varieties, do well in the northern part of the State. The finest, however, are produced in the counties of Sonoma, Napa, Santa Cruz, Contra Costa, Alameda, and Santa Clara, whilst the sweet wines grow to perfection in Madera, Fresno, King, Yolo, San Joaquin, and San Diego Counties.

The price of grape-lands varies very much in this State. Lands in the dry-wine grape counties, located on hillsides, which produce the finest wine, can be bought all the way from ten to forty dollars an acre. Table-land, which produces larger quantities of grapes, but not of so good a quality, is worth from thirty to fifty dollars an acre.

These lands do not require irrigation. In fact, no fine dry wine can be produced from grapes grown on irrigated lands. Nature, however, has provided for the dry-wine grape districts; for in the counties of Sonoma, Napa, Santa Clara, Santa Cruz, Alameda, and Contra Costa there generally falls sufficient rain to mature the grapes to perfection, whilst in the counties of San Joaquin, Madera, Fresno, and south of the Tehachapi Mountains the rain is frequently less than one fourth of that which falls in the northern counties, and there irrigation is absolutely necessary.

These counties have already several large irrigation-canals, but the irrigation system will be so enlarged in the near future that many millions of acres in the San Joaquin Valley, which without irrigation are useless, will be brought under cultivation.

Recently a convention was held in San Francisco, attended by a large number of the land-owners, bankers, and principal business men of the State, and the Water and Forest Association was formed, for the purpose of impounding the flood-waters of the State, to be used for irrigating, mining, and transmitting power.

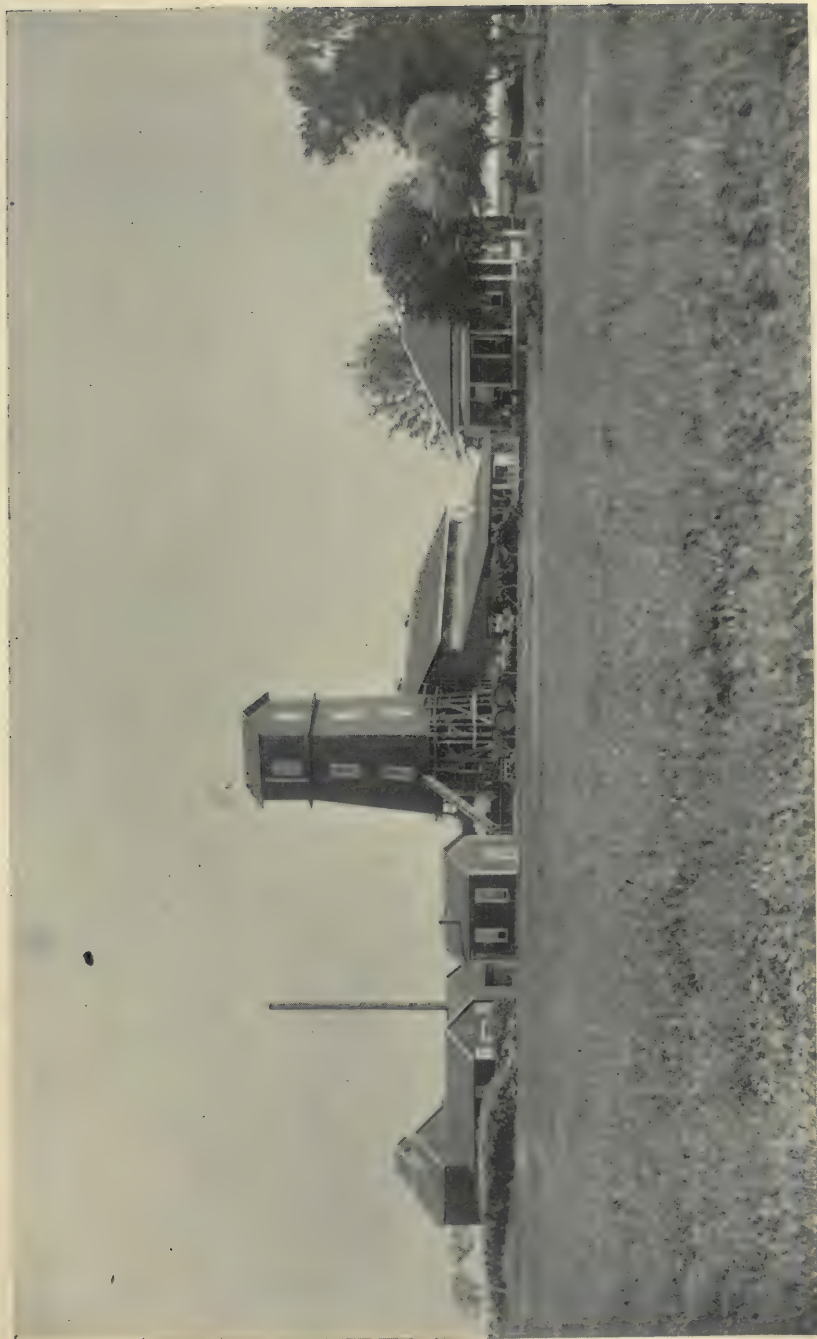
Already engineers, both of the United States and the State of California, have made surveys and it is intended that the next Legislature of the State of California will be called upon to issue bonds for the purpose of building retaining dams to store the flood-waters of the State, wherever practicable. It is expected that the Congress of the United States will aid the State in its laudable enterprise, so that in a few years the millions of acres of now desert lands will be made to bloom like the rose and sustain millions of people.

Good lands now not under an irrigation system can be bought at from six to twenty dollars an acre, whilst, with facilities of irrigation, they can produce all kinds of fruit, grapes, alfalfa, grain, etc., and can be made to pay interest on a valuation of from fifty to one hundred dollars an acre.

The largest vineyard in the State was set out by the late Leland Stanford at Vina, Tehama County, in the Sacramento Valley. It was the desire of this great man to make wine on a large scale, and thus to show the people of the world what California could produce; but, while he understood financiering and the building of railroads, he did not understand the viticultural industry, and the result was, unfortunately for this State, that he selected a place where only the poorest kind of wine-grapes could be produced. He set out a vineyard of about four thousand acres on a flat land subject to irrigation; but while the crop of grapes produced was large, the quality of the wine was such that it was only fit for distilling into brandy, which is now made on a large scale and is of a very superior quality.

The revenue derived from this immense tract of land has been turned over by that noble lady, Mrs. Stanford, as part of the endowment of the Leland Stanford Junior University, at Palo Alto.

The next largest vineyard in the State is that owned by the Italian-Swiss Agricultural Colony, at Asti, in upper Sonoma County. This vineyard is now composed of nearly two thousand acres and was selected by persons who had made a life study and had large experience in the production of wine in Italy. It is composed of rolling hills, and while the Stanford vineyard produces as much as ten tons of grapes to the acre, the Asti vineyard pro-



Madera Winery and Vineyard

duces only an average of two tons to the acre. But the hills having a sunny exposure and the soil being volcanic, it produces the very finest quality of dry wines, and it was principally due to these wines that California was enabled to compete favorably with the wine-producing countries of Europe at the exhibitions of Bordeaux, in France, and Genoa and Turin, in Italy, where California wines were awarded gold medals and highest praise.

For many years the Mission was the only grape raised in California, and it produced a heavy wine with such an alcoholic strength that it found little favor with the general public; but in the early 'sixties the Legislature of California, appreciating the viticultural importance of a State which could produce good wine, made a liberal appropriation, and sent Colonel A. Haraszthy to Europe for the purpose of bringing here a large variety of grape-cuttings from the best wine-producing districts of Europe. These in time were set out in different parts of the State, and were found to give satisfactory results.

It was necessary, however, to study the kind of soil required by each variety, which was obtained only by patient experiments and long experience. A few years later another Legislature created a Viticultural Commission whose duty it was to make further studies in the wine industry. Mr. Charles A. Wetmore was then sent to Europe at the cost of the State, and he brought with him on his return not only different varieties of grape vines, but also a great deal of knowledge which had been obtained by patient study in the wine districts of Europe. This was disseminated among the grape-growers of the State, and from then on the quality of our wines has improved from year to year, so that now they compare favorably with the best wines of France, Italy, Spain, and the Rhine.

California wines first attracted the attention of the wine-makers of Europe at the exhibition held in Paris in 1889, at which several varieties of California wines were exhibited, and where, indeed, wines produced in California were awarded the highest honors.

These victories were soon followed by further awards at the Exhibitions at the World's Fair in Chicago, in 1893, when

our California wines came in competition with wines from all parts of the world, and again at the exhibition held at Asti, Italy, where they were again awarded the highest honors, the jurors being amazed at the fine quality of wine which was being produced in the New World.

The viticultural industry of California must eventually become the greatest industry of the State, as important as it is in France, which industry was the principal means by which the enormous war debt imposed by Bismarck in 1870 was paid. California has a territory larger than the kingdom of Italy, where with a population of thirty-two million inhabitants there is produced annually about one billion gallons of wine. Grapes can be successfully grown in every county of this State; the northern part produces in perfection the dry wines of Bordeaux, in France, and of Florence, in Piemonte, Italy,—such as Cabernet, Burgundy, Sauternes, Riesling, Barbera, Chianti, Baralo, etc., while in the southern part of the State, the sweet wines of Spain, Portugal, and Sicily, such as Sherry, Port, Muscatel, Madeira, and Marsala, come to such perfection that when properly made and adequately aged and placed side by side with the wines from the mother country, they cannot be distinguished from them. It follows that we can produce in this State just as much wine as is now grown in Italy,—that is to say, one billion gallons per annum,—representing a value of three hundred million dollars. Instead of that, we are now producing barely thirty million gallons per annum, representing about nine million dollars.

Professor Rossati, a commissioner sent to the United States by the Government of Italy for the purpose of investigating the possibilities of wine-making, after having visited all the localities where grapes are grown, reported to his government that poor wine in small quantities could be made in several States of the Union, but that fine wine in almost inexhaustible quantities could be produced only in the State of California, where, on account of the similarity of the soil and climate to that of the wine-growing countries of the world, the *vitae vinifera*, or true wine-grape, thrives as well as and produces larger crops than it does in Europe.



Chablis Vineyard, near Cloverdale

Add to this that we have in the United States two and one half times the population of Italy, and also that we are surrounded by counties tributary to California containing another thirty million of inhabitants, and then we will see that a brilliant future exists in this State for the viticultural industry.

However, we have a few drawbacks to overcome before we arrive at the desired results; but it is only a question of time when all obstacles will be removed, and millions of industrious laborers will be employed in the wine industry of this State. It is only a question of a few years when the hillside lands of this State, which are now merely used as sheep-pastures and worth from six to ten dollars an acre, will be cleared of their wild growth, plowed, and turned into beautiful vineyards which will remunerate the grape-grower for his industry and pay him twelve per cent. per annum interest on a valuation of two hundred dollars an acre for his land, in addition to all his farming expenses.

While California is the only State in the Union where fine wines can be grown and in unlimited quantities, still our grape-growers for several years past have not been adequately remunerated for their labor. The principal reason for this has been that many people have gone into the wine-making business without any knowledge of the science of wine-making. The result has been that in past years a large quantity of poor wine has been thrown on the market at ruinous prices. With the low prices for wine naturally followed the low prices for grapes. Add to this the competition of trade, and the final result has been very unsatisfactory, both to the grape-grower and to the wine-maker. This condition of affairs, however, is rapidly changing. Like all other affairs of life, it is coming to the test of the survival of the fittest. Those people who have ventured to go into wine-making without the proper knowledge, have gone or are rapidly going to the wall. This enables the truly scientific wine-maker to produce a finer quality of wine and obtain a fair remuneration for his labor and capital invested, and furthermore, by the production of fine wines, the consumption is materially increased.

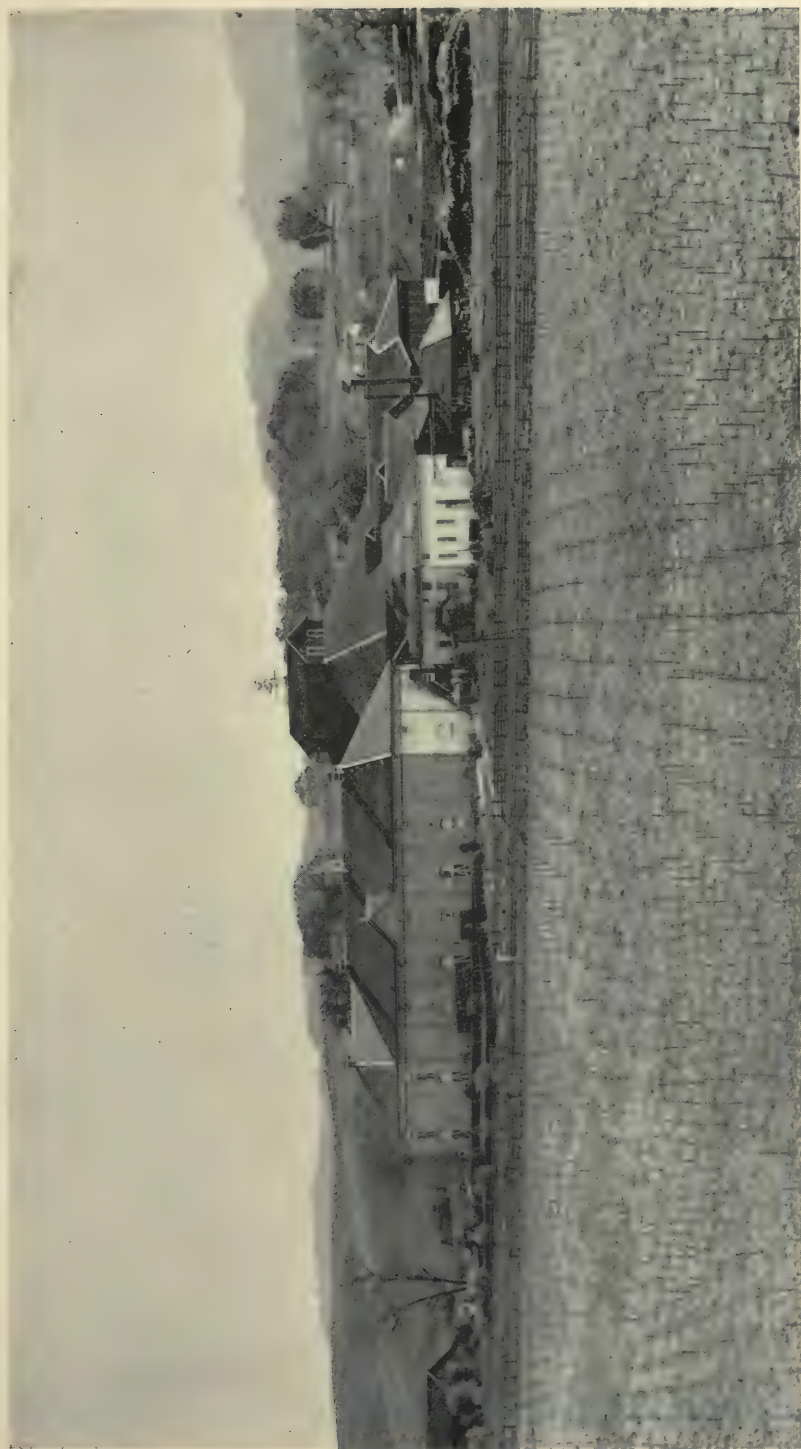
This year, thanks to the liberal offer made by Mr. Henry J. Crocker to pay fourteen dollars a ton for the dry-wine grapes of the State, and the short crop produced, the price of grapes has been held at such a figure as to pay liberally the grape-grower, and at the same time to keep out of the market the incompetent wine-maker. The result is that the vintage of 1899 will be one of the best the State has ever produced. In fact, notwithstanding the war which is made by some people against the development of industries by combinations on a large scale, I believe that if the grape-growers and the good wine-makers, together with the legitimate wine-dealers of this State, would unite their forces and form a combination, the three branches of the industry—that is to say, the grape-growers, wine-makers, and wine-dealers—would be materially benefited, while consumers of wine could be supplied with a better article without enhancement in price, and the sale both in the United States and in foreign lands would be very considerably increased.

I am a firm believer in co-operation in whatever branches of industry,—in finance, as well as in agriculture and manufactures. The time has passed when the people of the country sympathized with the poor stage-driver because he lost his occupation on account of the building of the railroad. For one person thrown out of employment, one hundred now find remunerative positions in other branches of industry.

Especially in this new country, where so many million acres of land have never been touched by the plow, I do believe that the joining of forces for the development of new industries would be beneficial to humanity.

A splendid illustration of the effect of co-operation is given by the organization of the Italian-Swiss Agricultural Colony. It was formed on the plan of the building and loan associations which have procured homes for millions of people in the United States and have taught the lesson of thrift and economy to wage-earners.

In 1881, the promoters of the colony, most of them practical viticulturists from Italy, seeing the brilliant future of the viticultural industry of California, formed



Asti Winery

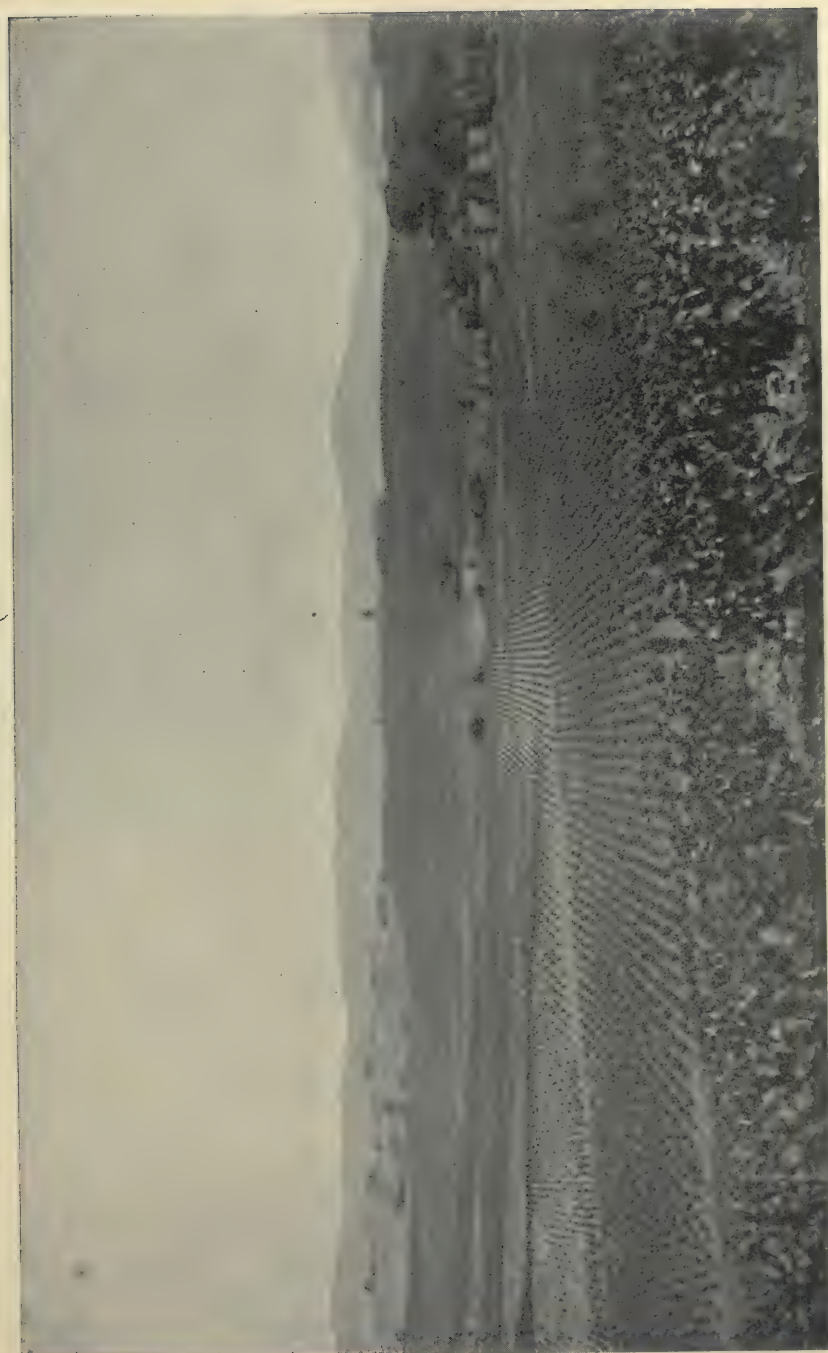
a co-operative association, issuing two thousand shares of stock. Each share paid into the common fund one dollar a month, making a total of two thousand dollars per month. As soon as ten thousand dollars had been accumulated in the treasury, a committee was appointed to go over the State and select a tract of land suitable for growing the best varieties of grapes. The committee, after having examined over forty tracts of land which had been offered, selected a tract of fifteen hundred acres which had been formerly used as a sheep-ranch in the beautiful Russian River Valley, near Cloverdale. They immediate-

ly set to work to dig up the trees by the root, plow the land, and set out grapevines, which they carefully selected from the best varieties from different parts of Europe.

The result has been that in less than twenty years the colonists have changed the sheep-ranch into a beautiful vineyard of two thousand acres, erected one of the largest wineries in the State, built a settlement for one hundred families, erected a schoolhouse where many children, most of them born on the premises, already attend, have a railroad station, post-office, and telephone, and have laid the foundation for a



The Monk (from a Painting by Ed. Grutzner)



Zinfandel Vineyards, Italian-Swiss Colony

new city. Their business has increased to such an extent that they have already set out a vineyard for the production of sweet-wine grapes, built a winery and created a settlement for Madera, in the county of that name, and have also recently purchased a new winery at Fulton, Sonoma County.

The results show the effect of co-operation. The members of the colony paid into the treasury of the corporation one hundred and sixty thousand dollars. The property which is now owned by the colonists is worth nearly two million dollars. It pays

a reasonable rate of interest annually to its members and continues to add lands and improvements to its holdings from year to year for the benefit of all of its members. Had it not been for the principle of co-operation,—or trusts, if you please,—the tract of land at Asti would probably still be used for a sheep-pasture, and employment would not have been supplied to the thousands of people who are now earning a good living through the enterprise of this colony. Thousands of similar enterprises could be successfully inaugurated in California.



Asti Vineyards

IN ABSENCE

O LITTLE brook that runs
Beside her door,
Tell her I'll love her well,—
Forevermore!—

O silvery moon that shines
Upon her home,
Tell her I think of her
Where'er I roam!

O gentle breeze that blows
Against her cheek,
Tell her there're kisses there
That I would seek!

— Elizabeth Harman.

CHUMMIE: A TALE OF TWO FRIENDS

By D. H. NOURSE

JACK always said that he had "jessacherly drifted" to Fort Meade.

When Jack was only ten, his father, Abram Green, a widower from a time shortly after Jack had been born, had sought his fortune in the Black Hills. Within two years he was killed by an explosion in a mine, and Jack was left to shift for himself.

So life had been unkind to Jack. The miners were charitable enough fellows, but they were rough and world-hardened. Boys were scarce in the Black Hills in those days. The Indians were still threatening, and the miners who were married considered their wives and children safer in more closely settled communities. There had been, therefore, no friendships, and none of the real pleasures of boyhood in Jack's life. Strong within him was the desire for some one who understood him, who appreciated the wants and joys of a boy. He was lonely and ignored, and, while Jack himself probably could not have put his want into words, he really craved sympathy.

It was while in this mood—Jack called it "the dumps"—that he met Chummie. Jack had—but that has no bearing on this story of Chummie. Chummie had yellow hair of the roughest and most outlandish description, and early in life he had lost that important portion of a dog's anatomy, his tail. For Chummie was a dog. When Jack first took up with him, he evidenced a decided thinness about the ribs, and at no time in his history was he especially clean. But Jack was loyal to his companion in the face of the most sarcastic criticism. "For all he's a yeller that is n't very pretty on the outside," said Jack, "he's white on the inside, an' he never goes back on a feller what's his friend." And Jack said that many times before—but that is telling the story a little too fast.

Chummie, also, was probably lonely when Jack first met him, for something of accord made them friends and kept them such. Chummie evidently belonged to nobody in particular, and was ill-treated by

everybody in general. The first good office Jack performed for Chummie was to bind up a swollen paw. From that time the two became inseparable. When Jack came to the Fort, Chummie, of course, came with him, and it was Chummie who had caused him all this trouble.

During the two years following the death of his father, Jack had moved about from town to town a good deal, doing whatever a boy of his age and wits could find to do. Then he "drifted" into the Fort.

The Fort had been established immediately after the Black Hills had been secured by treaty from the Indians, and the original owners had moved farther east, to agencies in the great Sioux reservation along the Missouri River and its tributaries. From that time on, and until this day, soldiers are stationed here to protect the growing settlements of miners from the raids of Indians. After the capture of Sitting Bull in the Big Horn Mountains, but little difficulty in keeping the red men subdued had been experienced, but an ill feeling still existed over the partition of lands, and every year, as winter came on, rumors of a probable outbreak of the Indians were widely circulated. When Jack fell into this trouble, the reports of rising anger at the agencies to the east were more general than usual.

Jack made friends among the soldiers with ease. He was apt and accommodating. He was quickly a favorite at the commissary, and it was not long until his obliging manners challenged the attention of even the Colonel commanding. Finally he was called to work about the Colonel's quarters. Here, though his duties were lighter, his troubles began.

The Colonel hated dogs, but had an inverse liking for cats, and several sleek-furred members of the feline family of various types found warm lodgings and affectionate care in his quarters. Chummie remained by Jack, and, of course, Chummie and the cats did not agree. Fights about the Colonel's quarters immediately became numerous; but although

Chummie always came off victor, the Colonel's pets managed to escape from him without any serious damage save to their tempers.

Upon the first occasion of an encounter between Chummie and the cats, the Colonel summarily ordered the former shot. Jack threw his arms about his companion and dared even the Colonel to come near him. Then the Colonel relented. Jack tried to

autumn, a detail was sent out to do riprap work on a stream which flowed out of the foothills, and at times in the winter piled up in ice and overflowed the lower places on the prairie, completely stopping travel on the road into the mountains. It became part of Jack's duties to carry orders from the detail's camp to the Post. The lists of tools and provisions needed were always made at evening, and



"Jack threw his arms about his companion"

reform Chummie, but Chummie was deaf to pleadings and to orders alike, until the temper of the Colonel was no longer controllable, and in the end both Jack and Chummie were relegated to the commissary at the end of the Fort farthest from the officers' quarters.

Jack was faithful to Chummie. He would not listen to a proposition of separation.

Just as the leaves began to turn in

although the commissary-wagon hauled the supplies back to the camp, the walk to the Fort after a long day's work was long and tedious. One night an idea occurred to Jack, and the result was that with little trouble Chummie was taught to make the trip of five miles to the commissary alone, daily carrying in his mouth the necessary message, while Jack rested.

"To the Major!" Jack would order, and off Chummie would trot, head erect,

seemingly very proud that he was of some importance, and looking very much as if he would like to wag his tail if he had had any tail to wag.

But the increased dignity and importance thus imparted to Chummie was the very cause which led to Jack's trouble. The last message which Chummie carried, the very last one, the day before the detail returned to the Fort, contained something of importance to the Colonel. The major in charge of the commissary walked over to the commandant's quarters, and foolish Chummie, not having been given the word of dismissal, followed at his heels. And of course the cats could n't keep out of his sight. This time one of the Colonel's pets suffered severe disfigurement, and the Colonel was furious. Chummie was sufficiently fortunate to escape instant death, because repeated training in crises had made him fleet of foot than the Colonel, who was fat and fifty. But Jack, who the next day came in with the detail, innocent enough of the whole trouble, was in for it.

"Jack," said the commandant, "that dog has got to get out of this Fort. For your sake, I'll not have him killed; but I'm going to send a freight outfit to Pierre to-morrow, and he goes with it. Mind, that's settled. No pleading. He goes with it."

"Then, I'll go to," was all Jack said. A lump had come into his throat at the first word of Chummie's sentence. He did n't even ask an explanation of the Colonel's edict; he knew instantly that Chummie and the cats had been at it again.

"I mean it," declared the Colonel, but with a tone of anxiety in his voice when Jack threatened desertion.

"I know you do, Colonel," replied Jack. "It's all right. Guess you like your pets, Colonel; but so do I. Why, me an' this ol' yeller pup have eat together an' slep' together for more'n two years. He's warmed me out in the cold, too. He ain't never gone back on me, an' I ain't goin' ter go back on him. You been good to me. I'm sorry to go, but this here ol' pup—well, he may have his faults, but he's been a father to me an' I'll stay by him."

Which was quite a peculiar statement for a boy to make about a dog; but the

Colonel, despite his inflexible face, understood what Jack meant, and felt for him in his heart. Truly this ugly yellow dog had been the only constant thing upon which Jack had opportunity to fix his natural affection since left an orphan.

But the Colonel was adamant, at least so far as Jack could see. He would not let Jack go, however, without a friendly shake of his hand. He even unbent so far as to answer the salute given at Jack's order by Chummie, who stood on his hind legs and put up his dirty yellow paw to his head in a most laughable effort, which could not, by all of his daily practice of the trick, be made graceful.

That night in giving instructions to the wagon-boss who was to take the freight-train over the one hundred and twenty miles of reservation lands and bring back supplies from the nearest railroad, the Colonel said: "Now, don't let that boy get out of your sight. Make him stay with you till you are loaded; then I charge you bring him back. But in the mean time lose the dog somehow. Mind, don't kill him,—Jack would never forgive me for that,—but get them separated somehow, and lose the dog."

Later the Colonel explained to the Major: "The trip will do young Green good anyhow, and I can get rid of the dog and at the same time keep the boy's friendship. By Jove! it's worth having if he will stick as he does to that cantankerous cur."

So, after all, the trouble to come was all for Chummie, but Jack did n't know.

The Colonel was on the parade-ground the next morning,—something unusual in itself,—and the poor soldiers had a hard time of it during review.

"The Colonel acts as if he had something on his conscience and was determined that every one else should undergo the same punishment which troubles him for his misdoing, whatever it may be," remarked the Captain to the Major. The Major had a keen idea that the Colonel's conscience was troubling him, and he thought he understood his petulance.

The second day after the banishment of Jack and Chummie it rained—one of those strange storms from the mountains, which come without warning just before

the first flying of the winter's snow, and yet made one feel as if it were April instead of late autumn. All day long the rain fell, sometimes heavily as if the whole bottom of the heavens had dropped

licated but mildly what the roads through the "reservation gumba" on the way to Pierre must be.

The evening of the next day a weather-beaten and much bedraggled man and



"He went down on his knees in the mud"

out in an instant, and then for a time simply the usual sieve-like drizzle, and in the end, as was expected, the precipitation turned to a frozen sleet. The next day the parade-ground was a perfect lake, and in-

stead drew rein outside the Colonel's quarters. It was clear to the eye of every one that the man was a member of the Indian police. He had hardly reached the Colonel's door before the word of his arrival

had been generally passed about the post, and speculation of his mission had become rife.

The Colonel read the messages placed in his hands carefully and nervously.

"See any of these fellows on your trip, Hopkins?" he inquired anxiously.

"Not a sign, Colonel. I came the Brule way to the south. It was quicker."

Dismissing the messenger, the Colonel retired to privacy and again carefully studied the message which ran like this:—

Dear Colonel:—I am forced to call on you for assistance. At least a hundred of our bucks are missing, all in a day as it were, and the disturbance about the agency is so great that I can not possibly spare a sufficient number of police to bring them in again. It is those Ogallalabs, you understand, who are raising all the rumpus. They have declared repeatedly that they were going back to their old grounds in the Turtle Mountains this winter, and nothing we have been able to do has been of avail in keeping them in leash. Then there is the usual disagreement over rations, and I have had my hands full without having this last affair to control.

The police report, strangely, that the bucks have gone northward instead of heading for the old Oelrich's trail, and I am confident that somehow by their method of communication with the other agencies,—for which, you know, we have never been able to account,—they contemplate meeting with others from Standing Rock and settlements to the north, from which desertions in smaller numbers have been reported for some time. If I am right in this guess, it is probable that over two hundred of them have made junction by this time. They may come back and strike the Oelrich's trail near your post, or they may try to go straight through Buffalo Gap. In any event, they must pass near you; and I would urge protection of all passages through the hills. I have no doubt that in going north to meet the others and in coming back, they will lose time so that this will reach you in time to head them off. The Turtle Mountain Indians are particularly ugly, and although it is hardly probable that they are on the war-path, still, you know the Indian. It will probably be unfortunate for any one who runs a-foul of them unless the traveler is in good fighting condition. I regret the necessity of having to call on you, but it is unavoidable. Believe me, dear Colonel,

Yours most sincerely,
MCGILLICUDDY, Agent.

Within an hour, half the force of the Fort was in the saddle with orders to separate at different points along the foothills

where openings through the mountains were offered.

"Major," said the Colonel, "we're sure to head them off at the hills; but had n't I better send another detail after that freight outfit?"

"It's too late now," said the Major. "If they are going to meet at all, it is all over by this time. You're badly crippled here already, and if this affair should evolve into a general uprising you'll need every man on this west side of the reservation. What is more, the authorities at Washington, who know so much about Indian fighting, would never accept your excuse for being shorthanded."

The conscience of the Colonel gave him another twinge, but he was forced to accept the situation, not however without a sigh, which the Major thought he understood.

The next morning the conscience of the Colonel had worked him into a perfect pet. He strode up and down the graveled walk in front of his quarters fairly hissing at himself through his teeth, and savagely cutting the air with a cane, as if he had foes on all sides.

"Confound it!" muttered the Colonel. "I don't care so much for the troops; they are hired to fight, and expect to get killed, I suppose. At least, if they don't, they ought to. I don't even care for the freighters so much; they know what is liable to happen and go into the reservation with their eyes open. But the boy,—why if he is killed, it will be downright murder on my part, for I had no business to send him."

Considering that the Colonel had had no idea of an Indian uprising when he had banished Jack and Chummie, his conscience was really treating him rather unjustly. But that is the way with conscience when one is brought to see an act of his wrong-doing. Not even the Colonel's conscience had brought him to a forgiveness of the cause of all the trouble, however; and when that cause of it all, a dirty yellow dog, came trotting by across the walk, it was more than the Colonel's patience could stand.

"You ugly whelp!" he cried. "That is the way they managed to lose you, is it?"

The next moment Chummie, the returned traveler, went howling across the parade-ground with one paw in the air, and the Colonel, seeing that he was beyond the reach of another stone, resumed his ill-natured pacing with even stronger grumbles.

Nor was the Major, at the other end of the Fort, more cordial in his greeting of the prodigal.

"Get out, you cur!" he exclaimed, as Chummie rubbed his mud-covered sides against his trousers. "Go back and stay there!"

And Chummie waited for no more missiles of anger. Those were the usual terms of his dismissal by the Major,—“Go back!” Without another look at the Major, Chummie hobbled away—hobbled clear out of the Fort and ran on his three legs as if something more terrible than even the Colonel and Major were after him.

Now, the Major, like the Colonel, was not built fleet of foot. Therefore, a moment or two later, when the Colonel saw him coming toward the officers' quarters with a wobbling and most ungainly gait and at the greatest speed possible, he stood still and, in his laughter at the sight, forgot all his ill-temper for the instant.

"Really, Major, you surprise me," said the Colonel as his subordinate officer came up breathlessly. "You are a most becoming sprinter for one of your age. But what on earth—"

He stopped short and looked down in wonderment at the damp and dirty slip of paper the Major had placed in his hand.

"The da-dog!" gasped the Major. "He le-left it at my fe-feet."

But a single glance and the Colonel spoke.

"Sound 'Boots and Saddles'!" he shouted. "Turn out the Fort! Good God! will we be in time?"

It was not only at the Fort that tempers were out of sorts. The wagon-boss himself was not a mild-mannered man at any time, and right on the beginning of this trip he had met with enough ill-luck to set him perfectly on edge. The first day, before the Fort had been left a half dozen miles in the rear, two of the wagons had broken down; it had required hours of

time to repair the damages. The second day the rain had fallen; and here, at the end of the third day, his "outfit" was only thirty-five miles on its way.

"There is no help for it," said the wagon-boss. "We've got to stop right here. I know there are four good hours of daylight yet, but there is n't any water for another twelve miles, and at our present kind of moving we'll be in big luck if we get that far along by another night."

So the little party came to a halt by the small creek in the middle of the afternoon. Nobody felt cheery. The wagon-master grumbled about everything in general. The horse of the lieutenant in charge had gone lame. The "mule-skinners" complained because of the extra work compelled by the order to camp in a square, the method of protection from a sudden raid of Indians, which no plainsman at that date, or perhaps even now, dare overlook. As they moved their heavy wagons about, so that all points of the compass might be surveyed from barricade, their remarks were a continuous complaint.

"Fuss and foolishness!" mumbled one of the drivers. "This makes me tired! There ain't an Injun in fifty mile; and if there was, they would n't do nothin' wuss than beg fur a drink."

And so went the comment on all hands. Jack was feeling disconsolate himself. The salts of the reservation water had made him ill. Added to this physical displeasure was mental distress over the good berth he had been obliged to abandon at the Fort. Nor did the talk of the lieutenant and the wagon-boss add to his pleasure. It was not his night on duty at the supper-fire, and while the meal was in preparation he sat under a wagon, his back against a wheel, listening to the conversation and looking very intently and mournfully at Chummie, who lay with his nose poked over his friend's outstretched limbs.

"O well," said the lieutenant, "we'll have better progress from now on. From here to Bad River at least is n't nearly so bad. It'll be dry enough to-morrow for us to clean off the weight," looking at the mud-heaped wheels, which had been sunk in the ground to their hubs nearly all the way.

Plainsmen are about as superstitious as sailors or miners. "Something'll

stop us," growled the wagon-boss. "Ain't goin' to be no easy thing gettin' on this trip. We've got a hoodoo sure, and it's just that cur of young Green's, I'm thinking."

Up on top of one of the wagons was a sergeant looking over the plains through a field-glass. It was this observer who interrupted the disconsolate conversation below.

"By the Lord Harry!" he shouted. "Indians, and a hundred of them or I miss my guess!"

"What's that, Sergeant?" cried the lieutenant. "Look again."

For fully three minutes the sergeant said nothing, and every one of the dozen soldiers and the half-dozen drivers turned anxious faces upward toward him. The next cry was one of greater alarm.

"Quick!" came the order,—"out with that fire! They're Indians sure enough; and what is worse, they have their war-paint on and are between us and the Fort! O Lord, it's too late! They've seen us, and here they come!"

A quick spring from a wheel to the top of the wagon-cover and a single glance by the lieutenant confirmed the worst of the sergeant's observation. And then quick work and no commotion. Every man in that little party had braved death before. Every man knew his place. Nobody grumbled now because of the precaution he had complained of as unnecessary.

In almost a moment the dusk comes on. It is late autumn, and here, with the mountains not many miles behind to the west, the day surrenders to the night with scarcely a struggle. Three hours of waiting with scarcely a word. No sign of the foe; yet every man knows that the foe is out there on the plain, treacherous, persistent, certain as death itself. Not one is to be lulled into a sense of security. They have been too long on the plains for that. There is some crafty plot behind all this silence.

The lieutenant and the wagon-boss discussed the situation. Then the word passed about the wagons: "Half of you in each wagon go to sleep, if you can. They will probably let us alone to-night, for they have n't had a good sight of us yet, and they don't have any idea how many of us are in here. Besides they may

be waiting for others to make them surer of your hair."

Jack lay behind a pile of feed carried in sacks for the mules and thought it all out. He was hardly counted on as a fighter; but he had his rifle by his side, and was prepared to sell his life as dearly as any man in the company. But fear alone was not the only trouble on Jack's mind.

"O Chummie, Chummie!" he cried softly, "is it true what the wagon-boss said? Did you cause it all? Shall we all be killed on your account?"

Then Jack was seized with an inspiration.

"O, Lieutenant!" he whispered, "Chummie'll save us if he gets time. You write it all. I ain't much of a hand at writin', but you put it all down."

"Are you crazy, Green? What do you mean?" questioned the troubled Lieutenant testily.

"No, I ain't crazy. Chummie used to run errands to the Major an' carry notes. Maybe he will now," Jack exclaimed in an agony of excitement.

The lieutenant saw the reasonableness of Jack's hope in a moment and prepared the message.

"To the Major!" commanded Jack.

Chummie looked as if he thought that Jack could n't mean it. Why, it was a good thirty-five miles back! Could Jack mean it?

"To the Major!" repeated Jack more sternly, but he broke with a sob.

Chummie hesitated no longer but started at a good round trot, for it was a long way there and back to Jack.

Never was silence more painful than to those eighteen men and that boy. Would he make it? Could he make it? Would he get through the line of foes out there in the dark without the message of life and death being seen? Would he hurry? Could he feel that the only hope of men and of his master depended on his trot, trot, trot over the alkali plain? Could the message, if it ever reached the Fort, be read? For it had gone in his mouth. To tie it upon him meant even greater danger of its being seen by those seekers for blood or being overlooked by friends.

A long fearful night; and hours as long and fearful under the sun. No eye once

turned from straight in front, no hand off a rifle in all that dreadful time. And still no sign of anything to fear. Not a strange object to be seen over the miles of mud-covered plain, baking in the sun, and apparently so level that neither man nor beast could hug it so closely as to escape detection. But the depressions and the ravines are there though the naked eye may not be able to pick them out, and in them are indeed the seekers for blood, as patient as the serpent, and as ferocious as the tiger. It is well that the men behind the wagon barricade know their foes.

Toward the close of the afternoon the wagon-boss broke the long silence. "Our hour's about here," he said. "They won't be long now. They've found that we know them, and they won't wait till dark to see what we're made of. Then, when they find us wantin' in size, they'll come at us. Mind their circling act. Don't waste many shots on 'em till they get close up and come straight at us, for it takes an almighty good marksman to hit an Injun on the off-side of his cayuse. Jes' keep 'em busy and thoughtful enough as long as you can, seein' as nobody can tell what might happen along, you know."

The old plainsman was right. Here at last comes the merciless foe. The plain is alive with them on all sides. From all points they ride with their blood-curdling yells, and their besmeared faces no less horrible to the nerves of those doomed to become their victims. First that dreadful circle. Round and round they ride, now within rifle-shot, but out of sight on the far side of their ponies, clinging with one hand and foot as only such riders can cling, and sending missiles of death from underneath the breasts of the steeds, which are ever urged to a faster, faster gallop. Closer and closer the circle draws and quicker ring out the rifle-shots. It will be but a moment now until the final struggle is on.

"Steady now! Here comes the rush!" rings out the warning of the old wagon-boss. "Make every bullet count! They're coming straight!"

Yes, but something else came first. Before the circle of flying ponies turned inward, a heavy yellow, mud-incrusted mass broke through it and ran straight to Jack.

"Oh Chummie, Chummie!" moaned Jack as his arms went up to pull his friend down behind the sacks. "You turned back! You didn't go! You didn't go! O, Chummie, you're shot! You're shot!"

Then he heard the order of the wagon-boss above the din of the rifles.

"Shoot boy, shoot! Never mind that yellur cur! Shoot, shoot!"

But still louder than the stentorian cry of the wagon-boss, louder than gun-shot, or curse, or savage whoop of war, out over the plain comes the tremulous blast of the rescuers' bugle.

It was all over in a moment. Jack saw it all in a haze,—the rescue, the flight of the foe, the close pursuit! He sank down by the side of wounded Chummie with tears in his eyes, and then he gave a shout of joy just as he heard another cry so different from that of the wagon-boss but a moment before: "Jack, my boy! Jack! Jack! Answer!"

A dozen of the cavalry had turned back from the chase of the murderous Indians and came thundering toward the little barricade. At their head rode the Colonel, a grand old man to see ahorse to-day, despite his excessive flesh and his fussy temper.

"Here, Colonel, here!" shouted Jack in reply.

A second later and the Colonel drew rein and fairly threw himself from his horse's back.

"Jack! God bless you, boy! Are you hurt? Is anybody hurt?"

"Not a soul, I think, Colonel, except Chummie; but 'tain't so bad 's I thought. It's only a little on the shoulder," answered Jack, still in a choked voice.

Chummie's tongue showed the location of his wound, and the Colonel looked shamefaced in the sight of Jack's grief.

"Good fellow," he said encouragingly. "He really beat us here! Well, he had an hour's start, and, anyhow, a dog gets over mud better than a horse. I really thought we never would get to you through the gumbo."

As the Colonel talked, Jack remembered his soldierly training, and he flushed guiltily as his hand went up to give the customary salute which he had overlooked in his excitement.

"Chummie, you're the cause of it all," said Jack, seeking escape for his oversight. "'Tention! Salute your Colonel!"

Chummie was still panting with exhaustion. He got up on his hind legs very slowly and unsteadily, but when he sought to perform his poor little trick he only gave a yelp of pain and tottered foolishly, with never an idea that when one injures his right hand in the cause of Uncle Sam the left will do for all courtesies of an official character.

And then the Colonel did a queer thing. He went down on his knees in the mud, and carefully eased Chummie to the ground and stroked his wounded leg very tenderly. It occurred to Jack at the moment that it was for caring for an injury of that same paw that he had earned Chummie's undying friendship, and as he listened to the Colonel's talk he was amazed as he had never been before.

"Never mind the salute, Private Chummie," said the Colonel. "I know you for a true soldier, and obedience under pain is n't all that you have learned. There

will be no reprimands to-day, you know; but I'll tell you what we'll do. If you and Jack will forgive me for that wound, we'll take you back to the Fort, and we'll put you on sick leave, and we'll detail Jack to nurse you, and we'll make you a corporal with full authority to draw on the best in the commissary." He paused and studied a bit, and others beside Jack listened.

"No," continued the Colonel, "we'll do better than that. We'll commission you a lieutenant extraordinary, and you will hereafter have full rights at all times in officers' quarters. I would n't lose you from my regiment for a million of the best cats on earth!"

When those hardened men of army and plain, led by the wagon-boss gathered about and gave three cheers and the mightiest of tigers for the new lieutenant, Chummie licked his shoulder, looked gratefully at the Colonel for his caress, and did n't have the least surmise in the world what all the bother was about.

But Jack knew!

STRATAGEMS AND SPOILS

By MARY T. VAN DENBURGH

IT WAS one of San Francisco's foggy mornings, and the July fogs of the early '60's were quite as thick as those of the present. Perhaps they were thicker, for then there was but a strip of buildings located along the eastern edge of the peninsula, whereas now, from the ocean to the bay, the fog must fight its way among streets and houses and warm chimneys, so that when it gets "down town" it has become thin and attenuated. Then, as if weary from the struggle, it settles on the bay, and rests as quietly as on the bosom of its mother, the ocean. But the sun works at it and drives and pushes and breaks it up into little swirling clouds, which he coaxes and calls until they disappear, and by noon it has gone and the sunshine is unhindered.

As I opened the door that morning the fog was so dense that I could not see the opposite side of the street. The steps were wet and great drops splashed from the

roof to the sidewalk, while the white vapor wrapped itself around me as I stood in the doorway. I hesitated; if it had not been steamer-day I should have waited another hour before going to work, but the mail-ships sailed only twice a month, and, as the time of their departure was also collection-day, we were very busy writing letters and squaring accounts.

I turned up my coat-collar and plunged into the fog. The streets were full of people, and, as usual on steamer-day, men were hurrying around with sacks of gold in their hands or slung over their shoulders, collecting or paying bills.

I turned into Sansome Street just behind a young man who was carrying one of these canvas bags. He walked a little faster than I, and into the gradually widening space between us there came a man whose appearance so interested me that I quickened my steps and kept near him, he following closely the bearer of the coin.

I could see only the side-face and back of the new-comer, who was a man well along in years. He was tall and very thin. The dampness had twisted his gray hair into waves, by making it attempt to curl wherever its length permitted. His face was curiously colorless, with good features. He wore no overcoat, and his suit of black broadcloth, though carefully brushed, was shabby, the seams marking their length with lines of shiny gray. His silk hat was also much the worse for wear. One hand rested in a sling made of a white handkerchief, and in the other he carried a stout cane which he flourished as he walked.

We maintained our relative distances for about half a block, then the tall man pushed ahead. As he passed, he swung his cane near the canvas bag, and I noticed the curious fact that it at once became stained a yellowish brown. I thought at first that some mud from the cane had fallen on it, but as I went nearer I saw that it was not mud but a liquid which had been squirted on the bag.

My impulse was to follow the tall man, but he had disappeared in the fog; so I kept quietly by the side of the unsuspecting guardian of the treasure. Several minutes passed, and nothing happened. I was beginning to think I had imagined the whole occurrence, when suddenly the sack burst and the gold jingled down on the sidewalk, rolling in all directions.

Immediately a crowd gathered. In the midst of it stood the bewildered youth with the empty bag in his hand, too much astonished at the misfortune to even make an effort to save the money. On the edge of the crowd hung hoodlums and active gamins, like hawks waiting to snatch their prey.

Then the scene changed. The tall man had heard the noise, and came running back out of the fog. He took command, and in an instant order was restored.

"Form a ring, and protect this poor fellow!" he cried, and the respectable members of the crowd joined hands in a large circle, having in the center the scattered gold and the youth who was responsible for it.

"Now, some of you go and help him gather it into his hat," was the next suggestion. While it was being carried out, the

tall man ran here and there, holding his crippled arm out from his body so that his quick motions should not jar it, threatening and driving back with his cane those who seemed likely to make trouble. One moment he was inside the circle, hurrying over the gold to point out a piece which seemed in danger of being overlooked or picked up by an outsider. Then he darted to the gutter, where his quick eyes had seen the glitter of a yellow coin before it sank under the mud. One hand was helpless, and the other held the cane, so he could not pick up the pieces himself, but he proved invaluable in pointing them out to others, and directed the affair with the ability and promptitude of a commanding general.

He received the hearty thanks of the young man, who, after expressing his gratitude, retired to a neighboring store to count his hatful of gold.

The crowd dispersed as quickly as it had come. I followed the tall man through the fog, which he evidently relied on to cover his retreat, to the What Cheer House, where I saw him take a key from his pocket and enter his room.

No sooner had he closed the door than I knocked at it. He opened it immediately, politely invited me to come in, and waited for me to speak.

"Pardon me for intruding," I said; "but I just now saw you protecting the fellow who dropped his sack on the street, and I wished to congratulate you on your presence of mind and efficient action."

"Ah, yes," he replied; "there are always plenty of people who are ready to steal on such occasions, and I think I saved the young man some of his gold-pieces."

"Very likely. But if you do not mind telling me, I have a pleasant curiosity to know your game."

"What do you mean, sir? You surely do not intend to insult me!"

"No, I saw the whole thing,—squirting the acid and all,—but I did not see that you got any of the money. Now, I am not a detective, and do not intend to interfere in your affairs. If you will tell me your game I will go away satisfied; otherwise, I will hand you over to the policeman who is waiting at the outer door."

The man showed more anger than fear.

Putting his hand to his pistol-pocket, he said:—

"I have a mind to blow your head off for a meddlesome fool!"

"That would hang you, and yet would not satisfy my curiosity," I replied.

He kept his keen black eyes fastened on me for several seconds. I met his gaze steadily, wondering what his next move would be. He walked to the table, laid his pistol on it, and sat down beside it.

"I believe you are right," he said, "and I had better trust you."

Then, throwing one leg over the other, he showed me the bottom of his boot. It had a broad sole with a soft, narrow welt around the edge, and inside of that was covered with a very sticky gum in which were imbedded two double-eagles.

"Let me see the other, if you please," said I.

He raised the other boot which had one coin sunk in the gum.

"How many are there?" he asked. "I do not yet know."

"Three."

"Fair luck," he said, smiling, as he stood up.

"Good-morning," I said. "My curiosity is satisfied. I believe you will not repeat the trick."

"No," he replied, as he escorted me to the door; "such things never go more than once. I wish you good-morning, sir."

As I hurried along to my business, I felt that I was indebted to him for a most interesting half-hour.

ANSWERED PRAYER

By HARRIET HOWE

AS THE days grew into weeks, and the weeks into months, his hopes grew also. And he prayed daily for her whom he adored. Prayed that she might have her heart's desire, her greatest wish, for he well knew what fair, pure things her inmost thoughts could be.

And now the year was almost done,—and at last the day came,—the anniversary of the day on which she had promised him that, when another year had passed without news of that Other,—he might, if he still wished, take what was left of her love—and life.

He went to her, filled with an exultation he could not conceal, and a joy that he felt no power on earth could shadow.

She met him with face pale as death, but with wonderfully luminous eyes, and when, for the first time, he sought her lips to kiss, she drew away a little and said, "You must not!"

As he stood, a numbness seized him, and he could not speak; she, watching him while tears of pity filled her eyes, drew from her dress a folded paper and held it out. He reached toward it, gropingly, as one blinded, and she put it into his hands.

He read, slowly, for the light was dim to him,—“Just released from Russian

prison. Am following this.” The signature was that of the man she loved, and who loved her.

The wording seemed more brutally concise than that of any dispatch he had ever read before. The paper escaped from his hand and fluttered slowly, turning over as it went, down upon the carpet.

His eye followed it and noted the design woven there. The woven figures moved, coming toward him, and bringing the paper nearer. He shrank back,—then the figures ran together with a sharp sound that made him start, and he saw only a gray space, with throbbing fires where the figures had been.

Then a sob roused him, and he saw *her* weeping.

He went to her quickly, smiling, and held out his hands. She put her own into them, and then he said, “Good-by.” She could not speak for the tears that choked her.

He came close, and then, reverently, as one kisses the loved dead, his lips touched her smooth brow, and even as one prays for the dead, he murmured, just as he had prayed so long, “May God grant your heart’s desire,” and went out into the darkness, chill with the rising fog.

ETC.

THE able contributions recently published in this magazine, by Irving M. Scott and General Chipman, advocating expansion and showing its advantages, have prompted quite a number of writers to proffer articles upon the other side of the question. From among these we have selected, and present in this number, that of editor G. A. Richardson of the *El Dorado Republican*. What he has to say will no doubt be read by many with interest and sympathy. It is a remarkable fact that the judgments of competent and honest men on such a subject as this of the Philippine war should be so directly and positively opposed. What! after all the multiplied centuries of human time is it possible that we have as yet no criteria by which to determine the right and the wrong of such a problem? The human mind has wrought out remarkably accurate systems for astronomic measurements and marvelous instruments for determining minutest fractions of weight and space and time. At the Lick Observatory they will tell you to a dot where Mars will be at fifty minutes and five seconds past midnight on the first day of January, 2199; and in any laboratory of physics they will split a hair into a thousand infinitesimal filaments. We all accept such results, and rely upon them, or, if not, are put down in the census as fools. Now, in the domain of morals—in the contemplation of its heavens and the search for its certitudes—the mind of man was as early at work as in these other realms, and has pushed its inquiries as constantly and assiduously. But here we have not come to certainties. As to right conduct for the individual man we are in disagreement and confusion,—as much so, perhaps still more so, for the composite man, i. e., the Community, the State, the Nation. There is nothing corresponding to the Lick Observatory or the school of physics to which we may refer our questions or appeal our disputes. Yet we need the means for accurate and reliable determinations in this field of conduct more than in any other,

Civilization and Ethics

need them certainly more often, need them daily, hourly, in the history of a man or of a people.

The division of the American people on the Philippine question is the conspicuous example just now of this lack of accepted moral standards, or agreed premises for moral thinking and action. It would sound strange to hear a man affirming that the sun rises in the east and his neighbor stoutly contending that it rises in the west. But it seems exactly like this when one reads the two following paragraphs taken from Bancroft's "New Pacific," in which the moral attitudes of controversialists on this subject are indicated.

One party affirms thus:—

To extend sovereignty over a people without their consent is contrary to the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States, and hostile to the spirit of our institutions. Forcible annexation is a violation of American law and the American Constitution, which, if we adopt such a policy, must be changed to read that governments derive their just power from superior strength. We have not the right to enslave these people, even in the name of humanity, or to force upon them a government against their will, or tax them without their consent. We have no right to repudiate our principles and overthrow the sacred traditions of our time-honored institutions. ("The New Pacific," p. 151.)

This being emphatically spoken, the other side rises and says:—

It has come to be a doctrine of orthodox civilization that it is right, humane, and just for a people of culture and nominally good morals to take in hand the affairs of any weaker people of low intelligence occupying lands which the stronger nation would like to possess; that in law and equity it is not proper for savage or half-savage races to take up the room on the earth which can better be filled by better people, and that therefore, any nation strong enough at once to conquer the weaker nation, and at the same time hold at bay or mollify its covetous compeers, may honorably seize upon and oversee, manage, manipulate, and govern the persons, property, and country of another whenever a plausible pretext can be found for so doing. As it is the destiny of all savage peoples to give place to civilization, so these half or wholly savage islanders

need them certainly more often, need them daily, hourly, in the history of a man or of a people.

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must be content to have their affairs managed by those stronger and more intelligent than they. ("The New Pacific," p. 609.)

There now, we have it, *pro* and *con*. It is all down in black and white. And it is as black and white in the one paragraph as in the other. Only, alas! the voices are discordant, and the courses of national conduct proposed diverge as though to the east and the west.

It is not our purpose to sit in editorial arbitration of this dispute, but only to indulge in the old custom of appending a moral. It is this: Civilization, as represented by the foremost nations, has much of practical value to give, a vast deal of certified knowledge to impart, and a considerable amount of approved wisdom to recommend to barbarian races or people little developed. But civilization lacks one thing yet, and that the most important of all. It does not know, up to the present day, the sure foundations and the infallible standards of human action, especially the action of States and Peoples. We know where the globe is to-day in relation to the sun and other stars, and can determine where it will be two thousand years hence; but we do not know even where man is now in relation to Truth and Right—much less can we forecast where he will be, in moral development, two millenniums hence.

THE point of foremost interest in the world-horizon just now is, of course, in South Africa. The Boer-
Who Shall Rule the World? British conflict, which seemed so small at first, looms up at present big with problems and possibilities. When English leaders are telling the English people that the safety of the empire hangs upon the fortunes of this war, its importance is thus strongly emphasized for the thinking of the world. If it means this much for England, for Great Britain, and for the British empire, it means a vast deal also for the general history of the human race.

The point is this: When the British empire goes down—if that is to be—another empire will push to the front and the top and dominate the world. It will not be France; it will not be Germany; it will be *Russia*. England knows this; Russia knows it, and the knowledge constitutes a conditioning premise in the deliberated policies of both

nations. Each is determined to carry in the world the principal weight of the "white man's burden," and one or the other will probably do so for long time to come. This prospect prompts and justifies a serious question—the question of preference as between England and Russia for supreme world-power. If one or the other of these nations is to have predominant influence in shaping the fortunes of mankind, which should be preferred by men of intelligence and humane good will?

As for England, we know her—her characteristics and tendencies—quite well. We may recall Emerson's words, published in 1856 and allow them to stand as a fair estimate of the English from this point of view. He said:—

England is the best of actual nations. It is no ideal framework; it is an old pile built in different ages, with repairs, additions, and make-shifts; but you see the poor best you have got. London is the epitome of our times, and the Rome of to-day. Broad-fronted, broad-bottomed Teutons, they stand in solid phalanx foursquare to the points of compass; they constitute the modern world, they have earned their vantage-ground, and held it through ages of adverse possession.

What dignity, resting on what reality and stoutness! What courage in war, what sinew in labor, what cunning workmen, what inventors and engineers, what seamen and pilots, what clerks and scholars!

They do not occupy themselves on matters of general and lasting import, but on a corporeal civilization, on goods that perish in the using. But they read with good intent, and what they learn they incarnate. The English mind turns every obstruction it can receive into a portable utensil or a working institution. Such is their tenacity, and such their practical turn, that they hold all they gain. Hence we say, that only the English race can be trusted with freedom,—freedom which is double-edged and dangerous to any but the wise and robust.

The English have given importance to individuals, a principal end and fruit of every society. Every man is allowed and encouraged to be what he is, and is guarded in the indulgence of his whim. . . . By this general activity, and by this sacredness of individuals, they have in seven hundred years evolved the principle of freedom. It is the land of patriots, martyrs, sages, and bards, and if the ocean out of which it emerged should wash it away, it will be remembered as an island famous for immortal laws, for the announcements of original right which make the stone tables of liberty.

To these quotations most Americans would probably subscribe as embodying our general estimate of English traits. Of Russia,

on the other hand, though we read much and say much about her, yet we *know* very little. The great North of the globe is the land of silence. The Slav, who inhabits the great North, is like his home-land. He has taken no trouble to reveal or interpret himself to the rest of mankind. The word "Slav" originally meant "intelligible," but this only from the Slav's own standpoint—intelligible to himself. He is not so as yet to the other races. This has an illustration in the curious fact that the outside world is even to this day uncertain whether the Czar's disarmament proposal was prompted by conscience and humane feeling or by strategic cunning. Thus it is that the Slav sits in the silent North, nursing his concealed passions, contemplating the passing events, shaping his plans for his own sudden advent some day into the very midst of them, with uncommunicated and impenetrable purposes to be revealed at last not at all by word but by deed, by the testimony of achievement.

We are accustomed to think of Russia as a land of tyranny. And it may indeed be that her rule, however far extended, would be despotism; and yet it may also be that when Russia extends her hand over nations it will be found to hold surprises—new policies, broad, simple, direct, sincere, and human. The Slav is the man who to-day is himself holding his own destiny in reserve.

In the next age he may be the new and liberated man.

But, did we start out to make a choice between England and Russia for sovereignty over the world? No,—only to state the case.

IN THAT delightful little volume, "Bannanna Ballads," which we review elsewhere, we find a couple of verses which may be added to any one's collection of Hoe-Man poetry. They were probably not suggested

Contra Markham

either by Millet's "The Man With a Hoe," or by Emerson's Middlesex lecture bearing the same title, or by Markham's now famous poem, but by a simple wisdom gained where stress and necessity daily teach their practical lessons. The illustration accompanying the verses is that of an aged negro, with bent shoulders across which he carries a long-handled hoe, while—presumably on his way to work—he sings:

De world is a mighty confusin' oig place
For a nigger like me, you know,
An' de only safe thing I have found, has
been
To keep a good grip on my hoe.
You can always depend on de fields an' de
sky
Whichever way other things go—
An' de res' will get plain in time to de man
Who keeps a good grip on his hoe.

BOOK REVIEWS

FOR FULL TITLES, PUBLISHERS, ETC., SEE LIST UNDER HEADING OF "BOOKS RECEIVED"

Chatterbox

There is something comforting, even in view of all the beautiful up-to-date juvenile literature, in the sight of the *Chatterbox* for 1899. Its style is unchanged—the same class of stories, anecdotes, and quaint pictures that have characterized it since its inception many years ago. It is a marvel how its publishers have withstood the rush of 19th Century fads and fancies; but the *Chatterbox* stands alone as a sort of monument to a by-gone class of reading and illustration.

Short Stories by Popular Authors

A plump volume of good short stories is always welcome, and *One of Those Coincidences*,

and *Other Stories* will be hailed with delight after a glance at the names of the authors, which include Julian Hawthorne, Count Tolstoi, Wolcott Le Clear Beard, Florence M. Kingsley, and a half-dozen other popular writers. Much might be written in praise of the happily characteristic treatment of their themes but suffice it to say that the stories are a success without one dull paragraph from first to last.

Michael Rolf—Englishman

THIS is described as a love story of quiet English life. It is the account of the life of an aristocratic English lady who becomes a governess in the home of a country grocer.

She naturally starts with class-prejudices against the society in which she finds herself, but grows to recognize the sterling qualities of the people, and ends by marrying her employer.

The character studies are very skillfully drawn and the work evidently comes from the hands of one who has carefully observed the types which she depicts. The description of the electoral contest, and the peculiarities of the three candidates, Liberal, Conservative, and Socialist, are very suggestive.

The work is unfortunately marred by a few minor errors and lapses; as, for instance, when the author mentions the title of one of Lowell's poems as "Hunger and Thirst" (*sic*).

The tone of the book is thoroughly sound, and there is a catholicity about it which is refreshing. It cannot, however, be said, as is claimed, to be in the manner of Jane Austen. Such a claim naturally provokes unfortunate comparisons.

The Political Economy of Natural Law

IT IS difficult to know why this book by Mr. Henry Wood has received the amount of commendation which has been bestowed upon it by the press-notices. It deals with economic problems in a nerveless, kid-glove fashion, and in a semi-apologetic vein. Not that the writer has not done the best that can be done from his point of view, but his point of view is deplorable. If there is one study which should be free from idealism and limited by facts, it is economics. Rosy views of economic conditions are not only false, but exceedingly dangerous.

Stockton's New Book

MR. STOCKTON has prepared a new treat for his readers in *The Vizier of the Two-Horned Alexander*, written in his best style, and on a subject which must have appealed strongly to his imagination. His hero becomes for us a fascinating person to whose words we listen with the same breathless attention his hearers of the story seem to feel. Only a word is necessary to hint at the peculiar interest of the book. One of Alexander's Viziers while accompanying his master on a search for the fountain of youth, inadvertently drains the precious contents of the quest, and never after adding to his apparent age is still alive, and a broker in Wall Street.

It is the telling of his story to a friend, and to his wife, that makes up the book.

The Other Fellow

"THAT all-round athlete, Hopkinson Smith," as Elbert Hubbard calls him, is the author of *The Other Fellow*, a collection of short stories of varied scenes and dialects, in a style full of life and movement, which is characteristic of Mr. Smith's writing. His rendering of darkey dialect is rich and accurate. Aunt Chloe, a delightful old plantation Mammy, is, it appears, a real character, if we can judge from the fact that her portrait in the book is a photograph. And a splendid face it is, containing all the honest humor and kindness we expect in the typical Mammy.

Hugh Wynne—Continental Edition

ONE of the handsomest editions of the season is the Continental edition of *Hugh Wynne*, by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, published by the Century Company. The book has proved itself one of the popular stories of the day, and since this popularity is undoubtedly of a far more stable sort than that of many of the fast-selling novels that appear each year—"butterfly existences," as the hackneyed phrase has it—it is right that the book should have a setting that will be an ornament to the library. The two handsome volumes, printed on hand-made paper, are filled with exquisite photogravures from Howard Pyle's drawings, as well as reproductions of old prints and manuscripts and views of present scenes.

Gibson's Sketches in Egypt

CHARLES DANA GIBSON'S *Sketches in Egypt* have just appeared in book form, together with his text describing very briefly his trip from Cairo up the Nile to a point "much farther than he had intended to go." He owed the extension of his trip, he says, to an enthusiast on the Mediterranean steamer, the way it always happens to the traveler in Egypt. When the drawings were appearing in *McClure's Magazine*, some people said they were not Gibson's best work. It is our judgment that some of these sketches, while they have not received enough care to display the fine technique we expect in *Life*, are among the best work that Mr. Gibson has done; and they show, too, that he can draw animals and shabby people and types that are *not* heroically tall. The London

Graphic characterizes him as merely one of the cleverest technicians known, which is true to the extent that some of his hasty sketches fail to show any particular merit. Mr. Gibson knows the art of being brief, and his text accompanying his illustrations is concise and interesting.

Victor Hugo

AN important work which has just made its appearance is the *Memoirs of Victor Hugo*. They date back to the Coronation of Charles the Tenth at Rheims, and end with the siege of Paris, and are rich with thrilling interest and novelty. His life covered the most interesting epoch of French history; he was an eye-witness of events that for us, "glow with the hallowing light of romance." He is a reporter, as it were,—and what a reporter! The incidents he relates,—in particular, those connected with the revolution of 1848, and the siege of Paris,—are of paramount interest.

Hawaiian America

THIS is the title of a plump, handsome volume by Caspar Whitney, which, with numerous and splendid illustrations, and fine type, describes "something of the history, resources, and prospects" of our new possessions. These are, as Mr. Whitney says, facts with which every American should now be familiar. He also says that he had no idea of making a tourist's guide to the islands, and indeed, though the book is always pleasant reading, there is an admirable sort of academic thoroughness about it, with its details of the prominent industries, etc., which should make him an authority on Hawaiian matters. "A mine of information in regard to the life and customs of the Hawaiians," the publishers call it. The history part of the book is quite up to date, and takes us through the annexation ceremonies of a few months ago.

Stars of the Opera

THE primary mission of Mabel Wagnalls' *Stars of the Opera* is set forth simply in the dedication: "To those who love music but have no opportunity to familiarize themselves with grand opera." But the book will be a delight also to the many who have been fortunate enough to hear any or all of the twelve grand operas reviewed by Miss Wagnalls. This gifted young author, with her own rare musical talent and reputation, has

proved herself eminently fitted to undertake such a work as the present one. In a smooth but spirited manner she has sketched the stories of the operas and described the music and scenery, while the interviews recorded bring the reader into close sympathy and acquaintance with Melba, Nordica, and half a dozen others of the great singers. Miss Wagnalls has before her a limitless field for the literary interpretation of music, and it is to be hoped she will follow up earnestly the promising beginning she has made in this line of work.

A Season's Sowing

CHARLES KEELER'S *A Season's Sowing* contains many quatrains and couplets which are not only pleasing and graceful, but rich in thought and mellow with vital feeling. The illustrations and decorative margins, by Louise Keeler, bear witness to much painstaking work, though some of them seem too somber for a holiday book.

The Nation's Foes

H. H. LUSK, in *Our Foes at Home*, sounds notes that are not strictly in tune with optimistic expressions of faith in the assured greatness and glory of our country. He considers the present hour a specially suitable time for inquiry into the conditions and tendencies of the American people, inasmuch as, "we stand at the close of the great climacteric century of human experience; and if this is true of older nations it is doubly true of America."

Mr. Lusk apprehends that, while we may not have much to fear from other nations, we face great internal difficulties and dangers, and this notwithstanding the marvelous showing which we are now making in all those things which are supposed to indicate national success.

Never before, it may be said, has the position of the country seemed more prosperous than at present; never has its trade been better at home, or its commerce more expansive abroad; at no time since it became a nation has its credit stood so high in the markets of the world, and at none have its prospects looked so bright. . . . With an assured position, a gigantic and increasing trade, wealth which already exceeds that of almost any other nation, and a population even now exceeded by only one nation of Europe; with no enemy to threaten her abroad, and no crisis to affect her security at home, America may be disposed to believe that she stands on the threshold of the new

century with an outlook at least as fair as any that has greeted her past. And such would seem to be the opinion of a majority of her people to-day.

This is one side of the picture; but there is another. It is a side less gratifying to national pride and less conducive to national optimism. It suggests that in spite of the great successes achieved by the country and its people in the past century there are important respects in which there has been serious failure; it asserts that in spite of the vast increase of riches credited to America as a whole, the great mass of her population grows daily less wealthy; and that in spite of the absence of foreign enemies her people are threatened, and already more than half subdued, by a hundred foes more dangerous than half a world in arms for her conquest.

With this general warning the author proceeds to discuss the Banking Problem, the Land Question, Taxation, Monopoly, The Enemies of Reform and the Rule of the People.

Although the book is radical, it is soberly and considerably written and deserves a wide reading.

The New Pacific

IN THE above-named volume Hubert Howe Bancroft adds a very valuable contribution to the rapidly increasing literature dealing with the practical aspects of the Pacific World. Upon the appearance of this book, some of the hypocritics have at once sounded again the old notes of condemnation for Mr. Bancroft's methods. He is accused of the sins of "compilation," of "reliance on consular reports," and of "reproducing much that may be found in cyclopedias and statistical works already existing." Some of the criticisms seem to imply that Mr. Bancroft ought to have invented all the facts and originated, *de novo*, all the historical judgments, arguments, policies, etc., that are involved in the treatment of this great subject of the Pacific realm. Fortunately Mr. Bancroft makes no such pretensions, but aims to present in a readable, simple and useful form an account of recent events leading to the new activities in the countries lying around the Pacific, with a multitude of facts concerning their history, resources, industries, romance, etc. We are sure that no reader can acquaint himself with this volume without having an enlarged idea of the importance to the civilized world of these countries where the West meets the East.

He will foresee, also, that they are destined to play conspicuous parts in the international movements of the next century. The faults of this book may be many, as the critics affirm, but it puts into the hands of the general reader almost every item of information that he is likely to be searching for respecting the new situation in the Pacific lands.

Famous Naval Battles

IT IS about fifty years since the first publication of Creasy's famous volume, "The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World." At last the great sea-fights of history have received a similar treatment at the hands of Edward Kirk Rawson in *Twenty Famous Naval Battles*, in two finely illustrated volumes. The battles treated of in chronological order are:—

Salamis, 480 B. C.; Actium, 31 B. C.; Lepanto, 1571; the defeat of the Armada, 1588; the last fight of the "Revenge," 1591; the fight off Dungeness, 1652; the battle of La Hogue, 1692; the contest between "Bon Homme Richard" and "Serapis," 1779; the battle of the Nile, 1798; the duel between "Foudroyant" and "Guillaume Tell," 1799; Trafalgar, 1805; the battle between "Constitution" and "Guerriere," 1812; Lake Erie, 1813; the famous engagements between "Monitor" and "Merrimac," 1862, and "Kearsage" and "Alabama," 1864; Mobile Bay, 1864; Lissa, 1866; the victory over the "Huascar," 1879; Manila Bay, 1898, and Santiago, 1898.

Professor Rawson, by virtue of his office as Superintendent of the naval war records, is in a position to speak with authority upon these intensely interesting subjects. His volume will undoubtedly take a place at once in the standard rank.

Bandanna Ballads

IN THIS book we have a collection of quaint, tender, mostly pathetic, plantation ballads of ante-bellum times. Each ballad is illustrated by a drawing representing a characteristic face of the American "quality-negroes" of the old plantation days. The drawings must have been exceptionally executed, since the engraver has been able to reproduce them with singular effectiveness. Joel Chandler Harris, who writes an introduction for the book, puts the following estimate on the author's work: "It is safe to say that never before has an artist caught with such vital and startling distinctness,

such moving fidelity, the characters which gave to the old plantation, if not its chiefest charm, at least one of its most enchanting features. . . . I am moved to thank Heaven for the beautiful genius that has snatched from the past and preserved the handful of memories embodied in this book. For me, and for all who are in love with simplicity, there is a story behind each pathetic face here pictured, and, indeed, something of the kind is more than intimated in the verses that face the portraits—verses that accompany this sympathy of art like a sweet and softly-played refrain."

My Lady and Allan Darke

My Lady and Allan Darke, by Charles Donnel Gibson, is just the kind of pure romance and adventure to thrill a long winter evening by the fireside. The reader is kept in feverish suspense from beginning to end of the story, for no sooner is one mystery cleared up, than another takes its place, and this clever manipulation of events is kept up to the very last page.

Eminent Painters

IN THE "Little Journeys" series of G. P. Putnam's Sons, the latest issue is a volume of twelve most delightful essays by Elbert Hubbard on Michael Angelo, Rembrandt, Rubens, Meissonier, Titian, Anthony Van Dyck, Fortuny, Ary Sheffer, Jean Francois Millet, Joshua Reynolds, Landseer, and Gustave Doré. The volume bears throughout all the charms of Mr. Hubbard's characteristic style, giving us a delightful blending of biographical narration, discriminating character-study and suggestive reflections. The text is accompanied by twenty-four elegant illustrations drawn mainly from the works of the eminent painters themselves.

A Translation of the Poor Plutocrats

The Poor Plutocrats, by the famous Hungarian novelist, Maurus Jokai, comes to us in English for the first time. The original, "Szegeny Gazdagok," in the author's own tongue, appeared in Budapest in 1860, and was subsequently put into half a dozen other languages. The present translator, R. Nisbet Bain, has happily preserved the vigorous style of the writer, and the most striking incident in the story, the great wrestling-match between Strong Juan and the bandit Fatia Negra, is brought out with exceptional

force and boldness. This work contains excellent suggestion for attractive illustrations, though none are given in this edition.

Reade's Peg Woffington

Messrs. Doubleday & McClure Company's new edition of Charles Reade's *Peg Woffington* is one of the handsomest books yet brought out by this active concern. Type, paper, and binding are irreproachable, and Hugh Thomsons' exquisite pen-drawings give a complete and satisfying portrayal of the quaint and ever-fascinating characters Mr. Reade has immortalized in this his perhaps most charming story.

Archibald Malmaison

The fine holiday edition of Julian Hawthorne's *Archibald Malmaison*, just issued by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, presents in a fitting garb this brilliant and dramatic romance by the familiar author. Freeland A. Carter's illustrations are very good, some of the small pen-sketches being particularly well executed.

The Wider View

This volume, *The Wider View*, is in the nature of an anthology gathered from the loftier literature of all times and constituting a body of affirmations concerning a universal faith in truth and good. The citations are conveniently classified under such heads as Truth, Progress, Creeds, Character, The Coming Church, Death, Trust, etc. The selections are evidently chosen for their exceptional strength of expression and catholicity of sentiment. They are collected and edited by John Monroe Dana. The book should be an inspirer of rational, and at the same time vital religious faith.

Book Received

- From the Doubleday & McClure Co., New York (through Payot, Upham & Co., San Francisco)
 Michael Rolf, Englishman. By Mary L. Pendered. \$1.25.
 Sketches in Egypt. By Charles Dana Gibson. \$3.50.
 Peg Woffington. By Charles Reade. With an Introduction by Austin Dobson, and Illustrations by Hugh Thomson. \$2.00.
 Bandanna Ballads. By Howard Weeden. \$1.00.
 Our Poes at Home. By Hugh H. Lusk. \$1.00.
 The Kindergarten In a Nutshell: A Handbook for the Home. 50c.

The Poor Plutocrats. By Maurus Jokai.
Translated from the Hungarian by R. Nis-
bet Bain. \$1.25.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York
The Wider View: A Search for Truth. Col-
lected and Edited by John Monroe Dana.

Smith Brunt: A Story of the Old Navy. By
Waldron Kintzing Post. \$1.50.

Little Journeys to the Homes of Eminent
Painters. By Elbert Hubbard. \$1.75.

Lyrics of the West. By Elva Irene McMil-
lan. \$1.25.

More Colonial Homesteads and Their Stories.
By Marion Harland. Profusely and beau-
tifully illustrated. \$3.00.

From the Macmillan Company, New York
My Lady and Allan Darke. By Charles Don-
nel Gibson. \$1.50.

Ben Comee: A Tale of Rogers's Rangers.
By M. J. Canavan. \$1.50.

From Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York
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CHIT-CHAT

MR. SBARBORO'S article in this number on "The Vines and Wines of California," will be welcomed by many readers as an authoritative account, by a widely-known expert, of a most important industry of the Pacific Coast. The immense wine-tank, of which the article shows an illustration, is worthy of special note, inasmuch as it is the largest in the world. The vintage of 1897 was such a large one that there was not

enough coöperation in the State to contain the juice of the grapes grown. The officers of the Italian-Swiss Agricultural Colony, of Asti, Sonoma County, in order to make room for the large quantity of grapes produced in their part of the State, built a reservoir in solid rock eighty feet long, thirty-four feet wide and twenty-five feet high, which was afterwards cemented all around the top and bottom with a wall of concrete two feet

thick, which was then glazed and made as impermeable as a huge glass bottle. The tank held 500,000 gallons of wine, and thus each bunch of grapes grown in the neighborhood was saved. After the tank had been emptied of its red contents, the colonists issued an invitation to the notabilities of the State, and on the 14th of May, 1898, two hundred merry-makers whirled in the mazes of a Strauss waltz inside the tank. There was no crowding, and an excellent orchestra in the center of the novel ballroom made music for the dancers, whilst on-lookers stood about the sides of the tank and enjoyed the fun.

O, Dread Disease!—"Bickersniff's doctor has ordered him to cease riding in his horseless carriage for awhile." "What's the trouble?" "He's used it so constantly that he has become auto-mobilious."—*Philadelphia North American*.

Two of Them.—"What is a sphere of influence, John Henry?" asked Mrs. Snaggs, who had been reading about the African and Asiatic disputes of the European nations. "In summer," replied Mr. Snaggs, "the baseball is the sphere of influence, while in the autumn it is the football."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph*.

TO readers of the OVERLAND everywhere, but especially to our Hawaiian friends, we are pleased to present in this number a story of Hawaiian life by Miss Jessie Kaufman. That talented lady will contribute other stories for succeeding numbers of the magazine, the next one being a story of Hawaii and the United States Navy.

Not a Case in Point.—"You durned expansionists," remarked the man with the long sorrel beard, "ought to remember the frog that tried to be as big as the ox, and swelled hisself up till he busted." "That frog was n't an expansionist," said the other man. "He was an inflationist."—*Chicago Tribune*.

THE clock-case which stands as a frontispiece in this number is the work of Mr. M. Doyle, of Berkeley, Cal., an artist and teacher of art whose talents deserve a growing recognition. This piece of work has received appreciative attention from M.

Bénard, the architect of the new university buildings, who pronounces it "a creation." It is worthy of a place in the hall of some California mansion. It has been only recently completed, and is now held by Mr. Doyle, at Berkeley, for sale.

Consistent.—"I have no sympathy wid a strike," said Meandering Mike. "But you don't blame folks fur not workin'," protested Plodding Pete. "Ye can't strike unless ye've got a job, kin ye?" was the withering rejoinder. "Dey had no business goin' to work in the first place."—*Washington Star*.

The Planter's Dependence on Good Seed.

Without good, fresh, fertile seeds, good crops are impossible. It is, then, of the most vital importance that you should exercise the greatest possible caution in selecting the seeds you are to plant the coming season. Since you cannot determine their fertility or freshness by sight, the only certain way to insure yourself against worthless seeds is to buy only those that bear the name of a firm about whose reliability there is no question. There are no better known seedsmen anywhere, and none who have a higher reputation for integrity, than D. M. Ferry & Co., of Detroit, Michigan. Ferry's Seeds have been a synonym for good seeds for many years. Thousands of gardeners who continue to plant them season after season, do so with the full confidence that they will uniformly be found to be of high vitality, and most important of all, true to name.

Ferry's Seed Annual for 1900 is fully up to the standard of former years and will be welcomed by all who have learned to regard it as a thoroughly reliable and practical guide to planting. A copy may be obtained free by addressing the firm as above.

Pater (sadly)—"I don't know what to do with that boy of mine. He's been two years at the medical schools, and still keeps at the foot of his class." Perrins (promptly)—"Make a chiropodist of him."—*Tid Bits*.



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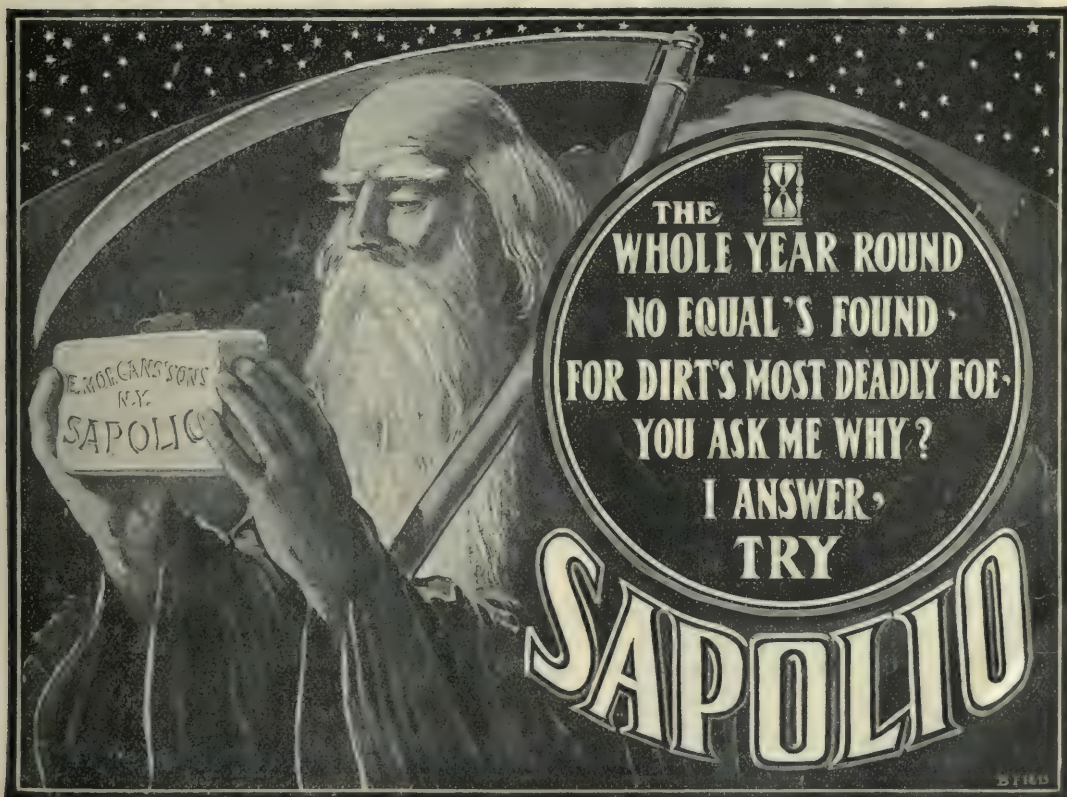
are the cause of many breakdowns in health and constitution. People resort to tea, coffee or alcohol to enable them to keep up beyond the hour of their regular meal, often with disastrous results to health. A cup of

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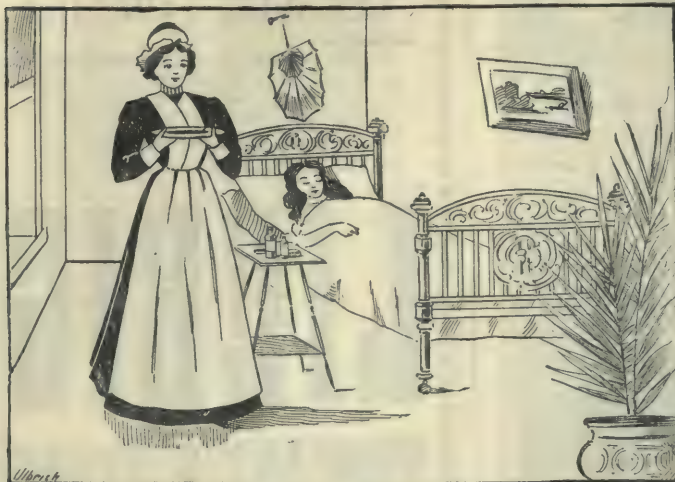
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- Chap. VII. **Brainy Children.** The danger in forcing them beyond their normal mental powers.
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- Chap. VII. **Wanted—A Change.** Why servants do not stay, and why mistresses are not satisfied with them.
- Chap. VIII. **Where the Shoe Pinches.** How it depends upon the head of the house what the servants will be.
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- Chap. I. **Helpful or Harmful.** Wherein the folly of trying to be too clean is clearly set forth.
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For the half year ending with the 31st of December, 1899, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of three and three-fourths ($3\frac{3}{4}$) per cent on term deposits, and three and one-eighth ($3\frac{1}{8}$) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, January 2, 1900.

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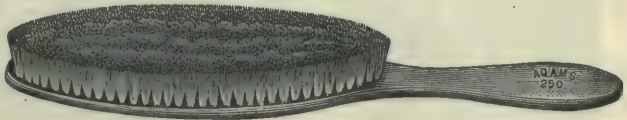
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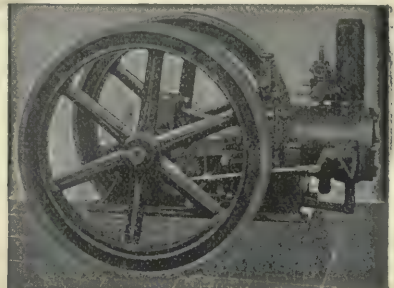
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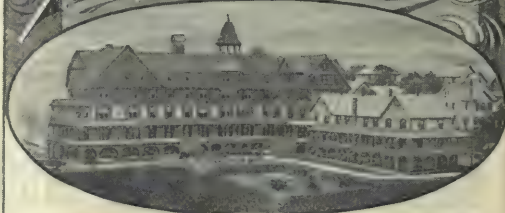
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—:o:—
It would appear to be a wise act to secure a plot of land in the Mount Olivet Cemetery before prices are advanced. The location is certainly the most attractive on the peninsula and prices and terms are extremely reasonable. Full information obtainable by applying at the office of the Association, 916 Market Street, San Francisco.

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—:0:—

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GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier

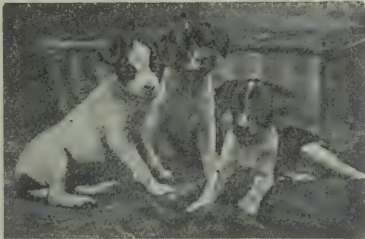
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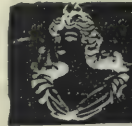
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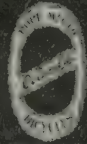
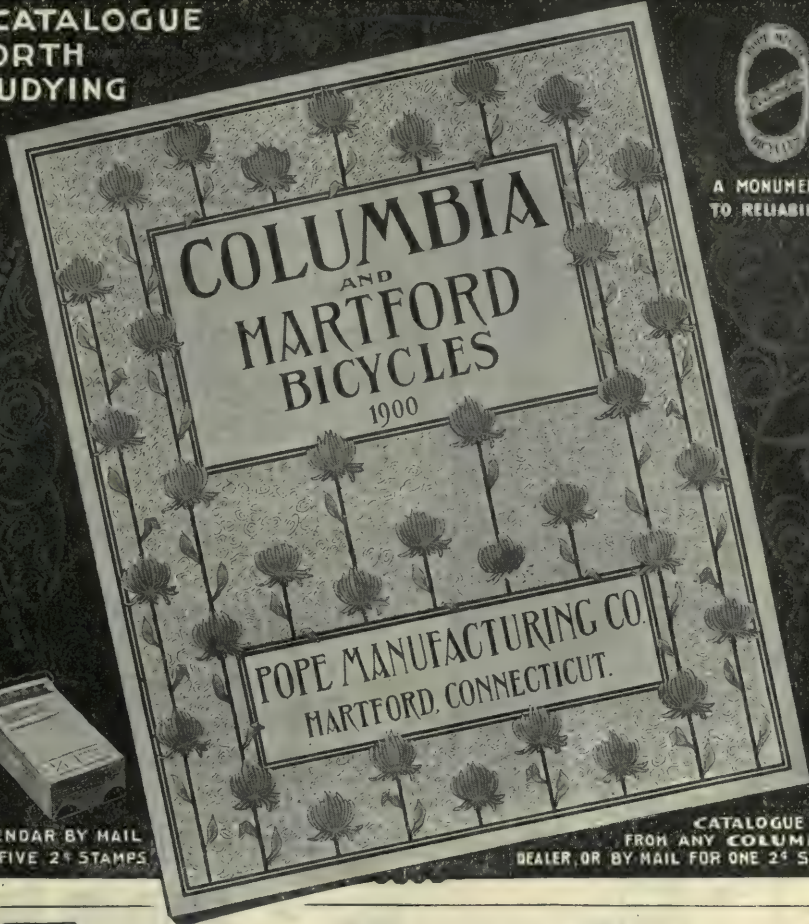
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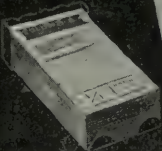
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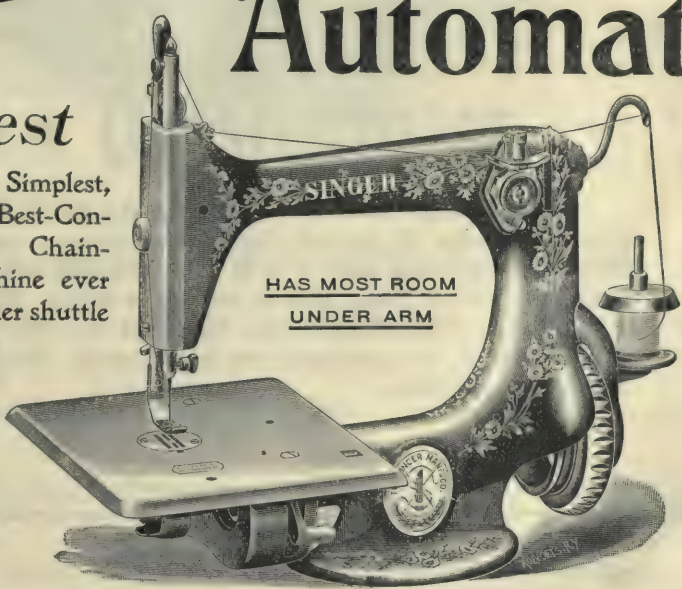
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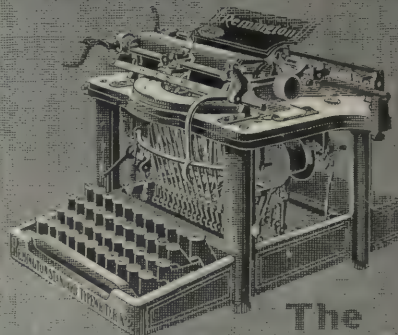
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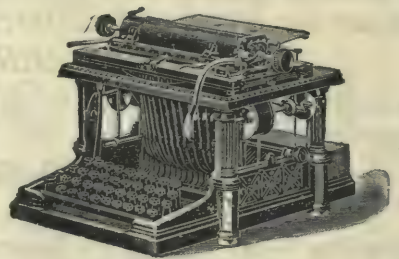
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Overland Monthly

VOL. XXXV

No. 206

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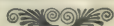
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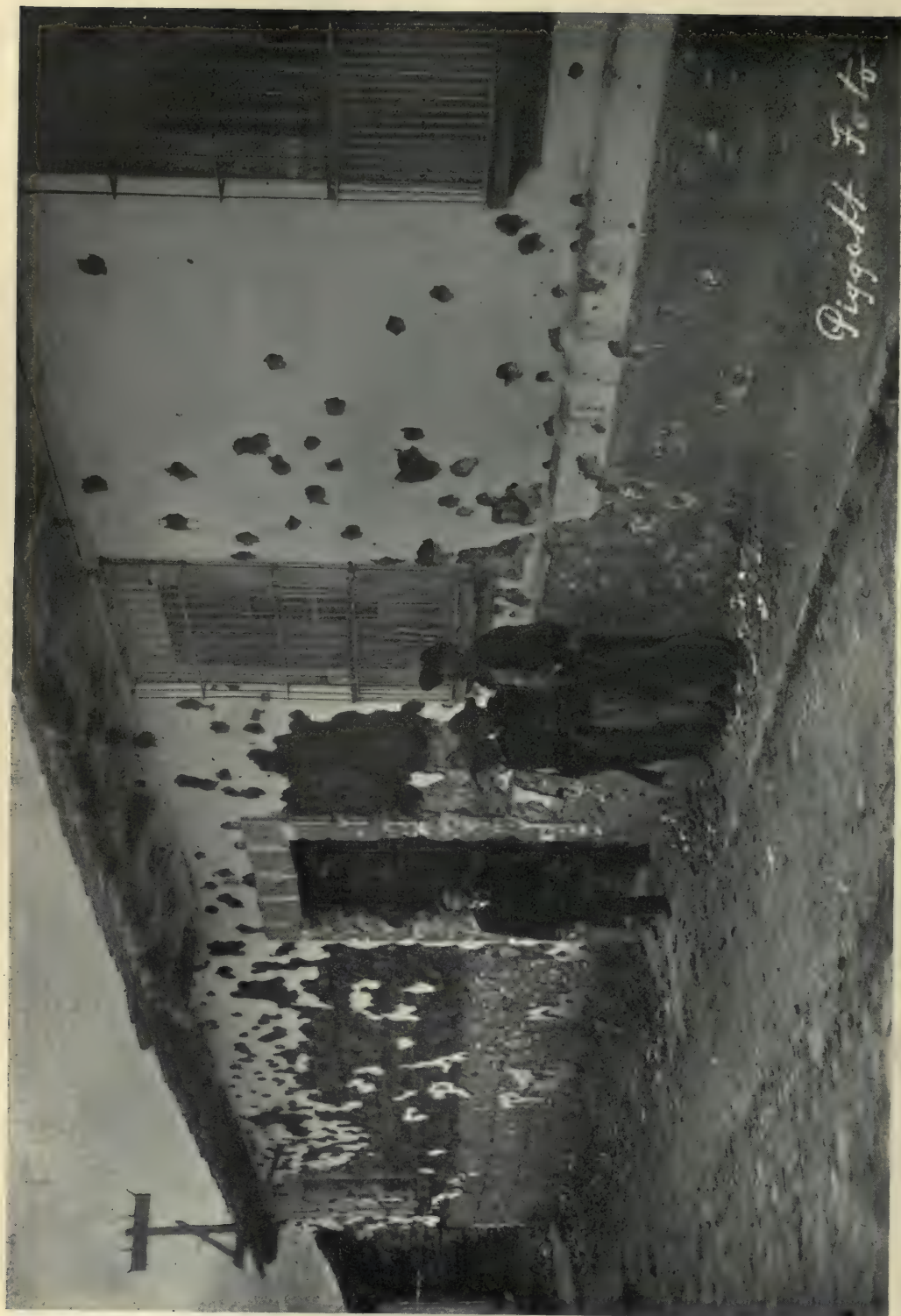
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See "In Guatemala"

Overland Monthly

VOL. XXXV

February, 1900

No. 206

IN GUATEMALA

By N. H. CASTLE



TING, a-ling, a-ling!
"Hello!"
"Hello!"

"That you?"

"Yes. Who's that?"

"This is X."

"Hello, X!"

"Can you go to Guatemala day after to-morrow?"

"Where?"

"Guatemala."

"When?"

"Day after to-morrow."

"Guess I can."

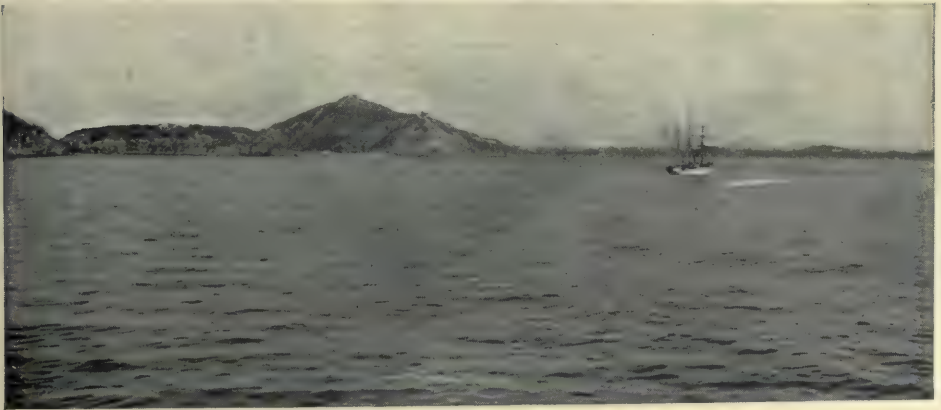
"All right. Come around and we'll talk it over."

This conversation, held between myself and X at a distance of fifty miles, was the prelude to my trip. Forty-eight hours

able appetite for pen, ink, and paper which can only glut itself by the transference with the first, by the second, on the third, of his superficial impressions and trite homilies on places and things which are new only to himself.

To lend interest to trifles is an art so subtle that few have acquired it. But I hazard the opinion that a plain tale of a plain voyage in a plain land may find here and there a mildly interested reader.

The impressions of the traveler are usually crude. To know a people requires a residence amongst them. They must be seen and considered under all the varying conditions of life, in peace and in war, in good times and in bad; and the knowledge must be acquired by association with friends and enemies in all ranks, from the



Harbor of Manzanillo

afterward saw me on the Pacific Mail steamer bound southward to the land of coffee, revolution, and paper money.

I have an utter detestation for the wandering wretch, seized with that insati-

official to the aborigine,—and even then the domiciled stranger is at a huge disadvantage.

One Tomasso Cavaino, an Italian, in 1895 visited Guatemala. I understand

that he was there for a very brief period of time. He went back to Italy and wrote a diatribe. Much he gathered from observation, more from hearsay. I shall not venture to applaud or criticise his remarks, but shall merely point out the fact that he comes within the class of superficial critics, and if he strikes the nail upon the head it is a chance blow, and not the result of a well-directed aim.

his nationality, and in the main setting down in his own language only the thoughts transferred from the native mind to his own.

The above is my apology for what follows.

The trip from San Francisco to a Central American port is a hot, tedious, and generally uninteresting journey. Despite the fact that land is in sight most



Mode of Landing

Though I give way to the inclination I so deprecate in others, I do so in all humility, pre-confessing my errors and asking absolution for them,—describing only the people, places, and things I have seen, and giving authority for what I have heard without burdening my conscience with responsibility therefor. If I venture to delve below the surface, I shall do so only as an observer might, independent of

of the time, it is a dreary, desolate, unpicturesque coast throughout its whole length. Apart from such amusement as one's fellow voyagers may afford, an occasional whale, a school of porpoises, a flying-fish, the phosphorescence that illumines the vessel's course, the occasional sight of a ship in the deserted ocean, afford the only breaks in the monotony of the voyage, excepting always the stops at the Mexican

ports, and the exquisite satisfaction of leaving them behind, whether heading north or south.

Mazatlan was our first stopping-place. This was my initial experience of Mexico, and the first thing that impressed itself forcibly upon me was the all-pervading heat, the *atmosfera del fuego*, from which there was no escape, no shelter, no relief. Incidentally, I carried away a lively impression of a big cigarette factory, with rows of nimble-fingered but excessively unattractive maidens; of narrow streets,

first impression of a representative Mexican village, and hastened my re-embarkation, pursued by a relentless horde of the mosquitoes that hover in clouds over the surrounding swamps.

At Manzanillo I was informed that in the lake behind the village I might chance upon a stray alligator, but whether the saurians were shy of strangers, or whether the story of their existence was a play on my credulity, I know not. I saw nothing but huge numbers of carrion crows which blackened the branches of the trees



Plaza at Retalhuleu

low structures, barred windows, and glimpses of tropical shrubbery in the inclosed *pacios*. The lunch at the hotel was rendered more toothsome perhaps because a change from ship fare; but a certain compound, known as a "beguila cocktail," rounds off pleasantly my experience of Mazatlan and instills a kindly feeling towards the land of this pleasant brew.

San Blas, with its old church, its thatched huts, its huge banana-trees, its dogs and children and pigs, gave me my

between the lake and the village. Leaving the pretty harbor and the (from the steamer) attractive cluster of one-storied adobe houses, southward we steamed, and next threaded our way through the intricate passage leading to Acapulco's land-locked harbor.

This is by all odds the most picturesque spot upon the coast, almost artificial in its perfection; its outlines seem rather the work of man copying the beauties of nature than the haphazard shaping on that

desolate coast of so beautiful a spot. Hills, foliage, foreground, and background blend into one harmonious whole.

The very heat seems artificial, like the blast from a furnace. I tramped up the

On the fourteenth day of the scheduled time that the Pacific Mail Steamship Company feels itself compelled to adhere to at the sacrifice of coal economy, and after interminable stops in way-ports, I



Indian Types

hill to the old-fashioned fort with its empty moat, its rusted cannon, its bare-footed garrison and evil-smelling quarters. I visited the old church and the marketplace, heard the band play in the plaza, and was glad to take boat again and to chaffer from the steamer's decks, and her comparative shade, with the host of fruit-venders and purveyors of native knick-knacks that thronged the sides of their dugouts, quarreling, gesticulating, threatening as to place and precedence, just as mortals have done ever since "man and nature mourned their first decay."

The first Guatemalan (or, more correctly, Guatemaltecan) port was Ocos, a village on the coast in a grove of tropical trees, the terminus of a railroad running back some few miles into the coffee district to the north. There is no harbor, only an open roadstead, with a very decided and disagreeable swell.

first put my foot ashore at Champerico, in the territory of the Republic of Guatemala. Nay, I am premature in this statement; for before my foot touched *terra firma* there were many antecedent requirements. *Imprimis*, the harbor (euphemism for the open ocean with a hideous off-shore swell) only permits of anchorage at a distance of from two to three miles from land; hence the would-be visitor is lowered into the freight-lighter moored to the vessel's side. Dumped into a medley of boxes, barrels, sacks, trunks, personal luggage and impedimenta, he seeks some place of comparative safety and less discomfort. The lighter, amid much confusion, is connected by a long hawser with a stout little tug and pulled shoreward. At a considerable distance still from land, the unsophisticated traveler is horrified to see the hawser cast off and his frail bark left seemingly to the mercy of the waves; but

by nice calculation her nose is headed for the pier, and soon a succession of bumps assures him that he has been carried safely to his destination. Here again he is derricked up fifty feet into the air and deposited on the wharf, somewhat shaken in body and in nerves, but safely and surely landed. I understand that a close inspection is made of this seemingly dangerous means of landing, and that no accident has occurred since the system first went into effect. The pier being private property, a wharfage fee is exacted and the baggage is charged for by weight. I will digress here to say that all the piers and wharves along the coast, without, I believe, a single exception, are owned by private parties or corporations, who pay a rental to the Government, and owning wharf, tenders, lighters, tugs, and all paraphernalia for transporting passengers and freight from steamer to pier and thence to the mainland, are masters of the situation, and take such advantage of it as to bring out strongly the viciousness of the system of surrendering such privileges by the Government. After this toll is paid, the passenger and his luggage is carried the length of the pier to the mainland on a little steam train and there delivered to the tender mercies of the custom house and its liveried officials.

The *aduana*, or custom-house, is a very important factor in the scheme of government, there being little that escapes duty; but it is whispered that only a modicum of the revenue so provided for finds its way into the Government coffers. Beside the heavy income duties, there are export duties in coffee and other products, and the exportation of gold, silver, and jewels is prohibited. Here is a country in which the free-trader has not yet lifted his voice.

The scrutiny of my belongings was certainly thorough, but failed to discover anything dutiable. A fellow traveler was less fortunate. They taxed his steamer-chair, his books (the leaves of which were

carefully examined), some few pounds of choice tea he was bringing a friend,—in fact, everything in and out of the schedule; and as he was a German with slight knowledge of Spanish, his protestations were more noisy than effective.

Among the first things that forcibly reminded me that I was a stranger in a strange land was the sight of the soldiery at their various occupations in and out of barracks. At Mazatlan, Acapulco, and the other Mexican ports at which we had touched, I had seen the dirty white of the Mexican uniform, the shoelessness of the rank and file, and at Ocos a gorgeously bedizened *commandante* had paid his official visit to the steamer. But here was a fair sample of the national army, in all



Indian Types

his native glory—a brown, undersized, dirty, ragged little man in a suit of blue overalls, patched, torn, ill-fitting. He was bare-footed, carrying an old-fashioned musket, of shambling gait, unsoldierly

carriage, and with a general air of unattractive ruffianism.

The quarters reeked with filth and noisome odors to an extent that forbade close investigation. The officers I saw here were only a shade better than the rank and file. But in justice let me add that I afterwards encountered military men of fine physique, of martial figure, and handsomely uniformed,—men of culture, refinement, and experience, and of unquestionable bravery. There is a military college in the capital which is turning out efficient officers, and these will presumably in time bring up the standard of the service. Service in the army is obligatory between the ages of eighteen and thirty, and in the reserve between thirty and fifty; but seemingly the recruits are entirely from the lower classes. The

frequent event of a revolution or the less common occasion of a foreign war.

In this connection, an amusing incident was related to me. I will not vouch for its truth. During the last revolution, the commander of the forces in an inland town sent a requisition to the alcalde of a neighboring pueblo for volunteers. In due course a file of soldiers escorted into town a number of men, some bound hand and foot and slung on pack-mules, others tied together, others with legs unhampered, but with hands tied to the mules' tails. The officer accompanying this convoy bore to his commander this laconic epistle: "I herewith send you the *volunteers* required. If you need more volunteers send more rope."

I have been personally accosted in the street by a soldier with a solicitation for



Plaza, San Felipe

period of active service is one year, from which those possessing sufficient means are enabled to buy themselves off; but even they are not exempt from service under special call, as, for instance, in the too

alms for the "*pobre soldado*," the time, place and manner of the solicitation likening it more to the demand of a highwayman than the prayer of a mendicant.

The railroad from Champerico to Retal-

huleu, though it took two hours to accomplish a distance of twenty miles, was better than I had been led to expect. The country through which it passed exhibited a rank and luxuriant growth of tropical foliage, the product of a swampy soil and a moist climate. It was nearing the close of the rainy season, and the streams ran full. The roads, too, carried so full a complement of water that whether road or river the uninitiated had no means of telling.

Retalhuleu is one of the principal towns of the republic, the interior shipping-point of much of the coffee that constitutes the staple product of Guatemala. It is an uninteresting place, but busier than some of the larger towns. Many foreigners (principally Germans), who constitute a majority of the foreign population, have their places of business there. The buildings are low, unattractive, the streets narrow and badly paved, the sidewalks unworthy of the name. Door-steps and windows project beyond the houses to an extent that makes walking by night a dangerous occupation. From time to time yellow fever decimates the population, and it is the abiding-place of miasmatic and pernicious fevers, to the latter of which, on a later visit, I fell a victim.

Here I encountered my initial experience of a native bed, if such can be called the arrangement of folding sticks and tight-stretched canvas referred to as follows, quoting the language of Cavaino, previously mentioned: "The bed is composed of a simple cot of canvas without mattress, a microscopic pillow, and two sheets profusely fly-specked and ventilated after a fashion of their own." The description holds good, according to my observation. I have tossed on this "drum," racked with fever, listening day and night to the discords of a neighboring graphophone hoarsely venting grand opera and negro minstrelsy, my temperature at one hundred and seven, and with

two hundred grains of quinine scattered through my anatomy. I wish my worst enemy a no more hideous experience. And then, night and day, the heat, penetrating, enervating, unescapable! I found it a



Samala River

good place to leave, and gladly pursued my way to my ultimate destination, the interior city of Quezaltenango.

Part of the journey (about twelve miles) I might have taken by rail, but this would have necessitated a night's stay in an even more God-forsaken place, San Felipe by name. Hence I preferred an early start, and so with riding-mule, pack-animal, and muleteer I set off on my farther travels.

Essentially a man of peace, for the first time I found myself equipped with revolver and cartridge-belt, which, added to the accouterment of leggings, spurs, slouch hat, and a shirt cut very low at the neck, gave

me sufficiently the air of the native desperado. But my muleteer! Two large revolvers, a machete, a dirk in scabbard, boots to his knees, spurs that would have put a Don Quixote to shame, and a shirt redder than the theatrical guise of a miner.

By strange mischance, it is always the smallest animal that carries the heaviest burden. Hence I trembled for the fate of my two hundred pounds of personal baggage. But my solicitude was wasted; for I have since seen smaller animals carrying heavier burdens.

towns (recently established) that prior to entering Indians must don additional covering; and it is a common occurrence to see the aborigine sitting by the roadside and appareling himself or herself in pantaloons or skirt, as the case may be. Simplicity negatives immodesty; so I will pass the point with the common phrase, accompanied by a shrug, "*Costumbre del pais!*"

These Indians of the coast are in the main a poor lot physically, mentally, and morally. I did not see a woman who could



Coffee Plantation

The first stage was hot to the point of suffocation, over a level country, and uninteresting save for the natives, of whom I got my first fair glimpse. But I saw much of them. One could not look at them without seeing much of them, for their raiment was of the scantiest. The men wore a breech-cloth; the women, a short skirt, no more. Of all the pueblos I have ever seen, that of San Sebastian, about three miles from our starting-point, disclosed most of the human form divine. There is a municipal regulation of the

be called even passable in feature, though a few of the youngest disclosed fair figures. The limbs of the men appeared thin, almost shrunken, yet on their backs they bore burdens of fruit, pottery, corn, and other articles that would have appalled a civilized beast of burden. They can overcome distance, too, remarkably, traveling under their loads up hill and down, sometimes over thirty miles a day. One feature struck me here and afterwards: no matter how heavy or light, how large or how small the load, the women

carried it upon their heads, and, whether due to this or other causes, their carriage was wonderfully erect. Might a lesson be learned therefrom by their sisters of more civilized climes?

We passed through a succession of native villages, or pueblos, that offered little to attract save the novelty of the appearance of the natives themselves, the queer churches with their rude images in niches in the outer walls, and the thatched hovels, filthy inside and out. I noticed the stolid indifference toward strangers, and rather wondered at it; but the traveler must not indulge in comparisons.

My tenderfoot apprehensions had been raised as to the condition of the roads, by tales of horses, mules, and travelers bemired for indefinite periods, of animals killed to prevent their starving to death, of baggage lost in the deep mud, and of other horrors incident to the rainy season; but up to this time the road, though soggy and sticky in places, offered no great, certainly no insurmountable, obstacles of this character. The ascent, though real, was hardly noticeable, and within three hours from our start we found ourselves in San Felipe.

It was a Sunday morning. Gathered on the public square, or plaza, was a wonderfully picturesque throng of many hundreds of Indians holding their weekly market. While the sight subsequently became a common one as appurtenant to every pueblo and to many ranches, its novelty merits a description of this curious phase of native life. Every morning the inhabitants of a pueblo gather in the marketplace and expose their wares for sale or barter. But at stated intervals, a larger concourse is held, to which flock the Indians from outlying districts, some coming miles with packs or driving animals, and, assembling in the plaza,—some under hastily constructed sheds of thatch or canvas, others exposed to the broiling sun,—men, women, and children engage in the one excitement of their lives. Here you can see the dweller in the *altos*, or pueblos of the mountains, (a hardy race, lean, tall, sinewy,) those of the less lofty villages, and those of the lowlands and of the coast. Each brings the product of his district or drives the animal that best flourishes in his zone. Some have pigs;

some have crockery of a special size, shape, or color; another has potatoes; still another has onions. Here is a woman with the multicolored material for skirts; there is one with pantaloon-cloth; this one displays a stock of mineral dyes, another vends cheap German gewgaws and trinkets, bought most likely in Retalhuleu. This curious-looking stuff is dried fish caught in the rivers; those are land-crabs, highly prized dainties. Then the fruits—pineapples, bananas, aguacates, oranges, coconuts, grenadillas, prickly pears, mangoes, and so many others of strange names, stranger appearance, and strangest of all in taste,—the mind refuses to carry the detailed memory.

The picturesqueness of the scene was greatly heightened by the costumes of the Indians. I understand that prior to the time of the dictator, Rufino Barrios, the numerous tribes were undistinguishable save by a variance in idiom and such difference in stature as I have referred to; but by one of his decrees, each tribe adopted a special dress or color. Hence the Santa Marians are distinguishable by their red headgear and sleeves and their white knee-trousers; the Momostenangos by a brown-and-white plaid; the dwellers about San Martin, by flowing red turban, red sashes, and brown tunics reaching below their knees. It would be impossible to enumerate the bewildering combination and medley of colors at one of the larger of these gatherings; one term only will convey an idea, and that is "kaleidoscopic."

From San Felipe onward the road became perceptibly worse and the ascent more marked. Frequent mud-holes covering its entire breadth necessitated complete trust in the sagacity of our animals; and it was curious to notice the delicacy with which they tried with the fore-foot the depth of the mud before venturing their weight upon it, and with what precision they invariably detected the hardest ground or the shallowest holes; often they sank to their bellies. The laden mule driven ahead stumbled pitifully, but always recovered himself, and there was no serious mishap.

As we progressed upwards the scenery increased in beauty. The river Samala, which we crossed and recrossed, rushed

along in a noisy, dirty torrent through deep gorges, forming in its course splendid rapids and occasionally throwing itself bodily down a mighty fall. Its precipitous banks, clad in tropic verdure, added a novel beauty to the scene, while ever before us, seeming never nearer, towered the conical peak of Santa Maria.

Between the altitude of one thousand and four thousand feet, flourished the coffee-plant, then in the glory of its red berry. We passed through miles of these plantations, and saw intermingled the varied hues of the seemingly endless varieties of wild flowers with a background of orange, banana, palm, and cactus, while in

magnificence of my surroundings. The waters of the river rushed by with an appalling resonance; the ravines and gorges deepened; the mountains towered higher; the foliage became scant—pines and firs were the prevailing trees; and I read the story that Nature teaches of the consonance of the flora with its surroundings.

Either the rain abated or we were carried out of the storm radius shortly before reaching the little pueblo of Santa Maria, where we took a frugal and particularly nauseous meal of native cheese, frijoles, and eggs, and then set out on the last part of our journey in a so-called stage which a well-meaning but mistaken friend had



Quezaltenango

every hollow ferns—some huge, some as delicate as lace—lent their tropic beauty to the scene.

We had now been traveling about six hours, at an average speed of four miles an hour, when I at last was treated to a new experience in the shape of a tropical rain-storm. The sky opened and let down its contents. For two hours we plowed along, the road growing sloppier and stickier at every step. Rain-coats kept the water in, not out; each garment carried its burden of moisture closer to the skin. My hat became a pulp, and my shoes twin lakes in which my feet were islands. But despite my personal discomfort, I could not quite overlook the ever-increasing

ordered to meet me. The memory (perhaps the marks) of that ride I shall carry to the grave. Our driver was an importation from Mississippi, of ebon hue, and his one effort seemed to be to find the highest boulders and the deepest ruts. The rain had exposed huge rocks and excavated gulleys on that mountain road to the extent that while one side of the vehicle was three feet in the air the other was an equal distance underground, which position would be suddenly reversed, and so for twelve miles without intermission this process of lightning changes continued, our Jehu deaf to all entreaties for mercy, and constantly asserting that it was "the best road to Guatemala, Captain."

I can not say that during this stage I paid particular attention to the scenery. The shades of evening were falling. I was soaked to the bone, chilled to the marrow, and otherwise engaged trying to find some means of moderating the effect of each jolt on the base of the spinal column, but with scant success. I remember that we climbed up a steep and seemingly unending hill, at every curve of which our encouraging pilot told us, "We home now, gents," until we bade him be silent or suffer the penalty of Ananias; and that finally at its apex we looked down upon the lights of a city and realized that our destination was at least in sight. The chilliness of the atmosphere advised us that we were high above sea-level; but we hardly appreciated the fact that we had climbed eight thousand feet, at which height Quezaltenango, the second city of the republic, lies.

It was with hearty thanksgiving that we finally anchored at the one-storied caravansary bearing the ambitious title of "Hotel Palacio," where a hot bath, a comparatively good bed, and a hot drink effectually did away with all traces of cold and fatigue.

And here let me interpose a line on the subject of hotels in general, and the Palacio in particular. All the larger towns and pueblos boast one or more so-called hotels, —in most cities more correctly described as way-houses. Generally speaking, the accommodations are execrable, the food abominable, and the service frightful. Even in the city of Guatemala, at the best hotel, this criticism holds good. Cleanliness seems a lost art to the tavern-keeper, and the culinary department is generally of the crudest. José Milla, the national novelist, in his historical romance, "El Visitador," gives a humorous description of the bill of fare of a wayside inn in the time of the Spaniards. It is the host speaking: "Here we have one day, tortillas, eggs, and frijoles; the next day, eggs, frijoles, and tortillas; the third day, frijoles, tortillas, and eggs; and on the day following, again tortillas, eggs, and frijoles. It is thus we change, in order that our guests may always have a variety of dishes and so be satisfied." The custom has not changed in three hundred years.

Eggs, frijoles, and tortillas are the staple diet. Greasy soups and all kinds of

stewed meats form courses of the more ambitious bills of fare, followed by the *dulce*, or dessert, usually some stewed native fruit. All classes use the tinned butter, a delicacy that needs cultivation. The Indians make a certain unsalted butter, but it is usually rancid when it reaches the market. In the city of Guatemala it is possible to obtain good fresh butter, but in limited quantities, and at fancy prices. The hotel proper usually surrounds a courtyard, or *patio*, and this is often a place of considerable attractiveness. The *patio* of the Palacio contained many varieties of flowers known to our less torrid clime—violets, mignonette, forget-me-nots, marguerites, roses, and geraniums, thriving in the cool atmosphere of that elevation.

Compared to our prices, rates are very low. The equivalent of one dollar and seventy cents of our money procured for me the best room in the house and all the delicacies the larder afforded. When I wanted something outside of the regular bill of fare, which grew monotonous, I had recourse to canned goods. Fish and oysters were occasionally brought up from the coast, but were not very appetizing. My host, Don Reenigio, an Andalusian, might have had much to learn in the art of keeping a hotel, but on the subject of "extras" could give his Northern brother points. Yet I shall always be grateful for his willingness, courtesy, and meek acceptance of my daily summary of grievances and complaints. Such affability would soon have won him fame and fortune in more civilized surroundings.

Before leaving the subject, I must pay my respects to the "help." But no! words fail me. From chambermaid to scullion, throughout all departments, they were so utterly incompetent, so dirty, shiftless, and lazy, that even their unfailing good-nature hardly compensated for their deficiencies. However, where a tip of a few cents is received as gratefully as ten times the amount by our domestics, one must not complain too much.

The city of Quezaltenango lies in a basin surrounded by hills. It contains a population of about 25,000 and is the capital of the department of the same name. It boasts two plazas, surrounding which are broad avenues. The balance of

the streets are narrow, paved with badly laid cobbles, and bounded by scant and poorly constructed sidewalks, though an occasional strip of the latter shows how much better work could be done if desired. The sidewalks are rarely wide enough to allow two persons to walk abreast.

None of the edifices, either public or private, exceed two stories. A large number are built of a stone quarried not far from the city and well adapted to such purposes. The roofs are in the main tiled after the fashion of our old Missions. The residences and business houses are intermingled, there being no separate section affected by either class. I was especially struck by the number of unfinished and abandoned dwellings, and upon inquiry was informed that many of these, commenced in the flush times before the revolution of September, 1897, had been indefinitely abandoned, while upon others work was done when the owners were in funds, and ceased under contrary conditions.

A white-gloved, neatly clad police force guards the public peace, and this is no sinecure. Throughout the republic vice is rampant, human life is held very cheap, and punishment of crime is very lax. The prevailing vice amongst the Indian population is drunkenness, which drags in its train robbery and murder. The Government is largely to blame, in that, holding a monopoly on the manufacture and sale of "white-eye" (a kind of high-proof gin), the national beverage, it pushes its sale and fosters the numerous establishments where it is dispensed. One tribe of Indians purchases immunity from the sale of liquor within the territory it occupies by paying a large annual subsidy (more correctly, blackmail) to the Government. But alas! these very natives seek in neighboring pueblos the article forbidden within their own confines, and I have seen within the space of a mile fully fifty of them, men, women, and children, in different stages of intoxication. When a murder is committed hardly a dozen lines are vouchsafed the occurrence in the papers, unless, of course, it is some one of special prominence. While drunkenness is not so noticeable amongst the Ladinos (the dominant race, of mixed Indian and Spanish blood), all other forms of vice are

in full swing among the lower classes, a condition accentuated by the immunity from punishment. I do not mean to imply that there are not laws and, generally speaking, a desire on the part of the better class to "let the punishment fit the crime," but by hook or by crook, a murderer, unless alien, is seldom brought to book, and lower grades of crime find lenient judges.

While on this subject, I might with propriety insert a few remarks on the subject of the administration of law in Guatemala. My business in the republic brought me into close connection with the courts and lawyers, and the subject greatly interested me. The laws are founded on the Spanish, and primarily on the Roman statutes, and are copied under the heads of civil, criminal, civil procedure, and commercial. These codes are amended by edicts emanating from Congress and published in an official gazette. The courts, apart from the petty police courts held by *alcaldes*, consist of Courts of First Instance, comprising one or more departments, according to the population in its respective district, a Court of Appeals whose territorial jurisdiction comprises a department of the republic, and embraces numerous Courts of First Instance, and finally a Supreme Court, or Court of Cassation, sitting only in the capital, and of limited appellate jurisdiction. The whole legal procedure is clumsy, uncertain, and tedious, and entirely documentary. In rare contingencies are there any *viva voce* proceedings. One side sets forth allegations of fact, cites provisions of the law, and makes demands; the other resists in each particular. Each document as presented is "resolved" by the judge, and an officer of the court makes his daily rounds and notifies the counsel on either side of the decision on each respective document, such decision being annexed to the original. The writing and answering is interminable, and each decision on every petty question is made the subject of an appeal, the balance of the case meandering along despite any number of pending appeals. Delay is the aim and object of the defendant. A gentleman once said to me, "If I owe a man money, he does me a kindness by throwing me in court. I do not think then I would be allowed to pay him if I wanted to."

A source of revenue to the Government

is the stamped paper on which all legal documents must be written. A protracted case becomes, from this cause alone, a very expensive matter.

The judges are in the main young and inexperienced men; but among the lawyers are men of great ability and thorough training in their profession. I regret to state, however, that legal ethics do not seem to have formed an integral part of their education, and that the *morale* of the national bar is low. This is a sweeping assertion, but based upon the opinion of some of its leaders, among whom are men who would shine in any community for learning, eloquence, and probity.

Among the main features of life in a Guatemaltecan city of size is the band-concert in the plaza. This is held on fixed evenings, and the *élite* gather and promenade, solemnly saluting as they pass. This salutation is repeated at every meeting, and to the alien becomes finally somewhat ludicrous.

Another kindred custom is that of shaking hands. This is carried to an extreme that strikes the stranger as amusing. I have seen two men meet on the street and indulge in about the following procedure: "How are you?" (Shake.) "Well; and you?" (Shake.) "At your service." (Shake.) "Au revoir." (Shake.)

Again, I have with difficulty refrained from laughing over the following scene: A man enters an office, shakes hands all around with friends and strangers alike, remains a few minutes transacting his business, repeats the ceremony and leaves. He returns immediately for some purpose, and goes through the same performance from start to finish.

While many examples might be given, I confine myself to one more. Scene: A town council. Dramatis personæ: The alcalde and councilmen. Enter two Indians on business before this august body. Each in turn shakes the hand of each member of the board, completes his business, and repeats. *Exeunt omnes.*

Quezaltenango is surrounded by hills, is beautifully situated, and possesses an exceptionally fine climate. The nights are cool, the mornings are very pleasant, and midday quite hot. Among its points of interest are the Palacio, a finely proportioned structure; the theater (a municipal

affair); some fine old churches, one dating from the year 1530, now in process of demolition; and most interesting of all, the cemetery, containing numerous and very handsome monuments and statues, and presenting a novel feature in its tiers of niches around the side wall, each niche denoting a space intended for the reception of a coffin. The cement being removed and the deep cavity revealed, the coffin is deposited therein, the front is cemented over or covered with a marble slab, and thereon is inscribed the name of the deceased with such other appropriate epitaph as may be desired. Row after row of these lend an air of antiquity to the place, and one could almost fancy one's self in a Roman burial-place. Here I saw inscribed upon their respective family vaults, the names of Aparicio and Aguilar, the banker and lawyer, respectively, who were shot in the revolution of September, 1897, by order of President Barrios, to which act has been ascribed the dictator's own death a few months after at the hands of an assassin. A monument in the form of an arch over a public thoroughfare is now in process of construction commemorative of these victims (martyrs, they are termed) of an autocratic President.

With reference to the revolution, I may add here that Quezaltenango and its immediate vicinity was the scene of most of the fighting. We are apt to characterize these Central American *emeutes* as opera-bouffe affairs and to underestimate their sanguinary character; but I have listened to the accounts of participants and spectators, I have seen photographs taken on the spot and at the time, and I have seen the walls riddled with shot marks. Over a thousand human beings paid with their lives the penalty of bearing arms. There were places where the dead were piled high upon one another. Bodies of many who had crept away were found in the surrounding corn-fields. Many disappeared and left no trace. A storm of bullets hailed through the main thoroughfares; there was looting, incendiarism, and murder. The plazas, the barracks, the offices of the officials ran red with blood. Those who participated on either side remember its horrors in no laughing mood, and I who have heard the story laugh no more.

As for its history, I hardly believe that

the very participants can give it—how it arose, how it thrived, and how it failed. It was in the air; rumors of it were heard long before it started; its echoes resounded long after it fell. Suddenly it came and carried all before it; its path deluged with blood—the blood of its supporters and the blood of its opponents. Its success was phenomenal. And then as sud-

denly as it arose, seemingly without rhyme or reason, it was a thing of the past. Treachery, sale, incompetence was charged, but the old régime was re-established, and its thousand-and-odd victims gone to swell the roll of the millions who have fruitlessly perished in times gone by, and of the millions who will fruitlessly perish in times to come.

ELK AND CAMERA

A PHOTOGRAPHING ADVENTURE

By BERNARD J. BRETHERTON

WE WERE camped on the second divide, in that part of the Olympic Mountains known as the Jupiter Hills. There were fourteen soldiers and two civilians under Lieutenant J. P. O'Neil, constituting the Olympic Exploring Expedition. We had been in the range over two months, and at this particular date we were out of food. In fact, this had become a chronic state of things about this time.

Sergeant Yates and the writer had just returned from an exploration of the Duckabush River and Mount Constance, and as the sun sank over the western ridge we lay on our blankets chewing our discontent and growling at things in general, when a shout from the ridge to the north of us called our attention to two of the boys who had been out on a hunt and were making down the ridge toward camp. On their arrival they reported having killed a large bull elk in a basin about four miles to the north of camp. Much to our delight and comfort, they had brought the liver with them, and after the feast we arranged to go out next morning and pack in the meat.

Our camp was peculiarly situated in a saucer-like depression of about thirty acres in extent, open on the southeast, where it overlooked the valley of the Duckabush River, but surrounded in all other directions by a circular ridge of loose rock rising about six hundred feet above us to a sharp ridge. This basin was devoid of

timber excepting a long row of bull-pine which straggled down the ridge from the east and one lone fir-tree on the crest of the ridge to the northwest. The winter gales had so broken and twisted this tree as to give it the resemblance of a cross. Directly under it in the basin was a small lake which, on this account, we called "Lake of the Cross." Over the ridge to the north, on the southern slope of Mount Anderson was Lindsley Glacier, in which the Quinault River, flowing to the west, and the Docewallups River, flowing to the east, have their origin.

Sunrise next morning found us astir and soon on our way, heading for Mount Anderson, at the foot of which lay the dead elk. Yates and myself, being in the lead, crossed the basin in which we were camped and made our way leisurely up the ridge, taking occasional shots at the whistling marmots that annoyed us greatly, heralding our approach with their shrill whistle, and thereby spoiling our chance of seeing game.

On one of these occasions an incident occurred which tends to show the ferocity of these giants of the rodent tribe. We were making our way across a rock slide, which was no easy matter, as we were both carrying heavy packs, and by this time the sun was glaring down unpleasantly warm. I had not had much experience with the army carbine,—which is harder to hold than a bucking bronco,—

so when a large marmot suddenly appeared at the mouth of his burrow, not ten feet from me, I threw up the carbine and let drive without taking the necessary precaution of bracing my feet and setting my teeth, and in consequence found myself flat on my back in less time than it takes to think. The heavy pack prevented my "springing to my feet" in true Leatherstocking fashion, and the next thing I knew that marmot was right on top of me. My best weapons of defense were my heavy mountain boots, and these I used with the greatest precision and rapidity I could command. But a man on his back with head downhill at an angle of forty degrees is not in a good position to kick, and so the marmot had the advantage, particularly as I was scared and he was not. However, I kept him off until he sank his teeth in the extension sole of my boot, and Yates, with a hatchet, put an end to his fury.

While we were getting cooled down, Private Fisher, who had killed the elk the day before, caught up with us, and together we proceeded on our way up the slope to the summit of the ridge. Under the guidance of Fisher, we reached the summit at one of the few points where it was possible to descend on the other side, and even here it was one of the steepest and most leg-wearying descents we had undertaken, being down a gully filled with loose shale and snow and standing at so steep an angle that it was almost impossible for a man to keep his feet with a pack and without the aid of a staff.

The gully broadened out into a little mountain meadow on a bench about eight hundred feet below us, and through the center the melting snow had cut a deep ditch, on the side of which nearest to us lay the object of our tramp. As we sat on the ridge in the shade of a great slab of loose rock, Fisher drew from his pocket a small telescope, with which he carefully scanned the scene below. After a few minutes he calmly announced, "I see another elk." And sure enough, there at the edge of the timber was a splendid bull! We watched him for a while through the glass, and then held a consultation as to what our procedure should be. We could not handle any more meat, and we had our work cut out to care for the one already

killed; so we concluded to let him go in peace. Having so decided we slid off the ridge and began the long descent.

Much to our surprise the elk did not seem to notice us, although we must have been plainly discernible against the snowfield. From time to time as we made our way down we would stop and look at him through the glass, and we noted that he was feeding out from the end of a large fallen tree.

We had nearly reached the bench upon which he was feeding when we saw him lie down, and the tall mountain grass then hid him from our view. I sat on a snow-bank and thought; for an idea had come into my head, and I racked my brain for a plan to carry out the same, which was to *photograph the elk*. Such things, I knew had been done, but perhaps not quite in the same way. The "subject" had usually been cornered, or the photographer had lain in wait. But to approach and photograph this wild elk became my sudden and strong ambition.

My plan was to get into the gully and make my way down it until opposite the elk; then climb out and stalk him through the long grass.

From where we sat on the snow-bank the bottom of the gully could be plainly seen; so I left Fisher here, having arranged with him a system of signals by which he could warn me when I had arrived opposite the fallen tree. Taking out a pair of moccasins and the camera, I left my pack with Fisher, and in company with Yates worked down to the gully.

Sergeant Yates was as near a dead shot as it is possible for a man to be, and to his skill I intrusted my welfare. He took his position behind a large boulder, at a point where, he assured me, he could kill the elk with ease if need be; and we agreed that should I raise my hand above my head, on that signal he must shoot. Everything now being arranged, I stripped to trousers and shirt, removed my boots and put on the moccasins, took off my hunting-knife, and emptied my pockets of anything that might rattle. Then taking my camera (a No. 4 folding Kodak) in my hand, gave one last look around and slid into the gully. I found that traveling therein was not so easy as I had antici-

pated; the stream that looked so insignificant from above proved to be both deep and strong, and to add to my discomfort the gully was cut through a strata of soapstone compared with which a banana-peel is easy to walk up. But bending all my energy to the safety of the camera, I slowly worked my way down the gully, first on its sloping sides, then in the water.

As I neared what I thought was the point at which to climb out, I kept looking back to Fisher for the signal, and at the same time noted with pleasure that the formation under foot changed, the soapstone being confined to the creek-bed, and the sides of the gully, which at this point were about twenty feet high, were formed of a loose gravel containing many large boulders, projecting in such a manner as to form a fairly good foothold. At last, after I had gone so far that I felt sure of having passed the point at which I should ascend, Fisher gave the signal to stop, and followed up with "All's well!" which assured me that so far I had been successful. However, the real work was ahead, and before climbing out of the gully I took every precaution that occurred to me to aid my success.

The camera was the first consideration. I opened it, drew out the front, and set the focus at a hundred feet. Everything being ready, I began to climb up, the large projecting rocks in the side making it comparatively easy. Half-way up, in some unaccountable way, I dislodged quite a large boulder, which went banging and crashing down with so much noise that I was sure my chance would be gone. But no signal came from Fisher; so I went on.

Arrived at the top, I cautiously crawled on to the plateau, pushing the camera ahead of me, only to find my caution unnecessary, as the grass was so high that I could neither see nor be seen. Slowly raising my head and holding my camera ready for instant use, I peered over the grass. Having located the fallen tree, I dropped down on hands and knees and began crawling toward it, parting the grass with one hand and holding the camera with the other.

So far I had succeeded in keeping my nerves pretty well under control; but as I crawled through the grass, not knowing at what moment I might come upon the

elk, or he upon me, the strain began to tell. Perspiration saturated my clothes and ran off my face in a steady stream, getting into my eyes and obstructing my sight. My joints seemed to creak at every move, and nervous flushes ran up and down my limbs and spine.

Having made my way about fifty yards in this manner, I noticed through the rank grass a brown object, and looking at it more intently, recognized the hind limbs of the elk. There he lay on his side, fast asleep, his limbs stretched out toward me, not more than eight feet away. For more than a minute I remained spellbound; then realizing my position cautiously backed away.

Now that the time for action had come, nervousness entirely left me, and although I had not yet accomplished what I had set out to do, I felt reasonably sure of being able to do so.

There were two imperative reasons why I could not succeed in taking a picture from where I was. First, the sun was almost directly in my face; and second, I fully expected the elk when aroused to bound to his feet and make for the timber at full speed, and therefore I needed a larger field on my plate than I could get at that distance. With this end in view, I worked my way around to a position with the sun nearly behind me, and where the elk would have to pass before me to regain the timber.

I had half risen from my knees when I noticed a large boulder standing above the grass a few feet to my right. Thinking it a better point of vantage, I dropped down again and crawled to it. Mounted on this rock, facing the elk, my camera on my knees, I had a splendid position with a clear field all around. Judging the distance at fifty feet I set the focusing dial, gave a hurried glance at Yates to see that he was ready to shoot in case of danger, and gathering myself together I gave a sort of mild war-whoop.

The effect was magical. Before I had time to shut my mouth that elk was on his feet. There was no getting up about it. It was just as though a huge spring had shot him into position.

But here was indeed dismay; for he had risen with his back toward me. A picture in that position would be out of the question;

so I gave another yell, fully expecting him to bolt for the timber, and kept my eyes on the view-finder of the camera. Suddenly it showed him facing me, and I snapped the shutter.

Then I looked up, and the sight before me caused my heart to stop and a clammy sweat break out upon me; for instead of the mild-eyed, timid animal I had expected to see I found myself face to face with a picture of incarnate fury, imbued with the animal instinct of self-preservation.

There he stood, so near! his great black mane with every hair erect; his eyes two living coals, and nostrils expanding and contracting with every breath. His nervous ears worked back and forth, sometimes singly and sometimes together, and his grand majestic pose was expressive of acute alertness, but indicated no sense of fear. It was such a sight as a man will carry with him to the grave.

I have looked on the death struggles of most of the large American carnivora; seen Bruin make his last desperate stand against overwhelming odds, and the moun-

tain lion treed; but such sights pale to insignificance when compared to the superb, majestic beauty of an elk at bay.

In the contemplation of this picture everything else was forgotten,—my camera, Yates, my rear guard, and even my own danger, until I was reminded of the latter by the elk giving an angry shake of his fine head and advancing a few rapid steps toward me. Hastily winding on another film, I snapped the shutter again, when with another shake of his huge antlers he made a nearer advance and I exposed another film.

I now fully expected him to charge, and had half-raised my hand to give Yates the signal to shoot, when to my utter surprise and astonishment, the elk turned and trotted leisurely off toward the timber, stopping at the edge to give one last look back, and with a parting toss of his head disappeared in the woods.

It only remains to be said that of the three negatives taken only one was good, the last two being out of focus. Such is the luck of the amateur photographer!

A PIPE DREAM

ON MY desk there stands a picture of a maiden shy and sweet,
 And a quaint New England primness marks the figure trim and neat;
 From her smooth and polished tresses has escaped a vagrant curl,
 Which reposes on a forehead pure and white as ocean pearl;
 And her dainty brows are knitted in a comic little frown
 To rebuke the luster 'neath them in the liquid eyes of brown.
 When at night my pipe is lighted and the scented clouds ascend,
 With their incense, to my fancy, doth another fragrance blend;
 And sweet lavender and rose-leaves breathe their ghostly essence out,
 And it mingles with the smoke-waves as they wreath and curl about.
 Then my dreamy fancy winging 'mongst the scenes of long ago,
 Paints again the pleasing picture of the dance so smooth and slow;
 For the legend says my lassie danced the stately minuet
 With that prince of beaux and soldiers, with the courtly Lafayette.
 Down the hall I see her gliding with her mien demure, sedate,
 At her every move bewitching those proud gentlemen of state,
 And I see her graceful figure bending in a low salute,
 With her slender ankles timing to the dulcet, wailing flute;
 And I see—but ah! there's something in her honest eye reproves,
 Bidding me to leave romancing and seek truth's prosaic grooves.
 This gay vision's but a fancy, born of the tobacco-smoke—
 'T is a sort of dreamy falsehood, if the truth be plainly spoke,
 When her eyes first shed their luster into mine, like brilliant stars,
 'T was from out the cedar fastness of a box of cheap cigars.

Fred Borton.

MAMZELLE OF THE MYRTLES

By JEANETTE H. WALWORTH

"PRALINES, lady?"

A girl who bore the stamp, "City made," on every inch of her pretty person, from her rakish little white yachting-cap worn atop of a mass of reddish brown hair, down to the somewhat exaggerated bicycle boots climbing ambitiously to meet the hem of her short duck skirt, considering herself personally addressed, stopped talking to a young man lolling at her feet.

So low and soft was the voice in which the question was asked, that it might well have escaped any ear but hers, had it not been for the alert attention of a frankly bored group of summer boarders. They had been watching the questioner's progress with speculative curiosity ever since she had passed through the gate between the two ancient cedars which marked the boundary line of Crawford's Villa.

"CRAWFORD'S VILLA," painted in big blue letters on a white wooden arch that spanned the ancient gate, located the highest-class boarding-house on the beach. None but birds of passage of the very finest feather were ever domiciled under its steep shingle roof. It is easily possible for birds of passage to bore each other to the point of mutual hatred, and the group upon the front veranda of Crawford's Villa was rapidly nearing that point. The advent of the praline vender promised a mild distraction.

Half a dozen pairs of eyes were focused upon the lean little creole mulatto. Her small trim figure was garbed in a dark blue calico which rustled starchily at every motion. A gay pink sun-bonnet whose ample front frill flapped to and fro, now revealing, now concealing a small withered brown face pierced by a pair of luminous dark eyes, gave a full-dress effect to the small figure. Nicely balanced atop the gay head-gear was a flat-bottomed basket, covered with a napkin of the finest damask. Bunches of bright-hued nasturtiums, pinned to the four corners of the napkin, kept it in position. The bearer of the basket made no such vulgar haste

as to endanger the artistic arrangement of her wares. There was the promise of diversion in her coming.

Said one of the bored, lifting herself briskly from her hammock: "It is one of those delightful little creole darkies who allot a minute and a half to a word. By what undiscovered law of attraction do you suppose that basket coheres to that sun-bonnet?"

Somebody politely curtailed a yawn to answer: "The laws of gravitation have nothing to do with it. It is a gift, an art. Observe, she never even lifts a finger to steady the basket."

"I would much rather observe the contents of the basket provided they are not all nasturtiums. I am simply perishing on Mrs. Crawford's high-class board."

At which juncture that gentle, lazy "Pralines, lady?" was wafted across the long veranda with instant effect upon the bored group, which now gravitated in a body toward the flower-decorated basket which rested on the veranda floor.

Stretched lazily at the feet of the girl in the yachting-cap, was the one man of the occasion. With a nice conception of the traditional masculine obligations in such circumstances, the praline vender planted her wares within easy reach of his long sun-burned hand. With an equally fine trust in the honor of humankind, she seated herself humbly on the lowest step with her back turned upon her basket and upon Crawford's Villa. The big ruffle of her sun-bonnet hid the sadness of the eyes she fastened steadfastly upon the blue and glittering waters of the Gulf of Mexico.

With a sigh of weariness she leaned back against the banisters. By her attitude she said, "I am in no hurry; neither need you be."

She had put her pralines upon the market secure in the consciousness that they defied criticism. Everybody of experience conceded that hers were the very best ever offered to pampered palates. You might take them or leave them. If you did not buy them, somebody else

would. So why should she cry her wares with the anxious zeal of a plebeian huckster?

The one man of the occasion studied the situation and the small quaint figure on the steps below him with an interest born of novelty. It was his first close contact with a native. A newly arrived Michigan man, interested commercially in the lumber resources of Mississippi, he was at the same time discovering other sides to the situation. He turned perplexed eyes on the girl in the yachting-cap.

"Now, what might that ebon image of Patience want of me, Miss Augusta? I am sure she made a personal appeal to me with those splendid eyes of hers before she turned her back on us and her basket."

"She wants you to invest in some of her pralines, which you will wisely do if you want to treat your palate to a new sensation."

"May I ask if praw-lines are fish, flesh, or fowl?"

A general feminine titter went up at his expense. The tall Michigander was almost as much of a curiosity to the Gulf Coasters as the little creole merchant was to him. All that Crawford's Villa knew of him was that he was seen to be handsome, gentlemanly, and wide-awake; that he was reputed financially strong; also, that he conceded with pleased alacrity all those countless small services that a pretty girl exacts without a qualm from the most convenient man at hand. Miss Augusta had already pre-empted him for every social occasion. Furthermore, his name was Dale,—Mr. Jack Dale, Jr., as was revealed by his numerous letters.

"Are you really as benighted as you pretend to be?" Miss Augusta asked with surface-scorn in her eyes. "Pralines,—not praw-lines,—if you please. They are the most delightful of all home-made confections. The shops know them not. They are a delicious mystery compounded of real brown sugar,—the browner the better,—and pecans or cocoanuts."

"Doan't forgeta the goobers, Missy," came in a soft drawl from the immovable figure on the lowest step. "Mamzelle alwaysa puts in the goober nut pralines too. All sorts right there under your hand M'sieu. Puccans, goobers, anda cocoanuta. Mamzelle makes the best on the

coast, M'sieu. Madame Crawford there, she knows that I speak but le bon Dieu's truth."

This last clause, delivered with a challenging note in the soft voice, was directed full at the owner of Crawford's Villa, who, at the moment, emerged from the interior to stand leaning lazily against the front door-post. It was a demand for an indorsement. The landlady gave it cheerfully: "I reckon Loretta ain't claiming any too much for her pralines. Mamzelle's hard to beat at anything she turns her hand to."

With a flash of perfect teeth and the gratitude of a faithful dog in her dark eyes, Loretta thanked her. Then she lapsed into silence once more, with her back to her wares and her pensive gaze upon the glittering water in front of her. Jeweled fingers were already hovering tentatively about her basket, and rosy lips were already sugared with her sweets. Her sales were assured.

The lumberman laughed and spread protecting hands over the basket already despoiled of its gay corner bunches.

"Yes,—but, ladies, this looks like highway robbery. Who will be able to say how many of Mamzelle's praw-lines will be devoured at this rate before a price is set upon them?"

Loretta cast a look of surprised scorn at him.

"Let them alone, M'sieu. Ladies never cheat. I will get everya picayune that isa coming to me. I know ladies when I see them."

This bit of judicious flattery finished the transaction.

"We might shorten the deal by buying her out in a lump," said the Michigander, appealing to Miss Augusta and feeling for his purse.

Her right to hector the handsome fellow was unquestioned. She nodded a gracious assent and helped herself to a second saucer-shaped confection.

"If you only won't call them praw-lines, Mr. Dale, we will let you pay for the whole lot. They are simply perfect."

He turned towards the small limp figure on the steps, and holding up his pocket-book asked in a voice that presupposed total deafness on Loretta's part, "How much—all?"

"Eight beets and the nasturtiums thrown in for lagniappe, M'sieu."

"Eight beets! Am I to understand that she offers to exchange a whole basketful of her wonderful confections with the unpronounceable name, for a bunch of plebeian beets?"

Miss Augusta's gay scorn dominated the general titter.

"O, but you are a foreigner through and through if you have been on the Gulf Coast six whole weeks and not learned what Loretta's 'beets' mean. Bits—not beets; 'eight bits' means exactly one dollar. Pray hand it to her so that we may eat our pralines with clean consciences, even if it be with unclean fingers."

Loretta had arisen to consummate the exchange and to fold up her fine damask napkin. She cast a look of gentle reproach at Miss Augusta.

"Non, my lady; not so. My Mamzelle's pralines make noa unclean fingers. Ladies can eat thema weeth the white keed gloves on."

Then graciously pocketing the crisp dollar bill extended by the lumberman, she poised her empty basket gracefully on the pink sun-bonnet and went her way.

"And now, who is 'Mamzelle'?" somebody asked of the landlady who was still supporting her generous person against the front door-posts.

Mrs. Crawford lazily.

"She is somebody that will give old Loretta particular Jessie for coming here to sell her pralines. I doubt if the old woman finds the courage to own up to it."

"But why this house in particular?"

"Because it used to belong to her; and I reckon she thinks that the peddling of her things on such sacred ground would be an insult to the old rafters and all the grandees that have lived and died here. At least that's the idea I gathered from her answer to a note I wrote asking her to supply me with baked crabs during the season. Maybe I ought n't to a-done it, but there's a measly little restaurant down in the village that's building up a big business just on the strength of Mamzelle's baked crabs, and creole gumbo. You see she ain't too proud to turn her hand to anything she can do; but the poor little thing seems to think she would be

putting her ancestors to the blush by trading with me."

Miss Augusta faced towards the landlady imperiously: "Mrs. Crawford, you have a story to tell us. Sit down and let us have it before it gets cold."

The landlady complied with both requests. She was too thoroughly saturated with a sense of office to seat herself without special request. She was never averse to sitting down nor to giving her Northern guests what she called "a taste of the true flavor." The Northern element was represented by Mr. Jack Dale, the Michigan lumberman, and one Miss Julia Short, a learned young woman who traveled with a note-book and an inquiring mind, who also wore large round glasses.

Mrs. Crawford furnished her story with a preface.

"It ain't much of a story I forewarn you, and what there is of it is mighty sad; but it may serve to show some of you who don't know us very well that we Gulf folks ain't all of us the old-fashioned lazy mossbacks some folks credits us with being. There's some grit left. If the girl old Loretta belongs to, as much as ever a darky did belong to anybody, had her rights, I would n't be running a high-class boarding-house at Crawford's Villa, nor she would n't be scuffling round to make her own living. She would be rolling along that shell-road in her carriage-and-pair instead of being as poor as a sand-fiddler."

Miss Short swiftly adjusted her large eye-glasses and produced a note-book and neatly sharpened pencil from the bag slung across her inquiring shoulders.

"Sand-fiddler, did I understand you, Mrs. Crawford? Reptile or insect? Name derived from whence? Habit and habitat, please?"

"O, bother that note-book, Miss Julia! All I know about sand-fiddlers is that they are a cross between a crab and a spider in looks, and that they get everywhere that you don't want them to get."

"Most peculiar and unpleasant. But, pardon me, why do you speak of that nice old colored person as 'belonging to this Mamzelle'? Has she never been permitted to hear about the Emancipation Proclamation?"

"I reckon Loretta knows all there is to

know about that musty old document; but I hope I won't ever belong to the old bad man as complete as she belongs to her Mamzelle, as she calls her."

"Mamzelle who?"

"Boullimette—Mamzelle Anita Boullimette."

"Oh, what a pretty name. How do you spell the last name?"

"B-o-u-l-l-i-m-e-t-t-e," said the man from Michigan, with a note of exhausted patience in his voice. "There was a fellow named Jules Boullimette, from New Orleans, at Yale with me—class '76."

"The very man! Or at least one of them."

"The very man for what?"

"For getting away with everything that belonged to him, and other folks too, and reducing his own dear sister to pralines and baked crabs, also centerpieces. Ladies, she embroiders lovely. I wish Loretta had brought some of her things today; for I make sure you'll never see her coming through that gate with a basket on her head again."

The circle narrowed around Mrs. Crawford. At the present rate of progress they would never get to the story of Mamzelle's industries. Miss Augusta, who was the acknowledged leader on all occasions, urged her to more rapid narrative.

"We are willing to skip prefaces, Mrs. Crawford. What we all want to hear about is Miss Anita Boullimette herself."

"Well, she is beautiful to begin with—a tiny little creature with eyes like brown velvet and a mouth like a little child's that has just been spoken to crossly. All the same she has the nerve of a whole regiment of soldiers. Her father died rich. She was the youngest of three heirs to the Lord knows how much money. The other heirs were her two brothers. Jules and—"

Here Dale entered the narrative once more: "And his brother Maurice. At college we used to chaff Jules for quoting 'My brother Maurice' so often."

"Precisely. It was 'My brother Maurice' that led him around by the nose until between them they had made a pauper of that poor girl. By the time poor little Anita was ready for a division of the property, the creditors were ready for one, too. Everybody thought Jules was more simple than sinful. It all came from his

blind trust in Maurice. At any rate, when the orange was squeezed dry Maurice did have the grace to make away with himself right out yonder at that bath-house."

Every eye was turned upon a small red-roofed structure in which a long platform on stilts terminated, beginning on the sandy beach in front of Crawford's Villa and running well out into the waters of the Gulf.

"I shall never bathe there again," said a tragic voice.

Mrs. Crawford's commercial instincts took quick alarm.

"O, it warn't just exactly that same bath-house, Miss Shipley. Maurice Boullimette killed himself about five years ago, by jumping into the Gulf from the bath-house gallery. That was four years before I bought the Villa. When I took the place the old bath-house and most of the pier leading to it had been swept away by one of those raging Gulf storms that don't respect anything under the canopy. That bath-house and that pier both came out of my own pocket."

"But what became of Jules?" Dale asked in an interested voice.

"Well, when he found out that the creditors were actually going to take the very roof from over their heads he made away with himself, too. Not just exactly after the fashion of Maurice. He lit out for parts unknown, leaving a letter for his sister, telling her how sorry he was for the harm he'd done her, and telling her that when she saw him again he would be in a position to make everything good to her. Loretta tells me he's never even written a line to her."

Said Dale loyally: "Jules Boullimette was not bad at heart. If he has not written, it is because he had nothing good to report. I liked him. I did more—I loved him."

"There's pictures of all three of them in an old album on the *etagère* in the parlor." Mrs. Crawford rose with dinner on her conscience. "If you all think you'd like to look it over, I'll make Nancy dust it off. It's just where Miss Anita left it. Forgot it, I reckon, when the creditors gave her notice to quit."

Dale volunteered to fetch the album. He laid it on Miss Augusta's lap, and the boarders of Crawford's Villa bunched

themselves about that central figure. She turned the thick time-yellowed leaves quickly until Dale's long brown fingers intervened.

"There's Jules. Handsome fellow, is n't he?"

A murmur of universal assent, then somebody exclaimed excitedly, "And the one opposite must be Mamzelle!"

"How beautiful they both are!" said Miss Augusta, with a note of pity in her sweet voice,—“and so young to have seen so much trouble. The girl's eyes are simply divine.”

"Jules had splendid eyes, and carried himself like a young emperor."

She flashed a laughing glance upward and backward. "I am partial to emperors, also to fine eyes," she said. "I shall guard my affections carefully until Jules Boullimette turns up."

Dale met her on her own ground.

"If he retains all the fascinations that made him a fad among the fellows at Yale, you will have to guard them still more carefully after he turns up."

Miss Short, who "never could abide Miss Augusta's flirtatious ways," here effected a diversion.

"I should like to see the bad brother's picture. I wish Mrs. Crawford had told us something more definite about the manner of his taking-off."

"O, I don't imagine there was anything scientific about it. Nothing worthy of your note-book. This must be he."

The turning of a leaf had revealed the face of Maurice Boullimette, gay, refined, defiant. The tragedy of his ending darkened the page for the lookers-on. What was left of Mamzelle's pralines was consumed in a grave silence. No one found a jest ready to hand, nor was it easy to condemn.

It was weeks later on, in the perfect month of June, that Dale flung himself contentedly down on the carpet of brown pine-needles by Miss Augusta's side. They had been for a long spin on their wheels and proposed resting under a clump of pines on the shelving beach. Behind them stretched the shaded yards and white cottages of the summer population; before them the blue waters of the gulf, rippling under a sky that rivaled it

in blueness; between them and the cottages the dazzling white shell-road which satisfied the requirements of the most enthusiastic wheelman. Later on in the day that perfect roadway would be crowded with handsome turnouts, airy summer costumes, and joyous cyclers. Just now they seemed to have the whole still world to themselves.

Having quite made up his mind that he would like to possess Miss Augusta for a wife, Dale was casting about in his mind for an up-to-date formula, when she startled him out of a sentimental trance by the most prosaic of all announcements, "I am dreadfully hungry."

With a chill in his voice he expressed his willingness to mount.

"I presume Mrs. Crawford can remedy that trouble."

"Ah, you don't think I have sunken low enough to hanker after those flesh-pots?"

"I am afraid you will have to sink still lower before the restaurants in the village could satisfy you."

Disillusionment was progressing with fatal rapidity. To a man mentally conning a proposal this carnal discussion fell with the force of a shock.

Said Miss Augusta plaintively, "It is Mamzelle's pralines for which I am an-hungered."

Dale gladly recognized a mitigation. Candy was every woman's birthright.

"Our ebon Patience seems to have evanished. Mrs. Crawford was right, I suppose, about her not being allowed to return."

"Then, we must run her to earth somewhere, some way. Waylay her, kidnap her, lasso her,—anything you please, just so you secure me some more of those matchless pralines. Life has been flavorless ever since the taste of them died upon my palate."

It was when she was most fantastic that Dale found her most bewitching. His satisfaction in his choice of a wife was completely restored. With this bright, independent Southern girl for its presiding genius, his far-away Michigan home would be perfect in all its appointments. In spite of her gay assumption of physical equality and good fellowship, he knew that when she came to love she would prove herself all womanly. She quite

satisfied him. From where he lay stretched at her feet he could see but the rough brown stem of the pine-tree against which she supported herself. It threw into bright relief the clear light of her dancing eyes and the pink freshness of her lovely skin. A creature so adorable was entitled to a few whims.

"My lady's commands are upon me. Loretta shall be lassoed on sight. They are *my* lady's commands, are they not, Miss Augusta?" His voice sank to a caressing monotone.

From under the vizzor of her white cap she shot a dangerous look at him, and coquettishly increased the distance between them by settling herself higher against the stem of the pine-tree.

"Only provisionally," she said, with her eyes fixed upon a distant sail.

"And the provisions?"

"That Jules Boullimette does not turn up, and that Loretta does."

Dale laughed contentedly. "I accept both conditions," he said. "If I read him aright in the old Yale days, Jules Boullimette is more apt to have long since followed brother Maurice's example in a final fashion than to have righted himself. As for Loretta, or rather Mamzelle's pralines, you shall have them if I have to lasso the old woman, or beard the lioness in her lair."

"Meaning Mademoiselle Boullimette, of course? We have not even located the lair yet."

"True. Mrs. Crawford's location of it as 'somewhere 'long the beach, a house hidden behind myrtle-trees,' is somewhat vague."

"The house belongs to the old Aunt Boullimette, who lives with Mamzelle."

"So the chronicle hath it."

Suddenly Miss Augusta straightened her spine with a severe assumption of propriety.

"I hear voices, and you do sit so dreadfully close to me."

She peered around the big pine, and found herself facing a gate almost indistinguishable from the fence it pierced by reason of its paintless condition.

"Something is coming along the road behind that old gate. It looks like a horse. There—right through that clump of Spanish daggers."

Dale raised himself lazily on his elbow.

"I see something coming that would not pass for a horse anywhere in the universe but on this coast. It is attached to a vehicle that antedates the war by half a century. Two sun-bonnets are flapping dismally behind the dismal horse, a white one and a pink one."

"Flush! the pink one might be Loretta. Don't frighten her off."

"And the white one, perhaps, is Mamzelle."

"Then she must live behind those crepe-myrtles."

"There are baskets in the ancient carry-all which hide everything but the sun-bonnets."

"Pralines! Delightful! We can head Loretta off as soon as she gets beyond the gate."

"Hist! the white sun-bonnet has dismounted."

"I feel horribly skulky, but I must look."

Miss Augusta craned her neck still farther around the pine-tree and stared frankly. The dejected pony had come to a willing halt behind the unpainted gate and was trying to make good the shortcomings of his crib by nibbling the stunted grass on the roadside.

The unloading of the shabby cart took but a few moments. The wearer of the white bonnet helped transfer the baskets to the wearer of the pink. There were three of them. When one had been gracefully poised on her head and the other two disposed of on either willing arm, Loretta stood confessed.

Then a gentle voice floated to the two eavesdroppers behind the tree: "Indeed, mammy, you had better go in the cart this morning. Your load is entirely too heavy."

The suggestion was repudiated with tartness. "I think I see old Loretta sittin' high up behind that skittish creatua stoppin' in front of everya gate bawling outa like a low-born market-woman—'Baked crabs, pralines, fine centerpieces, all the work of Mamzelle Anita Boullimette.'"

A musical laugh floated across the shell-road. "No need to bring me in at all. You don't know how kind the pony can be, mammy."

"To some folks, yes; to Loretta, no. Nowa then, my darlin', let me see if I

have got it all straighta in this stupid old heada. In the willa basket three center-pieces and fo' ruffled sun-bonnets—"

"To be left at Miss Seller's bonnet-shōp, to be sold on commission."

"I understand that. Pralines, sixteen beets; crabs, nine. I'll get the money part straightened out on my way to town. Now then, you get back to the house. She may need you. She looks mighty peaked these daysa. You've saved me a good bit of a walk, my baby, by drivin' me to the gate."

Before mounting, the white sun-bonnet opened the gray gate for Loretta, who passed through it at a pace altogether out of proportion to her years or her laden condition.

"Of course, 'she' means the aunt, and there is where Miss Boullimette lives," said Dale softly.

Miss Augusta sprang up and crossing the white road stood staring down the long vista of myrtle-trees which stretched in a ragged avenue at right angles with the beach. Dale followed her, pushing the wheels before him.

She spoke without turning her head: "As far as the unassisted eye can reach, I see nothing but myrtle-trees veiled in the pink crepe of their blossoms, and clumps of sharp-pointed Spanish daggers heavy with their creamy waxen bells. It is a very pretty jungle, but apparently nothing but a jungle. I see no signs of a house! Where do you suppose Mamzelle of the myrtles perches at night?"

"Of course, there is a house, for 'she' is in it, and we heard Loretta entreating Mamzelle to return to it. See! the melancholy pony has turned short off the road to go—somewhere."

Miss Augusta laid violent hands on the old gate.

"I am dying to explore the regions defended by this feeble old gate. Look at the gray moss swaying in the branches of those gloomy old water-oaks. Doubtless the croaking of the frogs in that slimy pool at their roots is that poor girl's nightly lullaby."

Dale took a more cheerful view of the inlook. "To be awakened in the morning by the singing of mocking-birds in those delightful crepe-myrtles."

"Do let us go on a search for the house. We can declare we lost our way."

"Will you do the declaring?"

The question carried a rebuke with it. Miss Augusta blushed prettily and turning short away mounted her wheel without answering him.

"I will race you for the pralines," she challenged over her shoulder. "Who overtakes Loretta first wins them."

"Good!"

After that morning, Dale always selected some other route when he and Miss Augusta went for a spin on their wheels. If he had been asked why, he might not have admitted that he was afraid of her; but the fact remained that he was—afraid that in spite of him she might insist upon exploring the myrtle jungle; and almost involuntarily he had assumed a protective attitude toward Jules Boullimette's sister.

He was also afraid to disturb the existing harmony between him and the girl he wanted to marry. They understood each other. No more words had passed between them. This was due principally to the fact that Miss Augusta did not propose to pose as a brand-new fiancée before the summer-boarders at Crawford's Villa. When the season was over and the birds of passage ready to take their separate flights, she would let him finish that interrupted wooing. In the mean time it was sweet—ah, so very sweet!—to feel sure of him.

Equally worthy of note was the fact that, when out for a solitary spin, he took no other route. He went alone increasingly often. He made honest but futile efforts to explain himself to himself. He liked to waylay old Loretta on the roadside to talk to her about Jules Boullimette. If he could locate the dear old boy, he should like to help him to his feet once more. There was always the pralines for an excuse, and Loretta came to look forward to meeting "the handsome, free-handed gentleman on the wheel, who was such a good customer, and who had known and loved her dear boy Jules."

It was a bit of superfluous caution on Dale's part to warn her against letting Mamzelle into the secret of their interviews. Loretta knew full well the peril of admitting that she had gossiped with an entire stranger about the Boullimette family.

In his ardent desire to be of some service to Jules's sister he went the length of blackening his own college record. Loretta had just lacerated his tender heart by a description of Mamzelle's sacrifice of a month's earnings to procure an invalid's chair for her aunt.

"See here, old lady! matters stand this way. When Jules and I were at college together I was always borrowing money from him. I am dead sure I let him go off without straightening out our accounts. You—now—could n't you take it and keep it for him until he turns up, which he is sure to do with his pockets full."

It was clumsy but well intentioned. Loretta looked at him with her sapient old head well on one side.

"I ain't supposed, M'sieu, to hear that you owed him money. The Boullimettes was always free-handed and magnifique weeth their friends. And you were his friend, you say?"

"I loved him like a brother."

"But you weel keepa your money. He weel not turn upa. Noa neva. He has followed my poor boy Maurice. Le bon Dieu has called them both home, leaving only me anda that poor baby to bear a heavy burden. For who then take I your money? The Boullimettes accept no gefts."

It came about that there was no point along the sandy beach line with which Dale became more familiar than with the clump of pine-trees in front of the gray unpainted gate, the myrtles and the Spanish daggers behind it, and the long wavering platform on stilts which led out to the deeper waters of the Gulf, terminating in a shabby little bath-house which was in keeping with the general decrepitude of the premises.

Magnolia-trees mingled with the pink crepe-myrtles and the austere water-oaks which clasped hands to hide the home of Mamzelle from the vulgar gaze. The perfume of their blossoms filled the air. He could see them flecking the shining foliage like great white birds with folded wings. But the magnolia-blossoms dropped their ivory-white petals to mingle with the pink crepe, carpeting the avenue before he caught his second glimpse of Anita Boullimette.

It was through the medium of a shrill

scream that they were finally introduced, —a scream that pierced the quiet morning air with startling effect. It came straight from the shabby bath-house at the terminus of the wavering pier. Dale had just come opposite the clump of pine-trees under which he had half-way asked Miss Augusta to marry him. Of course, he would finish that interrupted wooing some day. He was even then dwelling in a lover-like reverie upon her charms, her brightness of perception, her delightful chumminess, her quickness of sympathy, when that shrill scream smote upon his ears.

Immediately he was possessed of a fantastic vision. He fancied that a dark-eyed, dark-haired maiden had stepped out of some old album to don a bathing-suit and get herself drowned purposely to furnish him the one romantic opportunity of his life.

He flung himself from his wheel and sprinted afoot the entire length of the ramshackle pier. It swayed violently under his impetuous advance. Its vibrations gave notice of his approach to the dark-eyed, dark-haired maiden of his vision.

He found her standing quietly on the water-side platform of the old bath-house, but all hope of a gallant rescue which should give him the rescuer's regulation lien upon the affections of the rescued died a sudden death. It was slain by the haughty stare of surprise with which Mademoiselle Boullimette received his intrusion.

The Michigan man, however, was not without a certain amount of gentlemanly assurance. He doffed his cap with unabashed grace.

"I am afraid I have been a trifle impetuous. I beg your pardon, Mademoiselle. I certainly thought I heard some one scream as if in distress."

Mamzelle's stare lost some of its antagonism under this winning frankness.

"You are very kind, sir, and I am sorry to have given a moment's uneasiness. I am afraid I did yell like a savage. I am in distress of one sort. A big fish has walked off with my crab-net. He was so heavy that he drew the cord through my fingers. It was a nice new net, too. Mammy Loretta will surely add a scolding to my other troubles."

This speech, delivered in the softest of voices, couched in the quaint Creole *patois*, with its own peculiar elisions, its accents grave and acute, accompanied as it was with the pretty shrugs and nods that are inseparable from every Frenchwoman's utterances, completed the enslavement of the man from Michigan on the spot. Dale turned vaguely towards the water.

"It seems very still," he said. "Can I be of any service in recovering your net?"

A demure smile rippled over Mamzelle's pretty face. "Thank you, not unless you would be so kind as to go to the bottom for it. It had a weight to it, and, of course, when I let the cord slip it went to the bottom. If you would n't mind getting a little damp." This with her lovely eyes resting full upon him.

He took his courage in both hands. Why not utilize Jules? As an opening wedge Jules ought to prove effective.

"I ought to be willing to do that," he said, "and much more for the sister of a college chum I loved as well as I did Jules Boullimette."

A glad light flashed into the girl's sad eyes. "You knew Jules? My own dear boy, Jules?"

"Almost as well as I knew myself, at one time."

"And your name, please?" with a quick sideways jerk of her pretty head.

"Is Dale—Jack Dale."

"Not Dale of Yale? Why, my poor Jules never wrote a letter home that did not have something in it about Dale of Yale. How odd that my childish habit of screaming should have brought to light a friend he loved so well!"

"How fortunate for that friend."

Matters were progressing to Dale's entire satisfaction, when the rapid clatter of hurrying feet upon the platform made them both turn toward the beach. Instantly a gray pallor spread over Mamzelle's face.

"Ah, it is my old Loretta! She is hurrying. Something dreadful must have happened. It is my aunt, I am sure. Ah, if the good God should take her from me, what have I left to live for?"

In spite of his boasted qualifications as a walker, he found it difficult to keep pace with her flying feet as she sped to meet the bearer of ill-tidings. Loretta projected

her voice far in advance of her shuffling feet.

"It is as I told you, my wee one. She is ill—very ill. She lies and stares at me, but no word will she speak to old Loretta. And two miles to the nearest doctor!"

Then for the first time she seemed aware of Dale's presence, and bestowed upon him a stare scarcely a degree less haughty in its surprise than the one with which her mistress had greeted him. It was Anita who answered the look, saying softly, "He knew our dear Jules, mammy, and loved him."

"And two miles to the nearest doctor!" Loretta moaned inconsequently. But she flashed at Dale an assurance that their previous knowledge of each other was still their secret.

"I have my wheel there on the beach," he said soothingly. "But better still, I may be of some good personally." To Mamzelle he addressed his explanation. "I started out as a doctor myself, but certain private reasons changed my course. If I might see the patient—"

Loretta accelerated matters by giving him a gentle shove shoreward.

"Straight through that gate in front of you, M'sieu. 'Long by the carriage road under the myrtles, until you come to the house. It sits far back behind the cedars. The dogs, big ones and little ones, will bark at you, there are only six of them since Fox and Dandy died; but you will not mind them when you think of poor Mees Nanny. In the front room on the left of the hall you will find her. May le bon Dieu grant you skill. Your wheel can take you there much faster than we can walk."

A few minutes later Dale was scorching his way towards the house hidden behind the cedars. A queer sense of treachery towards Miss Augusta took possession of him. Alone, he was about to gratify the curiosity she had so fully shared with him. That evening he would tell her all about this episode of the morning. It was her right to know.

He kept his word. He selected the hour when Mrs. Crawford's boarders were making their usual efforts to enjoy Miss Julia Short's scientific manipulation of the Villa's very ancient piano. He made quite an interesting narrative of it, with just

Miss Augusta for auditor, he and she sitting side by side on one of the rough little benches that furnished the pier. He began with the scream that had introduced him to Jules Boullimette's sister, and ended with the girl's forlorn sobbing when he told her that her aunt was paralyzed and would spend the remainder of her days bound to an invalid's chair. He concluded casually: "I am sorry for the little thing. She needs a woman friend,—some one near her own age."

The white radiance of the full moon showed him Miss Augusta's face full of a sweet gravity. She turned shining eyes towards him.

"If she will let me, I will be her friend. If you think best, I will go there with you to-morrow."

"I thought of you at once. I knew you could comfort her as no one else could."

"That remains to be seen." She laughed constrainedly.

He was too preoccupied with thoughts of Anita Boullimette to notice any change in her.

Inwardly she was lashing herself with fierce self-scorning. When Dale had asked her "to try the pier by moonlight," she was distinctly aware of having anticipated the finishing touches to the wooing begun under the pines. More than that, she had arranged the formula in which she would convey her belated acceptance.

That she loved this tall Michigander with his frank blue eyes and winning ways was a secret she had long since confided to the keeping of her own heart. But it was no part of her intentions to fall like an over-ripe cherry into any hand. Now, however, she got up abruptly.

"I find it rather chilly sitting here over the water. Let us go in and listen to Miss Short's music."

"Anything but that. Might we not go for a stroll on the beach?"

"I think not. I have letters to write."

She had bidden him good-night on the steps of Crawford's Villa, when she recalled him to ask gently, "When will you take me to see Mamzelle of the myrtles?"

"I asked her if I might bring you to-morrow at ten."

"O, you did? Then, I am expected? Good-night again."

The little household behind the myrtles had grown used to the clumsy wheel-chair, with its pale-faced patient occupant; grown used to seeing two smart bicycles propped against the front steps of the rambling old mansion; to the sight of Miss Augusta, "always welcome as the flowers in May," and to the daily coming of Jules's friend, when Dale got a telegram from his company demanding his immediate presence in another portion of the State.

He showed the telegram to Miss Augusta as they wheeled homeward in the gloaming under the ragged avenues of myrtles.

She handed the fluttering bit of yellow paper back to him and said quietly, "She will miss you."

"She? Who?"

There was a ring of insincerity in the laugh that followed the questions.

"Mademoiselle Boullimette. Don't trouble to act a part, my friend. You have made yourself very necessary to that poor child. I doubt if you men ever do quite understand when you are making mischief ignorantly, but none the less harmful for that."

Dale's handsome face flushed hotly.

"I have been so fortunate as to save her a large doctor's bill which she could ill afford to pay and, in you, have secured her a noble friend. I fail to see anything very blameworthy in that."

Miss Augusta pushed her bicycle-cap back from her forehead with an impatient gesture.

"You are not a bungler, as a rule," she said. "I have always credited you with unusually clear insight. Don't make a mistake this time—" (with the faintest possible emphasis on the *this*). "I am not blaming you for anything. I do not want to have to do it hereafter. But girls of Anita Boullimette's type are incapable of a cool, well-balanced interest in any man. They must either love ardently or hate vindictively. Which do you propose she shall do in your case? I feel insultingly officious; but the child looked so radiantly beautiful and happy when you brought her back this afternoon from her bicycle lesson, that I fell a-thinking. My friend,"—and here she laid her firm white hand on the one that rested on Dale's wheel-bar—

"do not let us leave that poor child in a worse plight than we found her. Her cup is full enough as it is."

"What sort of a cad do you take me for?"

The question was meaningless. His voice was nervous, and the pressure of his hand upon the one she had laid upon his stung her into a white rage with herself and him. She took refuge in flippancy:—

"O, all men are pretty much alike. I do not credit you with any superiority to the rest of your sex. What train do you leave by in the morning?"

"The seven-thirty," he answered with boyish sullenness.

"Then, I shall give Mamzelle her wheel lesson to-morrow. The exercise is good for her after her close confinement with her aunt."

"And convey my adieus, if you will be so kind."

"Your *au revoir*, rather," she said, smiling brightly at him.

When Miss Augusta came down to an eight-o'clock breakfast the next morning, she found among her mail-matter a letter from Jack Dale. It was short but very much to the point.

My dear Miss Augusta: When do you propose revising that very unsatisfactory response you made to a question I asked you under the pine-trees about eight weeks ago? Jules Boullimette has not turned up, and Loretta has become a fixed star. Your provisional probation should be terminated according to my calculations. You will find my new address below. Send a kind answer to this, and do not sit too harshly in judgment upon the friend who has not quite come up to your high ideals.

Miss Augusta allowed two more weeks to be added to the eight before sending her reply,—two weeks of daily companionship with Anita Boullimette, of guileful probings, such as only a woman bent upon extracting the innermost secrets of another woman's heart knows how to practice, and then Jack Dale got his answer. A remote kinship, established by the unearthing of a mutual great-aunt, warranted some latitude in the matter of address. She called him "Dear Jack" when she wrote, and she said to him:—

Of course, your letter reached me, and, in commercial parlance "contents duly noted." But I have been dreadfully busy for a woman who has nothing in the world to do

but enjoy herself. Busy chiefly with Mamzelle of the myrtles.

She nestles closer into my affections every day. She is such an odd compound of the brave, self-reliant woman and the loving-hearted, clinging child. Circumstances have interfered rudely with nature's intentions toward her. As either, she is simply adorable. There is so much she wishes to perfect herself in "before Jules's friend comes back," that I believe I have seen of substantial service to her. Dear child! I hope I have. She is genuine and sweet to the core. Furthermore, she knows how to love. It is not likely you will find me here when you come back to see Jules's sister, as, of course, you will. I am thinking seriously of joining my old class—Bryn Mawr, '82—and going off as a Cook tourist to scour the universe. Hope your lumber affairs are in satisfactory shape.

In a postscript she came vaguely to the point:—

Jules Boullimette has in a manner turned up. Anita has had a letter from him from Australia. He promises to be home by Christmas. Loretta has cured me entirely of my passion for pralines. A surfeit is always disillusioning. All of which goes to prove me a very unstable young woman, detesting one day that which I thought indispensable to my happiness the day before. By the way, Anita has become quite a wheelwoman. She says she knows that Jules's friend will be glad.

Yours, dear Jack, chummily,
AUGUSTA.

Dale smoked half a dozen cigars over this epistle before coming to a conclusion.

"A most characteristic refusal—original, decisive. And I was fool enough at one time to fancy she meant to say 'Yes.'"

That night he wrote an ardent love-letter to Anita Boullimette.

That night, also, Miss Augusta sobbed herself to sleep. It was the reading over of Jack's short letter that had opened the flood-gates. For a second, sitting alone there in her room at Crawford's Villa, she had tried to find something more in it than a first reading had granted her longing heart. But she put it away from her with a bitter little smile.

"I will not read it over again," she said. "He did the gentlemanly thing and he thought I could not detect the hollow ring. If I had said 'Yes' he would have married me and gone on doing the gentlemanly thing to the end of the chapter. O, Jack, Jack! and you know how I hate shams!"

THE RISE OF THE *MORNING STAR*

By PAUL SHOUP

NOW, a tall pine-tree, a gulch full of bowlders, and a collection of inartistic cabins are not the most promising of signs that a community is madly yearning for fresh facts in black and white. The selection of Lone Pine as the birthplace of the *Morning Star* was certainly an error of judgment. And John Rutland was entirely too sensitive about the poverty of his equipment. Moving into camp under cover of darkness was entirely unnecessary; indeed, half of the population of Lone Pine would have cheerfully taken a half-holiday to help him unload his old rickety hand-press and install it in the cabin on the hillside.

Then John Rutland was possessed of glaring faults—a dissenting opinion, certain ideals, white hands, a clean vocabulary, and what Smiddy Wilson called “a reg’lar clean-up of an eddycation.” So, of course, it was not unexpected that he should make an almost fatal mistake in the very first edition of the *Morning Star*. It may have been from overwork and worry; perhaps merely the result of an endeavor to make his paper readable.

Scotty held up the paper, and with his forefinger again carefully spelled out the paragraph. It took three readings to fully comprehend it.

Just as we go to press we learn of the unexpected exit from camp of James J. Mulvaney, better known as “Big Jay” Mulvaney. Particulars are not obtainable, as Scotty McReady, who assisted at the demise, was the only other citizen present. Regret is general over the deplorable affair, since Mr. McReady did not accompany his foe over the divide.

Scotty’s face turned from red to purple. He shook his fist at a lizard which was solemnly regarding him from the top of an old stump. Then he swore savagely and turned to Jeff. He was coldly sarcastic now, with mind dwelling on funerals and tombstones and cemeteries.

“There’s a pie-faced galoot up the trail that ain’t learned we don’t cal’late reputations in this hyar camp with words. You kin jest leave word aroun’ among the subscribers that th’ *Mornin’ Star* hez twinkled

its last twinkle. The best way ter plant a lie is ter plant the liar.”

McReady strode up the trail, now and then kicking a stray cur that found itself on the wrong road, while Jeff went into Miller’s refreshment palace to invite the boys to the funeral.

The thoughts of McReady were many. Was he, the most prominent citizen and the owner of the first-staked claim in Lone Pine, to be held up to scorn in this way? In a newspaper, too! It was not to be stood from daylight to dark. He was angry to the point of carefully examining his revolver. To the close acquaintances of McReady who had survived their knowledge, that was a signal of decidedly stormy weather.

The office of the *Morning Star* was up in Live Oak Cañon, apart from the rest of the camp. Scotty noticed with much satisfaction that no one was visible. He wanted no gallery to play to on this occasion, and that was another danger-signal. He walked straight up to the front door and hammered on it with the butt of his weapon. For a minute there was no response, and Scotty’s imagination saw a vision of an editor fleeing up the hill back of the office. But as he drew back to throw his weight against the door, it slowly opened.

A young lady, hardly more than a girl, stood with flushed face in the doorway. She confusedly wiped her type-soiled fingers on her apron. Before she could speak, the impatient voice of a sick man came through from the back room.

“Tell him to call again next week. If I can just get on my feet again, I can arrange everything.”

She smiled faintly, but the color was deep in her face.

“He’s sick, you know,” she said in a low voice, with an apologetic, backward nod. “He thinks—but then I feel sure you haven’t,” she added hopefully. “Don’t you want to subscribe or advertise?”

Scotty looked into the inquiring brown eyes and shifted his weight to the other foot.

"I did n't intend, Miss—I mean, Missus—ter bother yeh. I did n't know—in course—I—I—fact is," he went on desperately as her eyebrows arched in surprise, "I was jest comin' along an' thought it 'ud be a good time ter drop in 'n subscribe, bein' ez I wuz handy."

He mopped his brow furiously with his bandanna handkerchief.

"O," she said, smiling radiantly now. "Don't you want it for a whole year? It's only twelve dollars."

"I guess that 'll be enough. Yes 'm, I think so," answered Scotty, trying the other foot a while.

"Just a moment, please."

She hurried back with a pencil and a receipt-book. The double-eagle and she gazed at each other doubtfully, and she blushed again.

"I have n't any change," she said hesitatingly.

Neither foot would hold Scotty's weight any longer. "That's all right," he replied hurriedly. "I 'll drop in later arter it."

Then for the first time retreating under fire, he lifted his sombrero awkwardly and stumbled down into the trail, every nerve tingling.

Down by Sheldon's claim the ludicrous side of the affair dawned on him. He beat his chest and laughed out loud. "By Jiminy! Euchered out 'n my change, too!"

Then he thought of something else and swore at himself viciously, under his breath. Scott O'Farrell McReady making war on women!

Jeff looked at him out of the corner of his eye as he came around the corner.

"Doctor, or undertaker?" he asked laconically, with his hands in his pockets.

Scotty looked ahead fixedly, disregarding the question, and said: "I jest made a leetle business call at the *Mornin' Star* office, an' in lookin' over the subscription list I did n't notice yer name. I onderstan' yer' thinkin' of runnin' for sheriff. If thar ez anything in them rumors, ye'd better take the trail up to th' office right now an' leave yer name, I reckon."

Jeff badly felt the need of a long whistle; but he looked in Scotty's face and saw trouble. So he started for the *Morning Star* office without further remarks.

Scotty felt a little better, but he did n't

believe in medicine in homeopathic doses. So he argued with Judge Ball, threatened Ike Bement (whose record was manufactured in the shade), asked a favor of Jem Sawyer, appealed to the official pride of Sheriff Parker, and explained at length to Hop Low how a newspaper reflected dignity upon its subscribers. Indeed, until he met Smiddy Wilson, he was uniformly successful as a canvasser. But Smiddy obstinately declined to subscribe. However, by night the *Morning Star* was on a paying basis, and the editor felt able to afford a doctor. Naturally, with so much prosperity, he (was it he?) went ahead and made the fatal mistake.

The doctor gave him calomel and quinine, two great aids to a reformer, and the next edition of the *Morning Star* stirred up pretty nearly every bad citizen in Lone Pine—which is saying a good deal. Still, if it had not been for the bad liquor that infested the camp and the one editorial, it is doubtful if the indignation meeting would have been held.

It seems to us that it is high time the ruffianism in this camp is being suppressed. The cowardly and brutal attack upon High Sing by that notorious vagabond, Smiddy Wilson, should not and would not be passed unnoticed in a decent community. Wilson will be a disgrace to the tree that hangs him; but that tree can't be disgraced too soon.

Smiddy from the top of a powder-keg read as much of the paragraph as he thought necessary to the crowd. Then he harangued: "Be the heathen goin' ter take Lone Pine, feller citizens? Are we goin' to be held up in broad daylight with measly washin'-bills? Ain't this a respectable community? Feller citizens, I ask yeh that! ["In course," "You bet!" and howls from the crowd.] Feller citizens, these hyar heathen oughter be happy to be allowed ter live 'longside people's 'uts white like you 'n' me. [Cheers.] Hez things come ter the pass whar every free-born Amerikin citizen wot asserts hisself an' deprives a heathen of a pigtail must be lambasted by a lily-fingered smatterin' of stuckupness from back East? Feller citizens, I reckon not!"

A howl of approval went up from the crowd. It was not an altogether bad crowd, but it was partly drunk and out for a fight or a frolic, with a preference for a mixture of the two. It was just in the

humor to clearly see that duty called it to raid the office of the *Morning Star*. The right and wrong of the proceedings could be settled argumentatively later by the light of November camp-fires. Just now, if there were dissenting hearts, there were no dissenting voices.

The crowd swept noisily up toward Live Oak Cañon. Scotty McReady, coming down from his claim, understood the situation with a glance. Sawyer and Hudson were with him, and in another moment he had them to one side, talking jerkily.

"Boys, thar's a woman up thar—a slip of a girl, an' the man's sick. Take my hoss, Jim; you're a light rider. Look for the Sheriff at Marvel's mine. Have him git Pete, 'n' George Smith, Ed 'n' all the boys who takes the *Star*, an' 'll stand by law 'n' order and come up hyar like double-greased lightnin'! Hurry! Come on, Jem!"

Together Scotty and Sawyer ran up the hill and down the other side, approaching the cabin from the rear. The crowd did not take kindly to hills and was following the cañon.

The sick editor was propped up in bed, and Mrs. Rutland was reading proof. She glanced up with a startled look as the door opened.

"Don't be skeered, ma'am," said Scotty, his face reddening as he thought of his last visit. "Thar's a gang comin' up this way an' we're a leetle afeared they're lookin' fer trouble."

"They'll find it," added Sawyer grimly.

Scotty bolted the back door. The invalid started to speak, but Scotty held up his hand. The noise was growing louder. Together Scotty and Sawyer passed into the front room and shut the door behind them.

The crowd swarmed over the dry wash in front of the cabin. A stone came through a window; then another. Scotty defiantly threw open the front door—perhaps to speak. There was a report, and a red line across his cheek showed the course of the bullet. Then he slammed the door to, and the two men in the office of the *Morning Star* went to work through the windows.

The crowd was thinking more of a frolic than a fight, and at first it was demoral-

ized with its reception. But as its fighting instinct roused, it rallied, carried away its dead and wounded, and then closed in on the cabin. The *Morning Star* twinkled very dimly then; for the Sheriff and his posse were still picking their way among the bowlders at the mouth of the cañon. Finally the door gave way with a crash and the conflict closed to an arm's length. First upright, then on one knee, Scotty fought grimly, desperately, with Sawyer at his side. The crowd surged forward, and they were borne down by sheer weight.

From the outside came a cheer, then shots, and the crowd melted away from before the door to face the Sheriff or to run. Inside the cabin the last act was being finished.

Near the door, lying as he had fallen, was the giant bulk of Smiddy Wilson. Half-way between him and Scotty was a revolver. Each man summoned all his last energies to reach it, while the wounded Sawyer propped up against the wall, watched them helplessly.

With a desperate effort Scotty touched the muzzle; then his fingers closed on the barrel, and he drew the revolver to him. His eye brightened as he turned it on Smiddy.

"Yeh 'll subscribe—fer—the—*Mornin' Star*—now—I reckon. Ten y'ars—no, twenty—in advance—won't yeh?—er else—" his stiffening fingers pulled at the hammer. "Ef yeh goes under—nearest o' kin—gets it."

Smiddy looked into the mouth of the weapon. Death was near, but—"I 'll 'scribe," he answered faintly.

"Witness," said Scotty, raising himself on his elbow.

Sawyer nodded.

"Swa'ar it!"

"I swa'ar."

Then Scott O'Farrell McReady, again proud of his name, turned over on his side and died joyously.

A faint smile of admiration hovered about the lips of the dying Smiddy.

"He—war—dead—game—boots—up."

Lone Pine has another name now and the *Morning Star* is an enterprising daily with telegraph reports, want ads, extras, and an occasional atrocious illustration.

But Miss Amanda Jane Simpson, the

oldest subscriber, often sits in her rocking-chair with her hands folded across her lap, and, looking out through the open doorway to where the clouds sleep on the White

Mountains, wonders why her scapegrace nephew in California paid a life subscription in her favor for the Lone Pine *Morning Star*.

THE POPPY SPRITE

THERE 'S a spirit that glides through the misty air
 As the shadows of night sink down ;
 The dim, pale folds of her golden hair
 Are crowned with poppy wreaths fragile and fair,
 Her scepter a dew-wet poppy rare,
 A magical scepter and crown.

O well-beloved is this lovely sprite
 Though by mortal eyes ne'er seen.
 Though fair as the starlit summer night,
 And sweet as the calm of the dim moonlight,
 All eyes must close as she passes in flight,—
 For of night she reigns the queen.

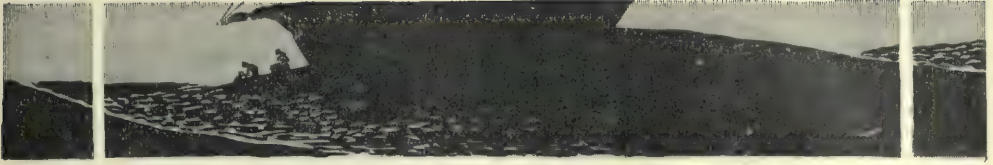
The rich and the poor obey her call,
 The wise, the sad, and the gay ;
 She comes to them all in hovel and hall,
 On the prairie wide, in the forest tall,—
 Wherever the shadows of night must fall
 Is the realm her mandates sway.

The king who rules in his palace grand,
 The beggar with pillow of stone,
 The innocent child, the soul guilt-spanned,
 The tired brain by ambition fanned,
 'Neath the poppy dew from that sceptered hand
 Are wafted to lands unknown.

And O what a joy is her kingdom rare,
 On ocean, on sea, on land !
 Sweet meadows of pleasure lie calmly there,
 Smooth rivers of peace flow soft and fair,
 And never, O never, may enter care
 With the touch of his scorching brand.

But O, as the earliest shafts of light
 O'er hill and o'er valley creep,
 The petals fall fast from her scepter bright,
 The poppy leaves drop from her crown and blight,—
 She glides away on the shadows of night,
 The beautiful spirit, Sleep.

S. A. Wardlow.



CAPTAIN TUGG AND THE WRECK OF THE *BROTHER JONATHAN*

BY THOS. H. ROGERS

"THE reason those divin' men don't find more treasure on the bottom of the sea 'n they do, is because they don't look in the right place," said Captain Tugg to the young lady summer-boarder one morning, as the two sat on the sunny side of the hotel veranda out of the wind.

"Those pictures in the paper on your knee, Miss, are all right as far as they go. It looks easy as talkin', to put on a divin'-suit and go moseyin' round on the bottom of the sea, pryin' into rotten old hulks and diggin' out money, and a-havin' fishes and such lookin' in at you through those goggle-eyed helmets; but it is n't as easy as it looks to be.

"But as I started in to say, those divin' men don't look for treasure in the right place. As a rule, they go to the spot where the ship went down, heave an anchor overboard, and spend weeks and weeks lookin' for somethin' they never find. They never take into consideration, Miss, that currents abound on the bottom of the ocean, like currents of air on land, goin' this way and that way, or wherever they take a notion. An old water-logged hulk travels mighty slow, to be sure, when one of those currents gets to workin' on her—just a creepin' along, inch by inch, swingin' round and round as the current moves her, but travelin' tremenjuous distances in a manner that would surprise you, Miss.

"Take the *Brother Jonathan*, for instance. She was a good ship, the *Brother Jonathan* was, but she foundered all the same durin' a gale, by bangin' a hole through her hull on a sunken rock, off Crescent City, California, thirty-four

years ago. It is said when she went to the bottom she carried a half a million dollars in treasure down with her, wh' the Government was sendin' to the Northwest Coast to pay off Uncle Sam's boys with. It would shock your nerves, Miss, to tell you how many poor souls went down to a watery grave with her; so I'll let that go. Well, to make a long story short, some of those 'Frisco divin' companies wanted the *Brother Jonathan's* gold, so they sent up an outfit, and two tugs and two Chinamen to do the cookin', and went to work to locate her. But they never found her, Miss,—never found hide nor hair of her. So they pulled up their anchors and put back to 'Frisco."

"But what has the *Brother Jonathan* to do with the ocean currents?" asked the young lady, as the captain paused.

"A good deal, Miss; a good deal. But for them currents she would n't never been seen again by human eyes, a-layin' as she was on the bottom of the sea, seventy miles off the Columbia River bar, twenty-eight years and six months from the time she went down."

"Who saw her?" asked the young lady with startling abruptness, eyeing the grizzled captain as if to read his inmost thoughts.

"Me and old Jim Bosley, Ike Crow, and Jam Kack the Jap," answered the captain promptly. "Yes, we saw her, Miss,—and a ghastly old wreck she was, too, away down there in the water, with her bony spars and bits of rotten sail-cloth and barnacle-covered hull, lookin' grim and silent and forbiddin' in that vast watery world."

"Why, Captain Tugg! you really don't mean to say you actually saw her after all those years!" exclaimed the fair listener.

"But I do, Miss; I mean every word of it. You see it was like this: Four years ago a Seattle cold-storage concern concluded to furnish the Eastern market with fresh salt-water fish, so they bought up the old tramp steamer *Flyin' Cloud*, and put me in charge. The first thing I did with the *Flyin' Cloud* was to give her a good goin'-over. Then I hunted up old Jim Bosley and Ike Crow for my engineers, and Jam Kack to do the cookin', and we steamed over to Nanaimo and coaled. As soon as we got the coal aboard, we turned round and went down to Victoria, where we shipped a Dago crew, and two days later we were layin' out there on the sea, seventy miles off the Columbia River bar.

"The first thing we did after arrivin' at the halibut banks was to put out an after and forward anchor to keep the *Flyin' Cloud* from driftin'. Then the Dago fishermen got out their hooks and lines and strung 'em all around the deck, four feet apart, and went to work. These lines, Miss, were between four and five hundred feet long, and a fourth of an inch thick, and when one of those big six-inch hooks got their barbs fast to anything they held on. As soon as one of the big corks on the lines would bob under, all hands would lay to and haul Mr. Halibut aboard. Sometimes though, Miss, we would hook onto a halibut so big all hands could n't pull him in, so we would hitch the line around a revolvin' drum, and wind him up with a little donkey-engine at the fore hatch.

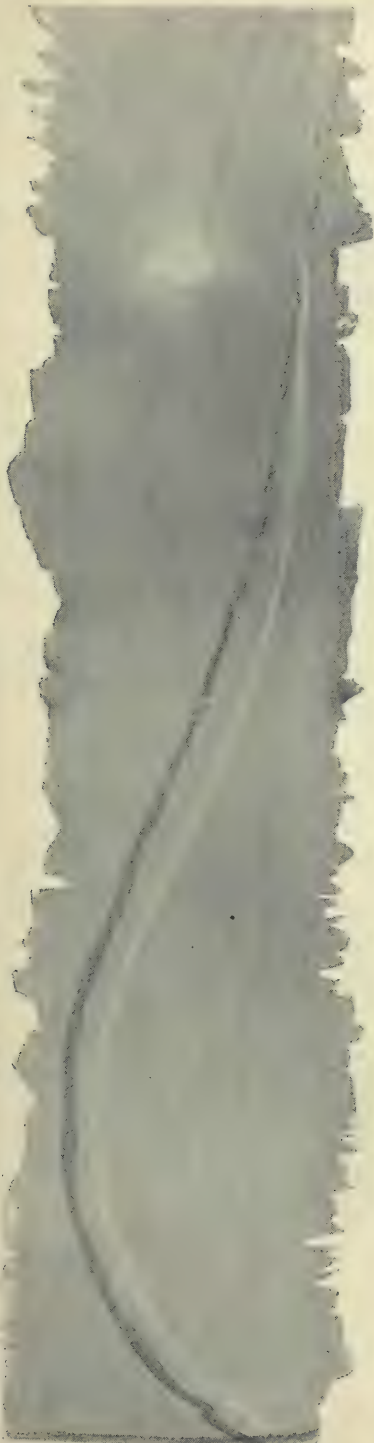
"Well, as I said before, those Dagoes baited their hooks and started in to work. To attract the halibut schools, we brought up the hind-quarters of six bullocks, and chopped 'em into mincemeat, and dumped the pieces overboard. You ought to have seen the halibut come! Those Dagoes could n't yank the lines up quick enough, the fish were that hungry. Why they would swallow anything from a piece of beef to a hardtack! As soon as a halibut would hit the deck, those Dagoes would thump it on the head with a club; then they would disembowel and clean it and lower the carcass into the cold-storage room.

"Well, we loaded up fast, and by the end of the week the old *Flyin' Cloud* had settled nearly down to the white water-line on the side, she was loaded so heavy with halibut. At eight bells on Saturday evenin' our fishin' came to a stop mighty sudden like. The reason I know it was eight bells in the afternoon, is because I always take a smoke at that hour. I had just lit my pipe and seated myself on the skylight for a smoke, when I heard Jam Kack yell. As a rule Jam Kack did n't yell much, and I knew in a minute somethin' was the matter. Gettin' down off that skylight mighty quick, I went forward to see what the matter was. Jam Kack had just ripped open a halibut for supper, and there he stood holdin' up a silver teaspoon at arm's-length! Now, that was n't so much of a sight, after all, to find a little silver spoon in a halibut's belly, and I felt disappointed like. But when Jam Kack dropped that spoon in my hands and I saw the words '*Brother Jonathan*' engraved on the side, I nearly jumped off the deck, I was surprised so. O, I tell you, I woke up quick! I knew quicker 'n that," and by way of illustration, the captain snapped his fingers, "that we were layin' right over the hulk of that old treasure-ship, which went down from view of human eyes twenty-eight years and six months before. At least I thought so."

"You don't pretend to say that spoon was a part of the silver service from the wreck?" gasped the young lady.

"Yes, I do, Miss; yes, I do! As I said before, those hungry halibut would swallow anything, from a piece of beef to a hardtack, especially anything bright and shinin'; so they had gone through the grand saloon of the *Brother Jonathan* and swallowed all the silver spoons. It does beat all what them fool fish will swallow!

"Well, as me and old Jim and Ike and Jam Kack stood there a-wonderin', up comes another proof showin' that the wreck was down there, bein' an old water-bucket, with one of the Dagoes' hooks caught round the bale. At that Ike he got terribly excited, and yelled himself hoarse, bawlin' orders for the Dagoes to take in their hooks and get below. You see, Miss,



"When that light came down it looked like a blazing star"

we did n't want them to catch on to what was takin' place. 'Tugg,' says Ike, dancin' round like a wild man, 'if we can get into that big safe down there in the purser's office, there's a clean million in it for us!'

"Now, see here, Ike,' put in practical old Jim; 'don't you go and get excited. What we want to do first is to bring up that divin' outfit in the hold, and one of us 'll go down and explore. Then if the wreck's there and the safe's inside of her, it 'll be time enough to spout.'

"This seemed good advice. So after lockin' those Dagoes up in the fo'castle, so they could n't see what was goin' on, we brought up the outfit and lowered it over the side onto a life-raft layin' alongside. Then we got down on the raft and straightened out the signal-lines and got the air-pump in workin' order. When it came time for one of us to go down and do the explorin', Ike was taken all of a sudden with the colic and shinned up the rope ladder hangin' over the side of the ship, and laid down on the deck and groaned as if he was about to die. Jim nor Jam Kack warn't over-particular to goin' down either; so I stripped off and got into the divin' suit. Then Jim fastened the heavy shoes on my feet, and Jam Kack screwed on the helmet, and I was ready to go moseyin' round on the bottom of the Pacific."

"Captain Tugg," said the young lady, "is it customary for all vessels to carry a diving-suit nowadays? In almost every story I have read lately, in which a wreck figures, it always happens that a diving-suit turns up just at the right time. It certainly looks strange, to say the least."

"There ain't anything strange about it, Miss; nothin' strange at all," replied the captain. "When I tell you there is n't one vessel in a hundred that carries a divin' outfit, I'm tellin' you the truth. Those that you read about are simply the creation of some rattle-brained story-teller. In our case, though, it was different. The last thing the owners of the *Flyin' Cloud* did before we pulled out from Seattle, was to rush one on board. You see, havin' so many hooks strung around the deck, those big halibut were bound to get tangled up once in a while, and the divin'-suit we had

along was to go down in and straighten out the tangle.

"But, as I started in to say, Jam Kack screwed the helmet on, then he and Jim lowered me over the side of the raft and let me go. And I did go, too, Miss! just went down a-whizzin' for the first forty fathoms or so, feelin' all the time like I was screwed up in a vise, the pressure was so great. I seemed to be slidin' down alongside a plate-glass window, I went so fast. O, I tell you, it was awful, Miss,—awful!—the way I went down! After I had passed those forty fathom I began to slow up, just a-settlin' down easy like through the green waste of water. I remember of bendin' back my head and lookin' up overhead. It was like lookin' through a gap in a cloud-covered sky, to see the blue beyond. I never heard such roarin', either, in my life, Miss, and my head felt like it would surely burst. But it did n't.

"Old Jim and Jam Kack kept pumpin' in the air, and I could tell every time the brake-handles went up and down, by the air comin' into the helmet with a swishin' sound, like a locomotive-driver lettin' off steam. You ought to have seen the fish that hovered about me, Miss—big fish and little fish, all as curious as a parcel of old women. Once a big shark came out of the murky blue water, and poked its ugly nose right up against the helmet and peered in at me through those goggle-eyes. Takin' a hatchet from my belt, I dealt the brute a thump on the stomach, and it backed away quick into the blue wall and went its way. Then a monstrous sea-lion, with shaggy mane and gleamin' fangs, rose out of the depths, and swam round and round me time and time again, tryin' to make out what sort of a sea-serpent I was.

"All this time, Miss, I was goin' down lower and lower, and by and by I got to where sea-lions and sharks and halibut seldom go—on the very bottom of the ocean. And there I found myself standin' on the white sandy bottom of the Pacific, with the hatchet in my hand, feelin' mighty little and insignificant in God's great 'moon-mad sea.' After steadyin' myself a bit, so as to get my bearings, I reached up and brushed away the green scum from the goggle-eyes and looked

around. Right in front of me was a towerin' black mass, which I took for a ledge. Gropin' my way slowly along, takin' care not to get my signal-line and air-tube tangled, I pushed forward. And there! layin' partly on her side, her great walkin'-beams standin' up like fantastic shadows, and her gapin' bull's-eyes peerin' out of the barnacle-covered hull, was the lost treasure-ship, with the words '*Brother Jonathan*,' almost rotted away, on the rounded stern over my head!

"After I had looked on that part of the ship as long as I wanted to, I passed round the stern and made my way to the bow. And as I walked along I saw the jagged hole in her side, where the rocks went through the day she went to a watery grave. It was an awful big hole, too, Miss, and you could have walked through it with your arms spread out, it was so wide. Walkin' up to the hole, I entered the ship. Everything was inky black, dark as night in there, and it almost gave me the creeps. But I walked on, keepin' my eyes on everything to be seen in that dark ghostlike place, where you could n't even see your hand before your face. Pretty soon I ran afoul of a pile of boxes; so I stooped over and read the letterin' on 'em, which were yet to be seen for all the twenty-eight years and six months wear and tear."

"But how could you see those boxes, and read the lettering, if it was as dark in there as you have pictured it?" questioned the young lady.

"Easy enough, Miss; easy enough. We had a dynamo aboard the *Flyin' Cloud* to run that cold-storage plant with; so, after I got down there on the bottom, I signaled old Jim for light, and a few minutes later he sent down a twenty-five candle power incandescent lamp, by tyin' a crow-bar to it. When that light came down, danglin' to the end of the cord, it looked like a blazin' star, and I did n't feel half so lonesome as I did before. Well, after examinin' the boxes some more, I passed on, holdin' the hatchet in one hand and the lamp in the other, till I came to the bulk-head. This was old and rotten; so I knocked it in with the back of the hatchet, to find myself in the furnace-room of the ship. The great boilers had shifted and were layin' on the ribs of the ship, all rust-

ed and red. Signalin' to old Jim for more line, I walked on till I come to a spiral iron ladder, leadin' up to the engine-room. I must have disturbed a thousand crabs as I stepped across the floor, for a host of

tered the engine-room. I found somethin' there that made me jump. It was the skull of one of the engineers, who stayed at his post till it was too late, and he was drowned like a rat in a trap! Hangin' on



"Hangin' on the wall was a rusty old clock."

'em backed mighty lively into the holes and corners of the coal-bunkers.

"Wrappin' the electric coil around my neck, so there would be no possible show to break the globe, and placin' the hatchet in my belt, I climbed up the ladder and en-

tered the wall, alongside monkey-wrenches, crowbars, screw-drivers, and the like, was a rusty old clock. And as I held the light up close I saw where those rusted old clock hands had stopped, twenty-eight years and six months before. There was

also a hand in the dial indicatin' the month of the calendar. I held the lamp up close and looked at that, too, and the three hands showed the *Brother Jonathan* had went down fifteen minutes past two o'clock, on the thirtieth day of July, 1865.

"After examinin' the engine-room, I started to go into the cabin, but something had stopped up the passage; so I clambered down the ladder and went out of the ship the way I come in. Proceedin' along cautiously, so as not to foul my lines, I went round the ship, passin' by the battered wheel-houses, which were now mere shells with the big axles stickin' through. By and by I reached the bow on the port side, where I found a rusty anchor-chain stickin' out of a hawsehole; so I climbed aboard. I first went through all the empty cabins on the upper decks, where the trimmin's waved to and fro like bunches of moss swingin' out in the breeze. Not knowin' exactly where to look for the purser's office, I went down to the lower deck and felt my way along the railin' till I came to where a door had been. This was the door to the companionway stairs leadin' down to the grand saloon. I went down those stairs mighty careful, I tell you. They were old and totterin' and shaky, and I was fearful of fallin' and breakin' off my air communication with the outside world.

"When I got down to the bottom of the stairs, I found the dinin'-room tables still standin' with rotten pieces of table-cloth trailin' out in the current where the water played through the big holes in both sides of the ship. The cut-glass mirrors on the side of the cabin did n't throw back any reflections any more; the quicksilver on the back of them was gone by the board. There were pitchers and plates and cups and all kinds of glassware scattered over the tables, and on the sodden, rotten carpets. O, it was a doleful, lonesome place, I tell you, Miss! Hangin' on the bulk-head, just under the place where the spiral stairway turned, was another old rusted clock. It had stopped runnin', like the one in the engineer's room, at fifteen minutes past two o'clock.

"As I stood lookin' up into the face of that dumb old clock, I saw somethin' come glidin' into the saloon; through a big hole

where a bull's-eye had rotted out. You can imagine how scairt I was. When my heart beat again it beat pretty fast. It sounded inside that helmet like a boiler-maker clinchin' down rivets. You don't know how relieved I was when I found out it was only that inquisitive sea-lion, who thought he would follow me to see what I was doin' down there. When he came swimmin' right up to where I was standin', I thrust the electric light in his face, blindin' him, and then before he could back away I dealt him a tremenjuous thump just back of the ear with the back of the hatchet. Well, Miss, I thought that sea-lion would surely tear the old hull to pieces, he was surprised so. That blow addled him, understand, and he lost his bearings, and clean forgot how to get out of the saloon. So around and around he went in the cabin, makin' the water fairly boil, as he slapped them tables and lockers to pieces with his big tail. If he had hit me with that tail, Miss, I would n't a-been here to-day. By and by he got his senses back, and went out the way he come in, and I saw him no more.

"As I walked on down the cabin toward the stern, I felt somethin' roll under my feet, makin' sort of a crunchin' sound. Stoopin' over to see what it was, I picked up a leather pocket-book, filled with twenty-dollar pieces. As soon as I touched the pocket-book, it fell to pieces, and those twenties dropped out and rolled over the carpet like so many cartwheels. I didn't pick 'em up, for they did n't belong to me, bein' the private property of some poor drowned creature. If I had taken that money I would always a-felt like I had robbed a dead man."

"Being as you were so conscientious, how about taking that money in the safe?" asked the young lady.

"That's a different proposition altogether, Miss. You see the Government naturally wanted to get back what belonged to 'em, and to that end, they were willin' to give the finder one half the proceeds. Anyway, I started for the far end of the saloon, goin' slow and easy like, for fear the floor would give way and let me through. As I neared the stern of the ship, I found what I was lookin' for—the purser's office, alongside of that of the



"My eyes tell on that old sate the first thing"

captain's, with a hole, that once had been a door, lookin' out on the saloon floor. The door was n't standin' any more, for the panels had long since rotted down and floated off. So I stepped into the cabin. Things were pretty well preserved in there, and among other things I noticed some faded pictures hangin' on the wall over a dresser, and a brace of Colt's revolvers lyin' on top of a locker.

"In the center of the cabin floor was a big hole; and when I stepped up to the edge and kneeled down and peered over, my eyes fell on that old safe the first thing, away down there in the after-hold. It was a big, heavy concern, and when the floor weakened it had dropped through on its own accord; and there it stood, right side up, only leanin' over a little. Well, I got down in the after-hold right off; then I sounded the safe all over with the back of the hatchet, on the sides and on the top and on the bottom, and it seemed to be all right.

"The first thing I touched after lowerin' myself into the after-hold, was a big ring riveted in the side of the safe, and when I stepped round to the other side, there was a ring. I had n't more than found them rings than an idea came into my head how to get at that money inside the safe. As I said a while ago, we had an engine stationed at the fore-hatch on the *Flyin' Cloud*. My idea was to let down some grapplin'-irons and fasten 'em to the rings, and wind the safe up with the engine. With this idea in my head, I climbed out of the after-hold and went out through the grand saloon to the deck, and give old Jim the signal that I wanted to come up.

"You may believe me or not, Miss, just as you like; but when I got to the top of the sea, I found it was pitch dark. I found old Jim and Jam Kack nearly tucked out, they had been at it so long pumpin' down air to me. It seems like Ike would n't help man the brakes, contendin' it was his place to keep the dynamo goin'; and there those two men had pumped and pumped for hours, by the light of a lantern hangin' over the side of the ship. O, I tell you time had passed mighty quick while I was down there! When I got out of that divin'-suit and went into my cabin,

mighty near frozen to death, I found it to be just eight o'clock. Countin' from the time I went down, four o'clock in the afternoon, I had spent just four hours in that rotten old hulk.

"Well, after eatin' and restin' a while, in which I told Jim and Ike and Jam Kack what I had found, I unfolded my plan for gettin' that safe aboard. All hands said it was a good idea—all but Jim. Jim said he did n't know about it. He thought it a better plan for all hands to go down and size up the situation individually. We might hit on a better way for gettin' that money aboard. We all agreed to this. So Jim stripped and got into the divin'-suit, and went down and took a look around. When he came up, Jam Kack took his turn at it. Both of 'em agreed my plan was all right. When it came Ike's turn, he did n't want to go down. But old Jim made him go. 'If you don't,' says he, 'I'll pitch your little whipper-snapper carcass overboard for the sharks!' and Ike went.

"By and by Ike signaled to be pulled up. 'Your plan'll work all right,' says he, when I unscrewed the helmet, 'providin' we can get the safe out of the hull. The way she now lies, all the engines this side of Halifax could n't budge it. But I thought of a scheme while I was down there that will make it dead easy to get at that safe,' and he proceeded to unfold it.

"This was the scheme, Miss: In the hold of the *Flyin' Cloud* were sixteen barrels of unslacked lime and seven crates of five-gallon demijohns, which the first owners of the ship had forgotten to take out. Ike's plan was to fill them demijohns with lime and lower 'em down and place 'em around the safe. Then he was to pull the corks and let 'em fill up with water and then plug 'em up again. After the lime and water had generated enough gas, an explosion would follow which would bust the hull into splinters, and the job of hookin' onto that safe would be dead easy. O, I tell you, Miss, Ike was a daisy, when it came to thinkin' out things!

"We did n't lose any time putting that idea into execution. By four bells in the mornin' we had thirty-two of them demijohns filled with lime and set out on the raft. Gettin' into the divin'-suit, I went

down again, and Ike started up the dynamo. As fast as Jim and Jam Kack lowered those demijohns, I carried 'em into the ship and placed 'em around the old safe. When I had got everything arranged the way I wanted it, I pulled out the corks and let the jugs fill up with water. To keep the gas from escapin' I hammered the plugs down good and hard with the hatchet; then I got out of the wreck and signaled to be hauled up. I did n't lose any time about it either, for I was afraid them demijohns would go off before I reached the surface. And I was n't any too quick either, for all my hurryin'. Old Jim had barely hauled me on deck and unscrewed the helmet, than the whole surface of the sea, for rods around, heaved up and set the old *Flyin' Cloud* to poundin' and slappin' the surface as if she was possessed.

"As soon as the water had quieted down, we lowered two wire cables over the side of the ship, with big hooks fastened on the ends. Then, as soon as Jam Kack got up steam in the donkey-engine, I went

down to the wreck for the last time, and fastened the hooks into the rings, and viewed the effect of the explosion."

"Was it a success?" asked the young lady.

"Indeed it was, Miss; indeed it was. It had blown the stern of the *Brother Jonathan* into smithereens, and there that old safe was, laying out free from all obstructions. Well, after I had fastened the hooks into the rings and had come up, we set the donkey-engine goin', and twenty-five minutes later we hauled the rusty old safe aboard."

"And how much treasure did you get out of it?" asked the young lady.

"Nary a cent, Miss; nary a cent," said the captain, as he arose to go. "Ike had overdone the thing; for without our knowin' it we had blowed the bottom out of the safe, and as we wound it up, that vast treasure began droppin' out piece by piece, and by the time we hauled it aboard, the safe was as empty as a busted cocoanut-shell."

THE VALLEY SPEAKS

THE sun peeps over the mountain-tops,
 He sends me joy in his dancing beams,
 The sun looks down on me;
 He stirs my heart, he warms my streams;—
 O genial sun, O grateful sun,
 O glorious sun from the heavens!

The fog steals over the mountain-tops,
 The fog steals down on me;
 He closes round, he hugs me close,
 He calls me his, this gruesome ghost,—
 O cold gray fog, O chill gray fog,
 O cruel gray fog from the ocean!

A NAVAL EVOLUTION IN LOVEMAKING

A HAWAIIAN ROMANCE

By JESSIE KAUFMAN

"THIS is the house, Pollard," said Mr. Hartshorne with conviction, "I'm quite sure it is."

"If you only had n't been equally sure at the last three," murmured his companion, as he took off his hat and wiped his brow. "Come on, you fellows," he added, slightly raising his voice and turning to address two irreproachably gotten-up men whose cool-looking white duck suits set off their tanned skins to advantage. "Harty assures me that this is the house," he said, as the other two joined them.

"Harty's fresh enthusiasm ought to be an example," rejoined Mr. Ralston.

"Harty," a handsome fellow, with that elusive something about him that proclaimed him "a society man," laughed good-naturedly, and they all sauntered up the road that led to the rambling, one-story house, and mounted the steps to a broad veranda, shaded by thickly growing, luxurious vines. It looked like a veritable bower with its riotous foliage outside, tall branching palms placed in every available spot, drooping ferns standing on pedestals, their long leaves falling almost to the floor, and large pots of delicate, feathery maidenhair growing in robust profusion as it does only in the tropics. Inviting hammocks, wicker lounging-chairs suited to any degree of laziness, and cushions everywhere, small and big, of all colors and qualities, gave the scene a reposeful air in keeping with the general lack of bustle and hurry peculiar to Honolulu.

"Quite a taking effect, by Jove!" said Mr. Ralston, as he took out his card and scrawled beneath his name, "*U. S. S. Lone Star*."

After vainly searching for a bell, his knock brought to the door a Japanese boy who bowed to the floor and, hospitably throwing open the blind doors that led into the parlor, invited them to enter. Mr. Pollard and Mr. Hartshorne walked into a large airy room as the boy disappeared through a door opposite. Mr. Lockwood

and Mr. Ralston remained outside, declaring that they were too warm to go into the house. They took off their hats to better enjoy a soft little breeze from the mountains beyond, and the silence was unbroken while each seemed to become more and more lost in the depths of a separate and very special brown study. They had as yet met none of the ladies of Honolulu, so perhaps they were speculating as to how much interest their present visit would hold for them.

Mr. Lockwood, familiarly called "Curley," had been generally considered fascinating, especially by women, and although he had some few close friends among men, they could not, for the most part, understand his attraction nor see why he should succeed to such an extent with the fair sex. However, they did acknowledge the charm of his rather rare smile.

His companion and chum, Mr. Ralston, wore glasses, when he was not twirling them around his finger, which he generally did when he wished to make a pointed remark, at the same time heightening the effect by the deliberation, almost amounting to a drawl, with which he spoke. It might always be noticed, though, that his expression, which might have been considered cynical, was contradicted by his eyes, and one wondered whether to take him with the upper or the lower half of his face. He had a certain amount of magnetism besides, which perhaps accounted for the thought bestowed on the subject.

The brown studies proved absorbing; beyond the occasional whirr of a day-mosquito there was no sound. Then they heard a rustle and a soft but hurried footfall, and there came into full view on the grass at the bottom of the steps a somewhat disheveled but none the less alluring vision in pale pink suggestive of a siesta, and held well up over a lace-frilled petticoat. An instant, and the vision staggered

back and disappeared—so quickly in fact that they wondered at such presence of mind.

"Poor girl!" exclaimed Mr. Lockwood, jumping up. "That must be her room down there, opening off the lower end of the veranda. The Jap told her we were in the parlor and the coast was clear. Come on, Ralsie, and give her a chance." He entered the parlor as he spoke.

"Imagine a Jap saying, 'The coast is clear!'" quoth Mr. Ralston, following him leisurely. "However, your diagnosis of the case does you credit; so we'll let

somewhere is reprehensible to the last degree," said Mr. Ralston severely. "Pray take example by—Curley, for instance."

Whereat there was a general smile, and then, as a young, jolly-looking woman entered the room, they rose, and Mr. Hartshorne went toward her with his faultless manner.

"Mrs. Curtis?" he said. "I am very pleased to meet you. I am Mr. Hartshorne. Allow me to introduce Mr. Lockwood. And this is our Paymaster, Mr. Ralston; and last, but not least, Mr. Polard."



The Lanai

that go about the Jap, although really, Curley, a Jap—"

"O, shut up about that Jap!" said Mr. Lockwood, and he proceeded to tell the others of the episode in subdued but graphic language.

"I said that this was the house," breathed Mr. Hartshorne in circumspect but appreciative tones when he had finished.

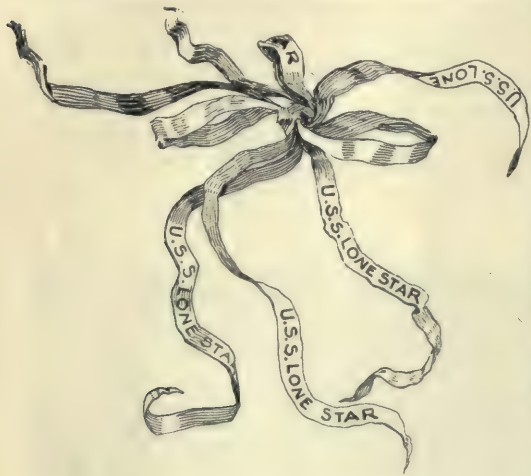
"This habit you have, Harty, of making up your mind that you must fall in love

Mrs. Curtis greeted them all warmly. "Will you come out in the *lanai*?" she asked, as she led the way. "There is a nice trade-wind this afternoon, and it is a shame to be in the house." She sank into an easy-chair and smiled at the four men impartially.

"You must excuse us for keeping you waiting," she resumed. "I had just said to Miss Gerard that it was too late in the day to be indulging in the luxury of a *holoku*, when Negano appeared with your

cards and we realized that my remark was too late. Ah, Suzanne!"

There she stood in the doorway, cool and unruffled as though hurry were unknown in Hawaii. It could not be more than five minutes since an appearance evidently not



calculated to meet the eye of strangers, and yet her neat shirt-waist, trim skirt, precise tie, and well-dressed hair would testify to a time-taking toilet. They had thought her pretty before; they had admired her fair hair and her piquant profile; but after all their view of her had not been satisfactory. There had not been time to note the poise of her head, which might delight an artist, nor yet a certain fashionable air that had its attraction.

"This is my friend, Miss Gerard," said Mrs. Curtis, rising to draw her forward. "Just think, Suzanne,—I found these poor men inside in the parlor this hot day. But I brought them all out."

Suzanne looked up quickly. She caught the eye of Mr. Ralston; it was mischievous. His faultless appearance was impressed upon her, and she blushed distractingly. How many inches above the regulation height had she held that awful *holoku*? No doubt he could testify. She glanced at the others. They were plainly alive to the situation.

"I—I—have the most unfortunate, the most inaccessible room," she said plaintively.

At which their amusement reached a climax.

"Ah, well," protested Suzanne a few

moments later, "a proper sense of your obligations to me would lead you to stop teasing and thank me for taking the edge off a first call."

"That's so, Miss Gerard," said Mr. Hartshorne. "If it were not for you we might even now be discussing the climate, or maybe the mosquitoes."

"Here is an effectual change of the subject," Mrs. Curtis, who had been much amused, announced, as an open carriage was seen turning into the gate at the foot of the long drive. "It is Mrs. Harding. Now you are going to meet a beauty, a widow, a flirt, and above all she has the subtle attraction possible to a dash of Hawaiian blood. So prepare to lose your hearts."

"I am fascinated by her," exclaimed Miss Gerard. "You will be as enthusiastic as I," she said turning to Mr. Lockwood, who was seated next her.

"Will I?" he asked indifferently; then he added somewhat pointedly, "all things figure by comparison, you know."

His remark might have been construed flatteringly, but his serious, half-sad expression might also give the impression that some unhappy experience lay at the bottom of his apathy; and Miss Gerard wondered.

"Please don't think our taste at fault if we don't succumb, Miss Gerard," said Mr. Ralston. "We will try,—really we will; but you cannot blame us if our allegiance is steadfast and does not waver at the first distraction." He bowed to her as he spoke, but his tone was careless enough to rob the compliment of its weight, and his gaze wandered past her to a handsome palm beyond.

"By Jove! would n't she make a sensation in New York!" said Mr. Hartshorne, under his breath, as Mrs. Harding alighted from her carriage and ascended the steps with a languorous grace. And Miss Gerard groaned in spirit as she pictured her first impossible appearance, although it too would undoubtedly have made a sensation in New York.

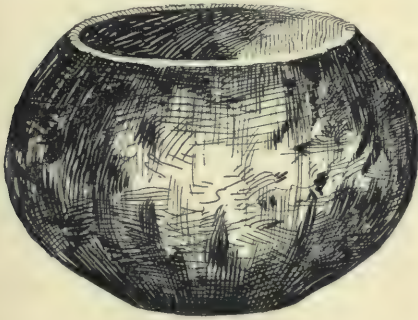
"Aloha!" said Mrs. Harding, and her musical voice lent to the national greeting an added charm. "I know that you and Miss Suzanne like alligator-pears; I have brought you some out of my own garden."

She spoke with an indefinable but per-

ceptible accent. Her eyes were large and almost black, and their luster was enhanced by the brilliant color which flushed through her dark skin. She had a straight little nose and a beautiful mouth that was inclined to be sad, but her teeth were too dazzling and regular to allow it to follow its natural bent. It would be hard to guess, away from Hawaii, what country could claim her. She was dressed in yellow, one of those costumes that in every fold testifies to its Parisian origin and denies its outer muslin simplicity by its silken rustle.

"I am so glad to have a chance to welcome you all to Honolulu," she said earnestly, as Mrs. Curtis introduced her.

She accepted an easy-chair between Mr. Pollard and Mr. Hartshorne, and in an-



other moment one was holding her parasol and the other was fanning her, as she talked to them in her soft, charming voice and conveyed to them, by a cordiality of manner flattering in its apparent sincerity, her appreciation of their attentions.

"You see," said Miss Gerard, turning to Mr. Lockwood, "Mr. Hartshorne and Mr. Pollard have already become impressed."

"Women always impress Mr. Hartshorne," interposed Mr. Ralston, who had caught the remark. "He is so very eligible, poor fellow," he continued, as he twirled his glasses, "so richly endowed with the A, B, C's—Ancestry, Beauty, Coin, and Culture,—excuse the seemingly unimportant position in the list given to coin,—that they invariably make a special effort to impress him, and which of us could withstand a special effort on the part of your sex?"

Miss Gerard flushed. "You are too sarcastic," she began, a little warmly. Then, as she met his glance, she smiled.

"What is all that about moonlight?" she asked after a moment, turning to Mrs. Harding, whose words she had overheard. "It sounds very interesting."

"I am telling them that they must not write home their opinions of the islands until they see our moonlight nights. Am I not right?" said Mrs. Harding.

"Everything comes to him who waits," said Mr. Hartshorne hopefully.

"I have heard complaints of tropical moons, however. In Northern climes one does not have to hunt so hard for shadows," said Mr. Ralston.

"I must go," said Mrs. Harding, as she rose. "My ideas are becoming perverted. If any of you are going towards Waikiki there are two seats in my carriage."

"We must all be off," exclaimed Mr. Lockwood. "We have made an inexcusably long call for a first one."

"Thanks to Miss Gerard's considerate breaking of the ice," added Mr. Ralston, in a mischievous and audible aside.

"You are going to the dance on the Buckeye, to-morrow night?" continued Mr. Lockwood to Suzanne, with a warm hand pressure. "I want you to let me have my favorite waltzes with you. We are going to send our band, and they play waltz music to perfection. Don't be late. I shall be on the lookout for you; may I?" His manner held a delightful hint of awakened interest.

Mr. Ralston, who had been making his adieus to Mrs. Curtis, turned toward her. "Good-afternoon," he said. "I shall think of this picturesque veranda, or *lanai*, rather. May I bring my camera and photograph that palm? It really is a wonder. O, thanks; er—I'm so glad to have met you. Really that palm would be a curiosity in my State."

Miss Gerard bowed a little coldly. He could be appreciative of a plant at least.

"So charmed to have met you, Miss Gerard," said Mr. Hartshorne coming forward. "You remind me of Miss De Peyster of New York. You know her? Nobody but a New York girl could be like Miss De Peyster. You are from New York? Well, anyway, you have been

there. See you to-morrow night on the *Buckeye*. Don't disappoint us. Good-afternoon."

"At last it's my turn to bid you good-by, Miss Gerard," said Mr. Pollard. He said nothing further, but stood before her, hat in hand, looking like an animated picture of Apollo, while his eloquent face and speaking eyes shone down upon her.

"Are they not nice?" exclaimed Mrs. Curtis, as they all disappeared down the road. "Which one do you like the best?"

"O, I don't know," answered Suzanne slowly. Mr. Ralston, the unimpressible, and Mr. Hartshorne, the debonair, passed through her mind; and then Mr. Lockwood—what woman could have had the heart to bring that look into his eyes? "I really don't understand Mr. Pollard at all," she added finally. "He says so little. Still one can plainly see that there is much to him."

"Much indeed," rejoined Mrs. Curtis, laughing. "He must be fully six feet two. He really ought to be a general, or an ancient god, with his steel-blue eagle eye, and his profile."

"But which one did you like the best, Kate?" asked Miss Gerard.

"I decline to commit myself," said Mrs. Curtis. "I know I will regret it if I do. When a new ship comes to Honolulu and one first meets the officers, each seems more attractive than the other and they are all 'such a nice set of fellows.' At the third or fourth meeting one begins to distinguish."

"And a lucky thing, too!" rejoined Miss Gerard with fervor. "Where would matrimony be if we persisted in liking in a wholesale manner?"

And to this unanswerable argument Mrs. Curtis made no reply.

The *Buckeye* ball was voted a success. The night was clear, the air was balmy but not oppressive, and a light wind, grateful to the dancers, was occasionally wafted across the decks. The ship with its elaborate festoons of Japanese lanterns, its myriads of electric lights, its brightly colored flag draperies, the flowers and greens decorating every conceivable spot, the background of interested sailors, the white befrogged duck suits of the officers,

and the gauzy costumes of the women, made a brilliant scene to which the well-trained band gave the finishing touch of gaiety. Mrs. Harding was there, looking like an Oriental princess in an artistically simple gown, with an odd gold girdle around her supple waist and a diamond star just above her brow. She had come up with Mr. Ralston to speak to Mr. Lockwood and Miss Gerard, who were resting in a comfortable nook after a delightful waltz.

Mr. Lockwood had been watching for Suzanne, and as she threw off her light wrap and came out on deck, he had claimed her in a proprietary manner which in a less attractive man might have been resented, but which was received as a delicate and acceptable compliment from him. In a few moments she was pleasantly made aware that she was becomingly dressed, that she was bright as well as pretty, and that her waltzing suited his and made dancing again what it had not been to him for years.

"O, you flatter me," laughed Suzanne at last.

"I never flatter," he replied; "but I am frank to a fault. You must pardon me."

"O, I do. Be frank!" Suzanne cried ingenuously.

"Well then,—to be frank is sometimes to be cheeky, you know,—may I have a little more of your time this evening? The other fellows cannot want you as much as I do. You have it in your power to give me so much pleasure. Don't refuse."

And Miss Gerard thought that no one could have resisted the underlying note of pathos in his request.

"O, Mr. Lockwood," Mrs. Harding interposed as she and Mr. Ralston ruthlessly put an end to their *tete-a-tete*. "I do wish that the next time the *Lone Star* goes to sea you would take Mr. Ralston in hand and teach him to fall in love. Nothing but love will put an end to all his awful theories, I know."

"Any woman who would condescend to bestow five consecutive minutes on me would leave me utterly without a theory," replied Mr. Ralston with his inimitable drawl. And then just as Suzanne decided that she hated equivocation, he turned to

her, and in spite of herself she changed her mind as she met the kindly look in his eyes.

"May I come out to-morrow afternoon and see you?" he asked.

"Why, yes, indeed!" she replied warmly. "I will be glad to see you."

"If you have an engagement, don't bother to stay home. But I would like a photograph of that palm. So if I may bring my camera—"

"O, certainly," said Miss Gerard frigidly.

Some time later she rested through a quadrille with Mr. Pollard. It had been impossible to resist dancing to music played in such perfect time, and with such swing and dash and spirit; so she was warm and tired. Perhaps too she was glad of a chance to fathom the depths of a mind that she felt was complex and mysterious.

"Are you a reader of character, Miss Gerard?" he asked after a few comments on the delights of the ball.

"I am not an expert," she said; "but I am a firm believer in first impressions."

"Are you?" he asked with some animation. He took her fan and gently waved it to and fro. "Am I fanning you too hard?" he asked after an instant's silence.

"No," said Miss Gerard, collecting her thoughts. She longed to draw him out. "Don't you believe in first impressions?" she asked.

"Somewhat," he said, hesitating a moment. Then he turned his eyes upon her. Sensitiveness and imagination seemed concentrated in their bright depths. "I think," he said slowly, "that many natures require study, and—" He paused.

"You mean," said Miss Gerard, "that one may live a year's experience in a day, while to another enlightenment may not come in a lifetime; that one who has lived intensely has had emotions that are undreamed of by a calmer temperament, and that such a person holds unknown elements within him which even a close student of human nature might not be able to read."

"Er—yes,—" he said.

Thought, feeling, pathos, swept over his expressive face, and Miss Gerard decided

that he was an interesting and puzzling study.

She went to supper with Mr. Harts-horne and found it refreshing, after all, to understand him so thoroughly, and as he talked gaily on of New York, of her marked resemblance to the charming Miss De Peyster, of a prospective tour of Europe after his cruise was over, of dances at Sherry's and dinners at Delmonico's, Miss Gerard felt her heart warm toward a typical representative of New York's swell set.

In the days that followed few passed when Miss Gerard did not meet one or the other of her new friends, and in Honolulu, where informality reigns supreme, a brief acquaintanceship leads one with immense strides toward a congenial association.

Mr. Ralston, with his provoking cynicisms, his intangible attentions, his elusive regard, attracted and exasperated at the same time. An attentive escort one moment, indifferently civil the next, and yet, if, may be, cold, always charmingly polite to women, even while he conveyed the indisputable idea that none among them could hold his attention except through the courtesy of a gentleman. A convincingly implied predilection for widows in general, and Mrs. Harding in particular, on one day, was utterly disturbed and contradicted on the morrow by a flattering devotion to Miss Gerard. The aggravating twirl of his glasses, calculated to arouse the most even of temperaments, was softly soothed by the glance of an eye that beamed denial to the act. One could not tire of Mr. Ralston, though one might, at moments, question the regard in which he was held, no less than one's position in his esteem.

The deferential tenderness of Mr. Lockwood's manner and his tactful adaptation to all her moods, made him an appreciated companion, and the delightful consciousness of helping him to be happy held a constantly varying charm. Somehow she felt that she had the power to bring that rare smile to his delicately cut lips, and she loved to watch how it lit up his face and the singularly sweet expression it gave him. The hint of pathos hanging over him called forth all her sympathy, and she felt a true woman's pleasure in hearing

him call her "*Sympatica*." He had never told her the story of his life, and she had not asked him; but she felt that some day he would further show what her friendship was to him by telling her all.

When he talked of affinity, Miss Gerard declared to Mrs. Curtis that it was time for her to go home; but Mrs. Curtis only laughed.

Mr. Hartshorne was attractively frank in his preference for her society, and showered thoughtful attentions on her in a manner to delight the heart of any girl. He would take a carriage and go all over Honolulu hunting flowers for her and trying to inspire the Portuguese gardeners—whose efforts seemed concentrated in and crowned by the growth of a few carnations—with ambition worthy of a New York florist. He would ask for "American



Characteristic Fish Sling

Beauty" roses, with a sublime forgetfulness of the bug that had made even the most modest rose in Honolulu a matter of memory, and would drive from place to place and thus secure enough violets to send up their price and make the florists pray for the prolonged stay of the *Lone Star*. He gave her boating-parties and breakfasts in the ward-room, timed to the arrival of the steamers bringing dainty importations. His buttons he had made into hat-pins and belt-buckles for her adornment, and he brought her enough *Lone Star* ribbons to convince anybody who saw them that her whole heart belonged to that ship—or maybe that every heart thereon was hers.

"You must not be so nice to me," said Miss Gerard once. "I mean it, really."

"Why can't I be a little nice if I like?" he asked, watching an irresistible dimple at the corner of her mouth.

"Well, because," she said,—"because—you see—I'm going home soon, and—"

"And you'll miss me?" he interrupted in gleeful tone.

"Well—er—yes, perhaps—" she answered at last, with an adorable conjunction of the dimple and a blush.

But maybe, after all, Mr. Pollard was the one who most actively interested her. He baffled her. She could not probe the depths of what she felt must be an unusual mind. His speaking eyes were lighted up at times with an intensity of thought that somehow seemed lacking in the lighter natures of the others. The intellectual quality of his beauty, the very scarcity of his remarks were to her proofs of an extraordinary ability, and she felt flattered when he sought her society.

"You know, I don't understand Mr. Pollard," she had said one day to Mr. Lockwood.

"Jim is hard to understand," he replied, and a pause ensued.

"He looks as if he had lived,—as if he were a thinker, and yet a man whose experience came from an eventful life rather than through the mere study of books."

"Yes," said Mr. Lockwood,—which was conclusive, but not specially designed to illuminate Mr. Pollard's characteristics.

When the *Lone Star* had been in port a little over a month, Mrs. Harding gave a *poi* lunch at her home on the beach, with the laudable determination of convincing the officers that the native dish was all that could be desired in the way of a delicacy. They were the most satisfactory guests and delighted her by the facility with which they learned how to give that dexterous twist to the wrist which wound the *poi* around the finger in a neat lump, and the seeming gusto with which they sucked it off. They never once likened it to sour paste, they scorned forks with a commendable desire to "do in Rome" as the navy alone can do, and if they found that *poi* was not all to them that it was to the native heart, Mrs. Harding never knew.

After lunch, under the big *hau* trees growing out of the sands of Waikiki, four sweet-voiced Kanaka boys sang plaintive airs to the accompaniment of guitar, *ukulele*, and taro-patch fiddle. Mrs. Hard-

ing, in a white *holoku* of fine, transparent texture, looked, as she moved about, dragging its snowy length of train behind her, as though this national dress of Hawaii was designed specially for her type of beauty, instead of being devised by the missionary not for its possibility of allure-ment, but entirely because of the simplicity of its manufacture. The guests lounged around on the sands, or in ham-mocks and easy-chairs decorated with brightly colored, sweet-smelling *leis* and shaded by the spreading *hau* trees. The sun sparkled on the gently heaving waters, stretching off to the horizon in brilliant hues of clear blue and vivid emerald-green. The mountains in the distance defined their irregular outlines against a sky of heaven's own blue, upon whose surface pearl-white clouds were massed like huge drifts of swan's-down. A little breeze, weighted with the sweetness of countless tropical blossoms, rose and fell and rustled through the foliage. The surf, a soft undertone rippling through the melodies of Hawaii, murmured and splashed and gently lapped the edges of the shores.

"O, to think that this, fascinating island life cannot last for ever!" sighed Suzanne.

"Don't look ahead. Be happy in the present," said Mr. Lockwood.

"I wish," he added abruptly, "that I had the power to be near you always and to keep every cloud away."

"You don't understand me,—" began Suzanne hastily. "I—I like to look ahead,—I—"

"Come and take a walk with me," interposed Mr. Ralston, coming up with an air of determination. "It is not fair of Curley to monopolize you."

Miss Gerard jumped up and raised her parasol, and they sauntered along after several couples who had already started.

"Have you heard of the new engagement?" she asked, indicating by a gesture a couple in the distance.

"Yes," said Mr. Ralston; "and of course they think they are happy; and that's just as good as being happy, only it is more apt to change and give one a disagreeable surprise."

"Now, don't be cynical," protested Suzanne. "You are on the verge."

"Well, it is n't my fault; but some one has said, you know, that half the marriages are the result of irretrievable flirtations, the other half of unpremeditated proposals."

Suzanne flushed.

"I know I've been awfully stupid to-day," Mr. Ralston said suddenly, with a complete change of manner. "The fact is I have only just heard from Mrs. Curtis that you've made up your mind irrevocably to go home on the *Monowai*, and it has subdued my spirits to think that we will only have you with us one short week more."

"Thanks," said Miss Gerard lightly. "I feel so sorry to leave you all. Really I do. I believe I'm selfish enough to hope you won't have too good a time after I'm gone."

"Will you think of the happy times we have had together, little girl?" said Mr. Ralston slowly. "Don't forget me. We shall meet again. I—"

The couple just ahead of them had turned and retraced their steps. It was Mrs. Harding and Mr. Pollard.

"What do you think of this bad girl making up her mind to go home?" said Mrs. Harding, shaking her finger at Suzanne. And Mr. Pollard's beautiful eyes shone on her and expressed all that he left unsaid.

The next morning, before Miss Gerard had finished her breakfast, the telephone rang. It was Mr. Hartshorne.

"Will you be in this morning at eleven?" he asked, after they had exchanged greetings. "We want to come out."

"We?" said Miss Gerard.

"We will explain—we must see you—we—well, will you be home?"

Miss Gerard gave a cordial assent, and on the uncertain quality of the *we*, donned a very charming gown and looked her prettiest.

"Ah! this reminds me of your first call," she said gaily, as she entered the *lanai* and Mr. Pollard, Mr. Ralston, Mr. Hartshorne, and Mr. Lockwood rose to greet her.

There was a pause. Miss Gerard was conscious of a certain air of constraint.

The atmosphere did n't seem quite clear. She felt a little uncomfortable.

"Look here, Miss Gerard," said Mr. Hartshorne, abruptly; "we've come to make a clean breast of it. We want to start on a fresh footing and be understood, at least during the rest of your stay among us. To make a long story short, we four had a discussion one night while we were at sea, as to which sentiment—sympathy, pique, mystification, or ambition—appealed most to women. We began to get pretty hot on the subject, and at last, to settle a dispute that we could not bring to a satisfactory conclusion, we made up our minds that we would solve the problem by actual demonstration, as it were. At the next port each of us was to pose as a type and prove what quality in man was the most apt to take with women. Curley was to be the victim of a sad past and the inspirer of present sympathy. Ralsie was to appear unimpressible, cynical, especially turned out to arouse pique. We told Jim to shut up whenever he wanted to speak, and simply to *look*, and we felt sure that a desire to understand him would be awakened. I was to be an object of ambition to every fond mamma, not to speak of the fond daughters, by reason of wealth, family, position, et cetera." He paused. "We tried it on, as you know," he added, with a touch of gloom in his tone.

"How ingenious!" breathed Miss Gerard, her eyes shining. "And to what conclusion have you come? Sympathy, mystification, pique, or ambition,—which attracts women the most?" She was all excited interest.

"We don't know,—we don't care," said Mr. Lockwood recklessly.

"We've had enough of this tommyrot," said Mr. Ralston under his breath.

"We are tired of it; we want you to like us for what we really are," said Mr. Hartshorne.

"And are n't you at all—er—it?" murmured Miss Gerard a little vaguely.

"No!" said Mr. Ralston firmly.

"O dear!" she sighed plaintively.

"Well, maybe there was just a foundation," said Mr. Hartshorne cheerfully. "Er—for instance, Jim always seemed as if there must be something to him."

At which everybody laughed, even Jim

himself, and the situation seemed less strained.

"Well, but is there to be no solution to your problem?" protested Miss Gerard.

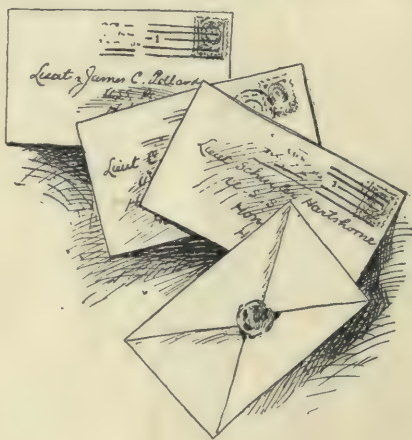
"Which one—er—would you have liked the best?" inquired Mr. Hartshorne with delicate care.

"If you'd been really what you seemed?" asked Miss Gerard pensively.

"Ah, how can I tell!"

Her eyes rested on Mr. Lockwood and then wandered from one to the other in turn. And if each man thought her gaze lingered on him, who could testify to the actual facts of the case?

"But I think," she said at last slowly, as a little dimple appeared at the corner of her mouth,—“I think that just enough of each of the qualities that have so attracted me towards you is centered in my



fiancé, whom I am to meet in San Francisco, to insure the life happiness of any woman."

When they received her wedding cards two months later, Mr. Pollard remarked, "Well, the experiment failed and so did we."

And the other three gave him a champagne supper on the unusual occasion of his having followed a thought to its conclusion, and they were very jolly.

But when the *Lone Star* sailed away from Honolulu, with her homeward-bound pennant gaily streaming behind her, and her band playing, as was its wont, "The Girl I Left Behind Me," somehow it did not seem quite apropos.

OUR PACIFIC OPPORTUNITY

By JOHN BARRETT

EX-MINISTER TO SIAM

CALIFORNIA'S vital concern in the development of her Pacific commerce is so manifest that it needs no argument of proof. It may be, however, of particular interest to call special attention to the importance of the present moment in the matter of awakening the country to an appreciation of the great possibilities which are before us in Asia's five hundred millions of people and in the wonderful coast-line that winds in and out from Java and Siam on the south to Japan and Siberia on the north. It is not possible to emphasize too strongly the necessity of the Far Western States, California, Oregon, and Washington, and their chief cities, San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego, Portland, and Seattle, taking the lead in such agitation and such movements as will bring the greatest benefits not only to the Pacific Coast and its ports but to all the United States.

Everywhere in the East they are watching the course of the Pacific Coast in the questions that are now before us for settlement. If the States of California, Oregon, and Washington are weak, the States of the East will not be earnest in their support of any policy which affects the Far West. Senators, Congressmen, and business men of the Atlantic States are ready to acknowledge that the Pacific Coast has mighty interests at stake in the development of American commerce and influence in the Far East; but they expect that we will take the lead and show the way, as it were. They have their own matters, which demand their constant and careful attention. They will act and vote intelligently on issues that are of vital concern to California, if California is earnest and sincere in its representations of what it needs.

We must keep hammering away on the construction of the Nicaragua Canal, the laying of a Pacific cable, and such other steps as will develop our material and moral influence throughout the Pacific and bring direct benefit to the Pacific Coast.

Wherever it has been my privilege to

speak in the East and be brought in contact with representative men in public life and in business, I have always endeavored to tell them an earnest story of our Pacific Coast opportunities, wishes, and possibilities. It is gratifying to note the interest displayed. But almost invariably it is remarked in private discussion that the Pacific Coast itself must assume the leadership in framing those policies which it espouses and in support of which it asks the co-operation of the Eastern States. We can accomplish almost anything at Washington if we work together; on the contrary, if we labor at cross-purposes, our efforts will be in vain.

San Francisco has made a great name for herself through the war. Her treatment of the departing and returning soldiers has excited the respect and admiration of the whole country. She has received an impetus from the war in the new conditions developing in the Pacific that gives her a tremendous advantage which she should not lose. More is expected now of this metropolis than ever before. If merchants of all classes, together with exporters, importers, manufacturers, and professional men, work together for the upbuilding of California's and San Francisco's interests, they will accomplish a world of good within a short time.

The Pacific Far East is now in a condition to invite our best endeavors. The present situation is unprecedented and unparalleled. Japan looks upon us more kindly than ever before. Our support of her desire to have new treaties has given us a position of strength which we must not lose. Our commerce with the Mikado's empire should advance and develop more rapidly in the future than in the past, now that the interior is open and the whole country is being brought into contact with the outer world. Judging from the record of the past, we should be selling Japan forty million dollars' worth of American products within the next ten years.

Looking to the north, Siberia presents a most inviting field where our trade opportunities are only beginning to open up. Siberia must buy heavily from us as years go by, while Manchuria provides one of the best markets that we have for the export of cotton goods. This present year we shall sell nearly ten million dollars' worth of manufactured cotton products to that northern section of China.

Corea, with her ten million people and her foreign trade of \$12,000,000, is just beginning to open her eyes to the meaning of foreign commerce. There is no reason why that should not develop until it is doubled or trebled within a reasonable period, of which America should get her fair share.

Placing China's great population at a most conservative estimate of 250,000,000, we find her foreign trade to be only \$250,000,000, or one dollar a head. Judging from the experience of Japan, Siam, Java, and the Philippines, as well as that of Indo-China and Burmah, it is logical to contend that such trade exchange should at least reach \$500,000,000 within the near future, and possibly go on to the \$1,000,000,000 mark. China's vast area of four million square miles has only three hundred and fifty miles of railway. What will come when the empire is grid-ironed with railways, it is difficult to estimate in exact figures. Her buying capacity will develop as her interior is opened up.

Little Siam in southeastern Asia is a country of interesting potentialities. Her population of ten million to-day has a foreign trade of \$25,000,000, which is rapidly growing, and must pass on to \$40,000,000 or \$50,000,000 in a reasonable period. Her people are anxious for extended commercial relations with the rest of the world.

Indo-China, Java, the Straits Settlements, and Burmah might be taken up each in its order. In brief it can be said that they have all expanded their commerce beyond the expectations of the most hopeful optimist.

The Philippines have enjoyed a foreign trade of \$33,000,000 gold, or \$66,000,000 silver, in the reckoning of the Orient, under depressing Spanish administration.

It would seem just to contend that under enterprising American direction such foreign trade should be developed within the next decade to \$100,000,000 at least. No country in all the Orient possesses a greater variety of valuable staple products and resources than the Philippines. They are not an El Dorado; but in proportion to area and population they are not surpassed in opportunities and resources by any country in the world. This is the testimony of experts of all nations who have traveled from one end of the islands to the other. There are difficulties ahead, and the exploitation of the country will not be attended with entirely favorable conditions; but if the same energy is applied there that characterizes our efforts at home, the reward will be large. Even in the matter of railways, we find only one hundred and fifty miles in an area of 115,000 square miles and a population of eight millions. There is ample field for a thousand miles of construction and an investment of \$40,000,000 or \$50,000,000 as soon as peace and order shall be established. Other roads must follow later, as distant points are brought into closer relations by the development of the country.

Speaking of the policy that must be pursued by San Francisco and the Pacific Coast in the development of the trade of the Orient, a few important points can be noted. Aside from the all-important great national issues of the Nicaragua Canal and the Pacific cable, we have other vital considerations.

First—The very best men should be sent by exporting houses to the Far East. Everything depends upon the quality of the men who are representing American firms. One good man is worth a thousand circulars. One bad man can offset the work of ten good men. In other words, a principal desideratum for the extension of American trade in the Orient under present conditions is the commissioning of representatives who will understand and master the field.

Second—There should be established at San Francisco an Asiatic commercial museum or trade exchange, where everything possible could be learned without delay, and in fullest detail, about both the im-

porting and exporting phases of Asiatic commerce. Such an institution, representing all the interests of the city, supported by no special group of merchants but rather by the commercial spirit of the metropolis, would tend at once to increase the importance of this port as a great shipping center. The other cities of the coast should lend their support, and in them might be established branches of the institution. The success of the Philadelphia Commercial Museum should be an example not to be forgotten. San Francisco, as the chief city of the Pacific Coast, should take the leadership in this plan, at a time when there is such profound interest in the development of Pacific commerce. In connection with this there might be established exhibits in the principal cities of the Orient.

Third—There must be kept in mind the necessity of developing the import as well as the export trade. If steamers would give low freight-rates, they must bring return cargoes as well as carry export cargoes. The Far East must have a market for its products if it would continue to buy from us. We should exploit the import as well as the export field, not only increasing the demand for what Asia now

has to sell, but developing trade along new lines.

Fourth—Larger and faster steamers should be put on between San Francisco and Oriental ports. With the growing development of trade and the increase of passenger traffic, the facilities to meet it should not be lacking. Seattle, San Diego, Tacoma, and Portland are wakening up to their respective opportunities in this way, and will soon be provided with much more extensive steamship connections than they now possess. The more competition there is up and down the coast, the better will it be for all concerned, provided, of course, it is not overdone.

Fifth—United, concentrated action on the part of all organizations in this city and State and foreign trade is necessary for the fullest development of the Pacific and Asiatic field. With different societies working separately and dividing the energies of the city, you will fail of the best results. It is not merely the manufacturer and exporter who are alone concerned in the Asiatic field; all classes should take an interest. Whatever increases the general prosperity of the State and city, increases the welfare of the individual members of the community.

THE SIREN'S CURVE

By EDWARD S. JONES

TO LOOK upon the old gentleman as he sits in his easy-chair in a cozy cottage standing upon the banks of the beautiful mountain river of S—, one would never for a moment imagine that the early part of his life was one of thrilling interest.

See him, as he sits there smoking his pipe of peace, bent as though the infirmities of age had especially marked him, the few hairs left upon his well-developed head white as the snow-crowned mountains far above his humble home, he looks the very picture of love and gentleness. But the curved spine is due more to the occupation pursued in early life than to

old age, and the white locks became so when he was in the prime of his manhood.

Dan Lester did not always live in this quiet mountain retreat. Years ago he was a railroad engineer upon the road connecting the cities of M— and P—, and he lived in the busy metropolis of M—.

Dan was an old-timer, for it was in the early '50's, in the pioneer days of railroads, when he sat in the cab of a locomotive and made a daily round trip, Sundays excepted (for, be it said to the credit of our fathers, in those days they regarded Sunday as a day of rest). To make this round trip in a day, a distance

of one hundred and twenty-five miles, nearly twenty-five miles of which was over the Allegheny Mountains, was considered a big day's run; for a speed of twenty-five miles an hour was made only by the lightning express trains, and it was such a train that Dan Lester had the honor of running.

A braver man, with a steadier nerve than Dan Lester, never sat in a locomotive cab. In fact, in those early days of railroads, skilled and trusty engineers were scarce; and it was the unmistakable fitness of the man for the place that caused the officials of the road to select Dan Lester and put him in charge of this the most important train run over their road.

Dan was not only popular with the officers of the road, but all of his fellow-workmen loved and respected him. He was a man who commanded respect, and his word was implicitly relied upon.

His engine was No. 1, the first ever built for this road, and it was with pride that the master mechanic of the road kept it in first-class running order. To Dan it was known as his "Old Reliable"; and though in the course of time other engines were constructed with more improvements, yet for none of them did he care to exchange his trusty old companion that had carried him safely over the dangerous route between M—— and P—— upon so many trips.

Notwithstanding he had been for so many years in the service of the road, still he had never lost a day from duty until the spring of 1855, when he was taken down sick with a spell of mountain-fever. His illness cast a gloom over all connected with the road. The superintendent was sorely perplexed to find within the road's employment a man to take Dan's place. It was a question whether to discontinue for the present the "Lightning Express," or to reduce her speed. Neither was desired, and so it was decided to put "Old Reliable" in charge of Ed Russ, one of the road's most competent engineers.

For four weeks all things moved on well, but at the end of that time a sad change took place. It was on the 13th of June, on the return trip of the "Lightning Express," as Ed Russ sat in the cab of the "Old Reliable," when he discovered that

without any apparent cause the train was getting behind time. By the time the train had reached the summit of the mountains it was nearly an hour late; but since there were at least fifty miles between Alto, the station on top of the mountain, and M—— and no stops to make, he calculated to make up all this time. He knew that the crew of the train, as well as the old time-tried engine, was reliable. So he started down the mountains at a little more than the regular speed for making the descent. He had only got about thirteen miles from Alto, when just as he reached the sharpest curve of the road he saw something on the track and directly in front of his engine. He blew for brakes,—for in those days the air-brake was unknown,—but the grade was so steep and the momentum of the train so great, that it was impossible to bring the train to a standstill in time to prevent its crashing into whatever that "something" was. He reversed the engine, applied the engine-brakes, and did all that man could do to stop the train, and then closed his eyes to the awful accident about to take place. The train was finally brought to a halt, but not until a beautiful bride of only a few hours had been run over and killed.

At the village church, not many miles from the scene of this accident, in the early part of the night a young couple had been made man and wife. Accompanied by the entire bridal party they were returning to the home of the bride, where a sumptuous repast was awaiting their arrival, when this never-to-be-forgotten disaster took place. The party was a gay one, and merriment was at its height, when all at once, and without a minute's warning, they saw the engine of the "Lightning Express" train dashing at an unusual rate of speed around the "Siren's Curve," so named by the railroad men on account of the low musical sound produced by the wind whistling through the pine-trees standing on both sides of the track at the entrance of the curve. It was only the work of a moment. All was confusion and indescribable excitement; men and women were fleeing in every direction, and as they fled uttering such piercing screams that the awful sound echoed and re-echoed through the mountain gorges.

The carriage in which the bride and groom rode was in the act of crossing the track when the headlight of the locomotive was seen, without time enough to get across, or to turn back. The vehicle was smashed into many pieces, the fair occupant killed outright, and her husband received injuries from which he never recovered.

It was a sad night for poor Ed Russ, and it almost broke his heart. And in the years to come it finally did unbalance his mind.

Three weeks from the night of this terrible accident, Dan Lester was able to walk around his yard; and then for the first time he was told of the ill-luck that had befallen his "Old Reliable." It was with a sad heart that he heard the news, and never afterwards did he seem the same jovial engineer that he had been. He felt a deep attachment for his "Old Reliable," and realized that now she had been stained with human blood, though through no fault of his.

In a few more weeks Dan was well and again at his post of duty. And though he never felt just the same as he sat in the cab of the "Old Reliable," yet he did his duty in the same satisfactory manner. The cool nerve that had ever been his, though a little shaky now, was still his distinguishing characteristic. He ran the old engine until it was deemed advisable by the master mechanic to withdraw it from the road.

A new engine had just been built, and nothing remained to be done but to paint the number upon the same, which would be "No. 13," since the locomotives had been numbered in the order they were built.

"Hold on a minute, Bill," said the master mechanic to the head painter. "If we number that engine 'No. 13,' we will never get an engineer to run her. I will have a talk with the president and superintendent, both of whom are coming this way now; so it will not take long to decide the matter."

For several minutes the three officials were engaged in conversation. They had about decided to skip over the number thirteen and call the engine "No. 14," when Dan Lester, who was standing near,

and overheard a part of the conversation, spoke: "One word, Mr. President, if you please, before you agree upon a number for the new engine."

"Well, Dan, what is it?"

"I just want to say that you need not skip over thirteen. Dan Lester still knows how to run an engine, and he ain't afraid of figures either. I know that some folks are superstitious, but I don't know that it makes them any better. So call her 'thirteen' if you want to, and let Uncle Dan ride in her cab; and if she is only as good as the 'Old Reliable,' I will feel satisfied. It is true that I am not as young as I once was; but I guess there is many a man less than forty years of age who has not got the grip that Dan Lester has. And who knows but what I may run her as many years as I did the 'Old Reliable.'"

Without discussing the matter further, it was decided to call the new engine "No. 13," and the head painter was instructed to proceed with his work.

After being thoroughly tested in the yards, the engine was ready to be put upon the road. To the lightning express train No. 13 was coupled for its trial trip over the road. Dan Lester took his seat in the cab, pulled the lever with his skillful hand, and the "Lightning Express" started on her trip to P—. The outward trip was made on time and without special incident. The run homeward was begun, and when the mountains were reached the ascent was made so easily that Dan began to acknowledge to himself that really, after all, No. 13 was a better engine than his "Old Reliable."

As he thought of his old engine one thought suggested another. As he had often done when nearing the "Siren's Curve," he began thinking of the sad accident that had happened there long years ago; and then it flashed across his mind that it was just thirteen years ago to the day when that event took place; and with these thoughts were associated the mysterious, unlucky number of his engine—No. 13. The night was a damp and foggy one, though the moon had been shining. Brave man as he was, somehow Dan did not feel easy. Firmly his hand held the lever, as he passed the brow of the mountain and cautiously began the descent. As

his engine reached the fatal spot where thirteen years ago, almost to the exact hour, a beautiful bride had been suddenly ushered into eternity and her brilliant husband made a mental wreck for life, the strange musical sound that he many times before had heard seemed to chant to-night in a most pleading tone, as though beseeching the brave engineer to stop, if only for a moment, and listen to its tale of woe. The next moment Dan Lester saw a sight that chilled every drop of blood in his manly body, dazed his brain, and for the time unnerved this heroic man who never knew what it was to fear. He did not know whether he was dreaming or was about to realize what all his life he had laughed at as folly. If he had looked to his left and saw his fireman paralyzed in his seat and blanched with fear, he would have been convinced that he was not dreaming. About fifty yards in front of his engine, directly above the tracks, he saw a woman of such transcendent grace as he never imagined existed save in the poet's dreams. But there she stood, gloriously arrayed in faultless robes of white, and of such translucent beauty that the white known to mortals could not be compared with it. She faced the locomotive, with both of her naked arms, pointing to heaven, and her long, golden hair flowing away below her waist, and with her face wearing a smile of such surpassing love, but commingled with such unutterable sadness, that Dan Lester felt sure that he was looking upon an inhabitant from the paradise of the saints in glory.

How long she remained there he never knew. He saw that she got no nearer nor farther from his engine, though he was running very slowly at the time. As mysteriously as she came, she disappeared; and as she did so the moon made its appearance from behind a black cloud. And where the fair being stood a moment before, a flood of silver light diffused the blackness of night and created in the bewildered mind of Dan the idea that it was the halo of glory that followed in the wake of this beautiful vision, now gone he knew not where. No sooner did Dan realize that she was no more to be seen than he increased the speed of his engine. In fact he was hardly responsible for what he did; for he pulled the lever wide open, and

soon the engine at a fearful rate was tearing down the mountain slopes. On and on, faster and faster did the "Lightning Express" make its perilous descent. No train ever before or since so madly plunged down the sides of the mountains. To the frightened passengers every moment looked as though it would be their last. But poor Dan knew not their fears, nor did he care to know; he had seen enough for one night to last him for a lifetime.

More than an hour ahead of time the train pulled into the depot at M——. Without saying a word, Dan left the cab. It was the fireman's duty to put the engine in the shed. Dan went home and to bed, but not to sleep—no, that he could not do.

The next morning the news of the "haunted engine" was known in the home of every official and employee of the M. & P. R. R.

Dan Lester resigned his position, and no inducement could be offered to again make him run a locomotive engine. Nor could any engineer be found in or out of the shops to run No. 13. To the railroad the engine was now a useless piece of property, and was stored away where it remained for many months. Finally the officials decided to have it repainted, give it a new number, and have the headlight examined by a scientist, to see if any reason could be discovered for the apparition that appeared before Dan Lester, at the "Siren's Curve," and then to try and sell the engine to some road far away.

Professor Bozarris, an eminent optician, who had been invited to examine the engine's headlight, discovered a miniature picture of a lady, the work having been executed to a degree of marvelous perfection. Though the image was too small to be seen with the naked eye, yet it was so arranged as to reproduce the figure life-size, atmospheric conditions being right for the purpose. And it so happened that upon the first night the new engine was run over the road, the thick fog answered for a canvas and all things were exactly suitable for the appearance of the mysterious being in white, which caused the road to part with its best engine and lose its most efficient engineer.

How the image got there none could tell, until it was remembered that at the

time the locomotive was being constructed, an ingenious Frenchman was employed in the shops, and had done some work on No. 13. It was then generally believed by all connected with the road that he was responsible for the "haunted engine." Still none were willing to run the engine, no matter what was the cause for the strange sight Dan Lester saw, nor how many new numbers might be painted upon it.

The superstitiously inclined, or the over-sentimental, may wish that this story had been made to end with occult insolvable mystery, but in a world in which the occult and the mysterious have been so abused and so overworked, a rational explanation of facts may sometimes be wholesome, while at the same time, especially in connection with the telling of a tale, it may have the advantage of novelty.

THE VULTURE IN THE SKY

By H. M. HOKE

IN ONE of the seacoast villages which in former days largely subsisted upon the profits of smuggling and piracy lived a man who gave his name as Pleveric Breen. As rumor went, he had himself captained a ship that sailed under a sable flag and had been as rapacious as any of his like. But whatever the truth, it is well attested that a parson could not have led a quieter or more peaceable existence ashore.

One October morning, Breen's secretary, Aaron Perch, was accosted on the street by a seaman with an abdomen like a bulging topsail and a scar that showed through the dirty brown of his left cheek like the crescent through the smoke of a burning frigate.

"Bein' Pleveric Breen's scribe," he wheezed, "do you see yonder speck in the sky?"

Following the slant of the begrimed forefinger, Perch saw the speck and asked what it was.

"That speck's a vulture, mate," the mariner croaked.

"What of it?" Aaron asked.

"Just keep your optics on that speck and the weather, mate, and then ask me what of it."

With which injunction he rolled unsteadily down the street. Aaron dismissed the warning, for the tar had left in his wake the fumes of Hollands whose strength had not been impaired by eluding

the tax. But on his way to the post in the afternoon the seaman again stopped him.

"Have you kept your peepers on the vulture?" he asked.

"What have I to do with what you imagine is a vulture?"

"Imagine, is it? Look aloft and see if your imagination don't veer around into the same quarter."

Aaron was not a little startled to see that the speck had indeed enlarged to a vulture and that it was circling directly over his master's house.

The mariner caught him by the sleeve, and, pointing toward the ocean, said, "If your landlubber eye can't mark yon mist risin', it will in the mornin'. Keep your eye, mate, on the vulture and the mist. Craft afloat had better be makin' lan'ards, an' them as has dirty decks better be swashin' away telltale signs ag'in makin' the last port. Keep your eye aloft on the vulture and alow on the sea."

He again rolled toward the village inn. But this time Perch could not dismiss his warning, though the Hollands had by no means condensed from his breath. As the day wore on, the little scribe saw that the vulture was descending by a slow spiral directly toward Breen's house, and when the day closed that it was still flying high in the dusk.

That evening, when he went to the library, Breen looked up from a package of time-yellowed papers, lying before him

upon a table, and said: "Aaron, I've taken a sudden notion to clear my decks. You know there's no telling when a man may make his last port. But what in the name of heaven ails you, man?"

Aaron told him about the sailor and the vulture.

Breen burst into a strident laugh, and said: "If a besotted mariner wants to see signs at the same time that a vulture takes it into his brainless head to fly over my house, I don't suppose I can prevent them; but you need n't get scared. Drunkards' signs are not infallible, and vultures are n't dangerous. I thought something had chilled that chicken-heart of yours. We will begin burning these papers to-morrow morning."

As soon as it was light next morning, Aaron stole out to the grounds surrounding the house and looked anxiously into the sky. The vulture was winding slowly downward and a white mist had risen from the sea.

Two hours later the sailor again accosted him on his way to the post. "Do you now mark the mist that came up like a ghost from the sea? Aye, mate, you do,—and the vulture comin' down, down, down."

He stopped abruptly, and thrusting his rum-purpled face close to Aaron's, said: "Once there was a good ship, and the captain of that good ship—but, avast! Keep your orbs on the vulture and the sea; and them as has accounts to cast and papers to burn better be up and doin' ag'in makin' last port."

Aaron returned to the house and went into the library. Breen was at his table busily sorting the yellow papers. He handed a number of them to Perch and bade him put them into the fire blazing upon the wide hearth. They were thus engaged most of the day, and with each paper that disappeared in the flames the mariner's words grew more ominous to the little scribe. In the afternoon the mist had grown dense in the air, and evening came on dismal and raw, with a northeast wind blowing aslant from the sea and laden with a dampness that nipped one's marrow.

Just before dark, Aaron slipped out into the grounds, hoping that the vulture had

disappeared; but it was still there, much lower than in the morning, and circling slowly down.

Breen received him in the library with a boisterous jocularity that increased Aaron's quaking, for humor was unnatural with the man and, at that time, had the semblance of whistling in a graveyard. The fire was roaring and crackling cheerfully, but a chill had crept into the great house that was different from any other that had run cold fingers along the secretary's nerves, and upon which the flames had no more effect than the spark of Breen's taper. He walked to the hearth, however, and stretched his benumbed hands to the heat. He there became so intent upon the ill omens accumulating all around that he did not know Breen had come to his side until a hoarse voice sounded close in his ear, "Is the vulture still flying over the house?"

Perch leaped away with a sharp cry and began to tremble so that his master burst into a guffaw that smote the little man with new terror.

"Why, you coward," he roared, "what is a vulture? A vulture is only a —"

His voice quivered and broke. He cast a quick, uneasy look over his shoulder into the far shadows of the room, and his tone was little above a whisper as he finished,— "A vulture."

Perceiving then that his secretary had noted the signs of weakening, Breen caught him by his sleeve, and said, "Come with me, you limp-heart, and I'll show you a buzzard!"

He lighted a fresh candle, led the way up to the loft of the house and along the floor to an apartment boarded off from the other space. Close above their heads the wind soughed past the huge chimneys and hissed across the shingles. It sifted through the tiniest chinks and swirled about them icily. This was tangible cold, however, against which clothing was a protection; but the night had a chill against which man's best courage was an inadequate garment.

Breen unlocked the door and led Aaron into the inclosure. If the secretary had doubted the tales of Breen's past, conviction fell upon him then. The compartment was unmethodically stored with odds

and ends from a ship—cordage, fragments of spars, anchor-flukes, grappling-hooks—all painted black, together with broadswords and firearms. But, passing these, Breen led Aaron to one side, pointed to a large object fastened to the wall, and held the candle so that the light might fall upon it.

It was the black wooden figurehead of a ship, representing a vulture flying with wide-stretched wings.

Breen stood silent for some minutes, as if listening to the rising voice of the storm; then said suddenly: "Once there was a good ship, and the captain of that good ship— Why, Perch, you are swaying like a mast in a typhoon! There is a wooden vulture and a living vulture— But come, this is enough!"

He hurried from the room, carefully locked the door and bade Aaron good-night with a roar of laughter that made the little secretary quake more than the fury of the storm.

At daybreak Perch again stole out to the grounds, and with difficulty made his way against the gale to a desired point. He had seen many tempests along the coast, but none that had been so ominous of something more than violence. He cast a timid glance into the leaden sky and shrank into his great coat. The vulture was still flying slowly downward.

"That damnable bird is there yet!" said Breen, who took delight in coming upon him unawares.

"Yes—still there. What does it mean?"

"There was once a good ship, Aaron—a good ship that went to sea, and the captain of that good ship—"

A blast of uncommon fury wrested the words from him.

"And the captain of that ship," Aaron reminded him.

"Let us get indoors," muttered Breen. "Hell is abroad this morning."

Several hours later, as Aaron was making almost impossible headway down the storm-swept street, the mariner again accosted him.

"Have you marked the vulture this morning, mate?" he asked.

"Yes; it is lower."

"Aye, and will be lower by nightfall.

Watch its course getting smaller, smaller, smaller, and, atween times, mark the sea; aye, aye, mate,—the sea! Once there was a good ship—"

"What of that good ship?" asked the goaded secretary.

"There was once a good ship called the *Flyin' Vulture*—"

"The *Flying Vulture*," muttered Aaron, crouching in his dread.

"Aye, mate, the *Flyin' Vulture*. And the captain of the *Flyin' Vulture*, at the start of the morning watch, did the deed,—fifteen year ago, mate,—the foul deed. Them as has things to enter in the log-book better be takin' up the quill ag'in makin' the last port. Mark the vulture, mate, and the sea."

He put about, and between the gale and rum marked a traverse course to the inn.

Late in the afternoon, as Aaron stood by the library hearth vainly trying to keep warm, Breen, working at his desk, said, "Aaron, I have now finished all my work but one task." He drew out a book as he spoke, laid it open before him, and went on. "I have put off the making of an entry in this log-book for fifteen years."

The mariner's last warning smote the secretary to the quick, and clasping his livid hands, fright wrung the words from his lips "The log-book of the—the—"

"The *Flying Vulture*," Breen finished, with his mirthless laugh.

"Were you the—the captain—of—"

Breen sprang to his feet, strode toward him, and bending so as to peer into the secretary's eyes, demanded, "What is it to you, Perch, if I was the captain of the *Flying Vulture*?"

"Nothing, sir; nothing. But what do the vulture and the storm and the mariner mean? Good God, sir! what is coming upon us?"

"The vulture is coming down—down, down!" Breen roared, "and something is coming in from the sea! It will soon be dark. Go out and see if that devil-bird is still flying over the house."

Aaron obeyed timorously. The gale was so thick with foam that it condensed upon his face, and it seemed to bear, as if it were tangible, the din of the surf upon the shore. The sky was almost black, but, straining his eyes, he descried the vulture

flying almost on a level with the huge chimneys. He clung to the bole of an elm for many minutes before he could start upon his return to the library.

When he finally staggered into it, Breen looked up, and, once more bursting into his laugh, asked "Well, chicken-heart, are the black wings still over us?"

"The vulture is still there—flying slowly—low, very low over the house."

"Then, I must make this entry as if I were coming into port. You may go."

Aaron withdrew, but, seized by an overmastering curiosity in the hallway, he turned and peered through the crack of the door. He saw his master take up his quill and write two or three words hesitatingly; then pausing, he considered a few moments, and flung the pen upon the floor.

Sometime after midnight, while Aaron was trying to keep warm in his own room, Breen sent for him. He found his master standing close to the library fire, his ashen face and tremulous hands showing that he had been as unable as himself to drive off the chill of the night.

"Get your coat, Aaron," he commanded. "Go to the beach and watch what comes in from the sea."

He was soon toiling against the gale, buffeted by the flying spray, and groping in the thick darkness. How he was to watch what came in from the sea in such fog and storm and gloom, or how anything living could come in through such turbulence, he did not know; he only knew that he must obey and watch. When near the beach a man came to his side and clutched his arm. He could not see him, but the foul odor of Hollands was unmistakable.

"Fifteen year ago to-night, mate," croaked the mariner in his ear, "and the vulture is flyin', the storm is ragin', and somethin' is comin' in from the deep. Beware to them as has not made the entries in the log-book! And if they be not made, mark ye, mate, to look to the vulture—the living vulture and the wooden vulture."

They beat their way to the beach and sought shelter behind a dune. Benumbed by the cold and fear, Aaron waited. The storm increased steadily in violence as the minutes seemed to grope their way in

the murk. How many minutes went by Aaron never knew; but suddenly, in the height of the tempest, the mariner came close to him, laid his hand upon his arm, and said "It has come! Follow me."

He saw nothing; but the mariner's hand still clasped his arm, and he was too weak to resist. If there was a third person with them, he did not know. So much of mystery seemed to swirl about him in the darkness and din that a Fate in some form might have walked by his side.

The mariner forced him on, and finally they came to his master's house. He knew it by the dull light from the library windows.

"The entry's not made," said the mariner. "The sea has given up its secret, and it is done. Mark ye, mate,—the vulture!"

Aaron heard his unsteady steps depart, and he hastened as best he could into the wide hallway. He pushed the library-door open and went in slowly. A taper was spluttering in the stick, but a flame, dying upon a remaining fagot, shed enough light to show that his master was not there.

Standing in the silence, the croaking voice of the mariner broke into his memory with his last warning, "Mark ye, mate,—the vulture!"

The vulture! There were two. He might have meant the wooden figurehead in the loft.

He caught up a new taper and, lighting it, went into the hall and up the stairway to Breen's room. The door stood open and the bed was untouched. He went slowly up the second flight to the loft, and paused at the top to listen. There was little sound, for the gale was waning. He crept on to the inclosed room. The door was slightly ajar, and he pulled it open. He thrust the light forward, shaded his eyes with his hand, and peered into the dim space.

Breen lay dead upon the floor, partly upon his side, his face pressed close down, and his right hand gripping a spar, which he had wrenched from its place in his struggle to free himself from the crushing weight of the figurehead, which had fallen upon him from its place on the wall.

Aaron ran down to the servants' rooms and dispatched one of them for the coro-

ner. Then he went back to the library. Upon the table still lay the log-book as his master had left it the evening before. He bent over it and read, "As the dawn was breaking I killed—"

Here he had refused to write. Something had come in from the sea, and the wooden vulture had fallen. Aaron looked

up from the book and saw that it was daylight.

Wrapping his great coat closer around him, he went out into the grounds. He shaded his eyes with his tremulous hand and looked upward. The vulture was gone and the sky was red where the sun would presently rise from the sea.

THROUGH THE EMERALD ISLE

By ADELAIDE S. HALL

THERE is always something novel and exciting about seeing a country from shipboard for the first time. As Macaulay says, "I love entering a port at night. The contrast between the wild, lonely sea and the life and tumult of a harbor, when a ship is coming in, have always impressed me much."

It was four o'clock when we sailed into the finest harbor in the kingdom, and landed at the quay of Queenstown. The hazy light of the new morning veiled the shabbiness of the older buildings on the wharf and formed a sort of aureola about those on the brow of the hill.

We breakfasted in the quaint dining-room of Kilmurray's Hotel, where the eggs are brought to the table under a huge china hen, and the coffee was served from a silver pot of such massive proportions and elaborate design as to divert the attention from the lamentable condition of the table linen, and the slipshod waiter.

Then came our first experience with a jaunting-car,—a two-wheeled affair with seats placed back to back—certainly the most delightful vehicle for short excursions or pleasure-driving we had ever enjoyed.

After a tour of the main portion of the city, with a jolly old driver who seemed thoroughly to enjoy the fact that we did not believe a word of the extravagant tales he related, we boarded a tiny steamer that was to convey us up the River Lee to the city of Cork.

Before many minutes had passed we were impressed with the beautiful verdure

that clothed the sloping banks of the river, and were convinced of the appropriateness of Ireland's sobriquet—"The Emerald Isle." Upon either side this glorious color, from the palest tint of a chrysoprobe to the rich black-green of the rubber-plant leaf, surged like the waves of the sea. A modern castle, called Blackrock, and now used as a lighthouse, is situated on the left bank, and is the spot from which William Penn embarked for America.

As we viewed Cork in the distance, a tall spire outlined itself against the sky, and a soft peal of bells was heard across the river. Forgetting altogether that I was not alone, I quoted audibly:—

Those bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

Immediately I heard a chuckle from behind, and on looking around met the merry eyes of an old Irishman who bowed gallantly, and added:—

Oh!—
Those trout and salmon
That play backgammon
On the pleasant waters of the River Lee.

Cork is built in a valley surrounded by fertile heights and is belted by the Lee, which is spanned by six bridges. It is by St. Patrick's Bridge that we find the grave of Father Matthew, the celebrated apostle of temperance. We wonder how the soul of this gentle teacher can rest, when so much wretchedness, rising from the liquor habit, is abroad in his beautiful city.

It is sad, but true, that among the lower

classes one is constantly coming across an intoxicated person—as often women as men. To be sure, we find many cases in America, but not in such numbers as in the British Isles, where in all cities one is sure to find some disorderly persons on the principal streets and in the shops. The most pathetic scenes of this kind that we witnessed were in Cork and in Inverness, Scotland.

Patrick Street, one of the thoroughfares of Cork, is adorned by a statue of Father Matthew, and although the finest buildings are on the South Mall, we preferred the older street because it is more characteristic of the race.

Of course, every one who visits Cork takes a trip to Blarney, five miles distant. A little narrow-gauge railway offered us the opportunity of going third-class, and in that way we were to ride with the peasant men and women, who were returning home from market. They were evidently acquainted with one another in our car, and the exchanges of neighborly gossip, the quips and jokes, were many. As there is no accent so irresistibly humorous as a rich Irish brogue, no pathos so pathetic as that of an Irishman, you can imagine we were entertained. Even in anger Paddy is funny. For instance: "The devil fly away with you and sixpence! Sure thin ye'll want nayther money nor company."

Paddy loves a fight better than a square meal, and it was in Cork that I saw a man and his wife having a pitched battle in the middle of the street while the baby, who had been dumped on the ground, yelled an accompaniment. No one seemed to mind it; there was no crowd about—and it was on Sunday too, when the streets were well filled with idlers.

Irish phrases are very musical: for instance, instead of a young man saying to his sweetheart, "You are my best girl," a la America, he murmurs into her pretty ear "Cushla machree" (pulse of my heart), or "Mavourneen dheelish" (my sweet darling). And you may be sure many of these loving words are spoken when on a holiday two lovers are wandering in the Groves of Blarney where the famous old specimen of medieval architecture, Blarney Castle, still stands. It was erected in the fifteenth century by Cormac

McCarthy (surnamed "The Strong"). Twenty feet from the roof of the castle is the Blarney Stone, which, it is said, will confer the "slutherin tongue," or, as we should say, "The gift of gab," to any one plucky enough to kiss it, or lucky enough to escape with his life after the attempt. However, it has been accomplished several times by people willing to hang by their heels during the operation.

The day after our visit to Blarney, we started on the "Prince of Wales' Route" for Killarney, via the Cork, Bandon & South Coast Railway to Bantry, and thence by coach to our destination.

Bandon was once a walled town, and one of its gates bore this peculiar inscription:—

Turk, Jew, or Atheist
May enter here—but not a Papist.

Some one wrote this stinging retort, which we feel is well deserved:—

Whoever wrote this, wrote it well
The same is on the gates of Hell.

Bantry, at the end of the railway, on the extreme south coast, is situated on a magnificent bay twenty-one miles in length, and encircled by a range of mountains. This silver strand is named "The Riviera" of Ireland. There we find almost tropical scenery, and all through the valley and up the great glen—which we traversed by coach—Nature was at her loveliest. I am quite unable to describe fitly the wildwoods through which we passed, and having no picture to illustrate them, must again resort to the poet:—

Our brightest, favorite spot
Is in a Munster wildwood,
Where the foot of man comes not,
And the rays are ne'er too hot.

And the flowers keep in their childhood
For the Fairie Companie.

The woods are so thick with underbrush that we could not see ten feet within them. Masses of yellow St. John's-wort choked up the crevices between gigantic ferns which, in turn, twined about the trunks of the holly, yew, beech, and ash trees. Many times these trees spring directly from the limestone boulders, which cover the greater part of the soil, and seem to have no earth to draw sustenance from—and

yet, they are hardy; the boulders are thick with beautiful lichens, and the trees are often very nearly covered by ivy and other parasitic growths.

As the coach neared Glengariff, we could look back through the fertile valley with its rim of mountains to the blue of the open sea.

One can scarcely imagine anything more picturesque than Glengariff Bay, as we saw it, by moonlight that evening. The shores slope up to the thick woods, and the hotels and dwellings are almost hidden in

"in an hour." However, we know that the soldiers were compelled to do it in an incredibly short space of time under penalty of death.

The mean winter temperature of Glengariff is fifty-two degrees. Therefore, one may see what an admirable winter resort it is, so far as climate and beauty are concerned.

The next morning at nine the coach was waiting, and, in company with an Englishman and his two daughters and an Irish priest (who had a legend for every mile),



Blarney Castle

magnolias and fuchsias, the latter growing to a height of ten feet and loaded with blossoms. In the middle of the bay is Ganish Island, capped by a ruined fort. This is one of the

Scenes that sink into the being
Till the eyes grow full with seeing,
And the mute heart can but bless
Him that shaped such loveliness.

Marvelous tales are told about Cromwell's Bridge, on the old Berehaven Road. Some say it was built, by order of the Protector, "in a day and a night," and some,

we set out for Killarney, forty-two miles away. As we left the valley, we began to see the poverty-stricken land in County Kerry (though this county is fertile compared with those on the western coast). Long stretches of stony ground, with only here and there patches of tillable soil were visible. Little stone or mud cabins with thatched roofs, their wide-throated chimneys sending out the biting smoke of the peat, were the only habitations, and we know that there are forty thousand such in Ireland.

Bogs which are wet spongy morasses cover an area of 4,420 square miles in Ireland, and when cut and dried serve as fuel.

Along these bogs, or marshlands, men and boys were cutting the peat and turf, and stacking the squares (as we do bricks) to dry in the sun. The priest related how the people dragged the bogs with long grappling irons in their search for sunken forest oaks from which many ornaments and souvenirs are carved. These trees become as black as ebony from long immersion in the iron-impregnated swamp,

Farther on the peasants were burning the furze bushes in their efforts to clear the ground, as well as remove the sally, a shrub as sweet-smelling as the ozier. The priest bewailed the fact that so many of the better class of farmers had gone to America and left the land uncultivated. Miles and miles of ground, unfit for anything but goats, are found in southern Ireland, and the greater portion of the farming land can be used only between June and August, as the grass is what the Irish call "fumagh," or wild grass.

Shortly after we emerged from the tun-



Glengarriff Harbor, Bantry Bay

and are often so flexible that they can be braided into ropes. Some trees are known to have been buried thus for fifteen hundred years. The father told us an odd little tale of two men who were crossing a bog one night, when one began to sink. The other ran with great haste to the nearest cabin and called to a farmer to bring a rope and help pull out his friend. "How far is he in?" said the farmer. "Up to his heels," yelled the man. "No haste then," answered the farmer. "Oh," replied the man, "I forgot to tell you he went in head first."

nel which pierces the chain of mountains between County Cork and County Kerry, we could see, across the valley, the Macgillicuddy's Reeks separated from the Tomies range by a deep, wedge-shaped valley—the celebrated "Pass of Dunloe." In the center of the pass is the lake noted especially for the legend of Saint Patrick and the snakes of Ireland. Says Cox:—

For here—before Saint Patrick's rod,
The last snake slid from Erin's sod.
When sunlight dies upon the peaks
That form Magillicuddy's Reeks,
And neither shout nor horn of guide
Is heard upon the mountain side,

Up from the depths will slowly rise
 A serpent's head of monster size,
 That turns a keen, inquiring eye
 Upon the merge and pathway nigh;
 Then with a hiss is lift the hair,
 And splash that sends the spray in air,
 It pops below the wave again;
 As if with more than mortal ken,
 It saw Saint Patrick's crozier bright
 Still warning it to keep from sight.

About four o'clock we descended to a plain where we could see the glorious chain of Killarney Lakes, gemmed with

and as a penance was ordered to travel over his native country until he found a place called "Skeeheen-a-Vibo," and there to found an abbey. He was forbidden at the same time to make any inquiries as to the locality mentioned. One day, when footsore and weary, he came upon a group of children, and overheard one say to the other, "D'ye know where yer goats are, to be sure?" The other answered in the negative, when the first speaker said, "Up yonder—at Skeeheen-a-Vibo." The priest,



Cromwell's Bridge

emerald islets and fantastic rocks. Another turn through a wildwood, where blackberries are thickest, and we were in the demesne of Muckross, owned by the Herbert family, who reside part of the year at Muckross House, a smart dwelling in the park.

Within this demesne are the ruins of Muckross Abbey, erected in 1440 upon the foundation of the ancient building. There is a legend, so says a writer of Irish life, that an Irish priest was banished from Rome for ridiculing an Italian brother,

overjoyed, hastened to gather together all the masons of the country, and began the abbey; but as fast as they builded in the daytime, the devil and his imps tore it down at night, and at last he was in despair. The angels seeing his efforts, and knowing his good heart, took pity on him and finished the abbey in a single night when he was asleep.

The present abbey is one of the most charming ruins in Ireland. In the center of the nave is the tomb of the "great O'Donoghue," so I was told by a distin-

guished-looking Englishman who was examining the fast-fading Latin inscription on the slab.

The cloisters of the abbey show pointed and semi-circular arches in a good state of preservation. In the center is an ancient monster yew, its spreading

trunk has been entirely severed from the roots, it is as fresh and green as ever. About the abbey is the tiny "God's Acre," with its curious old tombstones "whose names Time's hand has brushed away."

After a restful night at the Muckcross Hotel, we climbed into a jaunting-car and



O'Sullivan's Cascade

branches forming a complete canopy over the court.

But no one touched the cloistered yew,
Its ancient legend well they knew—
Who plucks a leaf from this old tree
Within a year a corpse will be.

The ivy which clothes the walls is so vigorous that in several places where the

with a stout little pony named "Paddy" started on our first day's tour of the lakes. For a couple of hours we were traveling through the main road of the Herbert game preserves, where the branches of the arbutus-trees met overhead. The fruit of the arbutus is of the size and color of a large strawberry, and should be eaten with



The Reeks, Killarney



Pass of Dunloe

care, as it seems to have narcotic qualities. Only the calls of the goldfinch and the thrush, the rustling of the woodcock or the pheasant among the dry leaves disturbed the wondrous quiet of these woods, where in the hunting season the red deer comes crashing through in order to reach the water and escape the pack at its very heels. Nine deer, we are told, is not an unusual bag for a day's sport. Very little poaching is done, barring a few rabbit-traps, and as this section is overrun with them, little attention is paid to that.

Crossing Brickeen Bridge where we look up the waters to the Colleen Bawn Rock,

body, we proceeded to view the "Old Weir Bridge," so named from the weir, or salmon-trap, near by. Here the rhododendrons grow higher than man, and are as luxuriant as if in the tropics.

The beauty of Killarney does not depend wholly upon the silver waters, the lofty hills, the wealth of foliage, or even the ancient abbeys, but the effect of color and of light and shade, which, ever-changing, ever-playing about the heights and across the shimmering lakes, lends a mystical charm that is divine.

From all parts of the Lower Lake, Ross Castle, built in the fourteenth century, is



Colleen Bawn Rock

and Devil's Island,—both are connected with legendary history,—we catch enchanting glimpses of the Purple Mountain, and farther on alight at Dinnis Cottage. Here one may enjoy a thick, juicy salmon steak which has been fastened to the end of an arbutus twig and broiled over live coals, the arbutus lending the fish a delicate flavor.

"The Meeting of the Waters" is within easy walking distance of Dinnis Cottage, and so while "Paddy" rested his fat little

most conspicuous. It was from this point that the following day we took a small boat for Innisfallen Island. Every one who knows his Moore, remembers the dainty verses to this spot:—

Sweet Innisfallen, long shall dwell
In memory's dream that sunny smile,
Which o'er thee on that evening fell,
When first I saw thy fairy isle.

No more enchanting scene can be imagined than the glade in the center of the island, where a flock of snowy sheep



Muckross Abbey



The Nave, Muckross Abbey

were grazing. All about it, like a wall, were the giant ash and yew trees bending their branches as if to screen from vulgar gaze the ruins of the Priory founded on this island by Saint Finian in the seventh century. The annals of Innisfallen written by Saint Finian have been indispensable in completing Irish history.

What truly great men were these same Irish monks! Simple, devout, charitable, and withal so wonderfully clever! From the seventh to the end of the eighth century, when the fine arts were almost extinct in Italy, an art had sprung into existence and had been cultivated in Ireland absolutely different from any which had previously existed. Illuminated manuscripts had reached a degree of perfection never before seen. Before this Celtic style originated, the character of all decorated writings had

oblong) in plain or slightly bordered frames. The Irish introduced enlarging the size of the first sentence of their manuscripts as well as the initial letters, and they decorated them as well as the borders in patterns of the most intricate design.

Some of these designs were Chinese-like in their representations of grotesque animals interlaced with coils, spirals, and dots, where not a false line or an irregularity could be detected. It is said that on one of the documents, in the space of a quarter of an inch, by the use of a magnifying glass, one hundred and fifty interlacements of a slender ribbon formed of white lines edged with black, upon a black background, could be traced. No wonder tradition attributes this work to the angels.

In delicacy of workmanship and exquisite taste in arranging colors no manu-



Meeting of the Waters, Killarney

been limited to the use of colored, gold, and silver inks on stained purple and white grounds, with only a few flourishes about the initial letters, and also to the introduction of pictures (either square or

scripts can be compared with the early Irish productions, some of which may be seen in Trinity College, Dublin, the British Museum, and the Imperial Museum, Vienna.

So with this thought uppermost in our minds we said farewell to the lovely lakes, the fairy isles, and wildwoods, and boarding the train took our way northward to

Dublin, the metropolis. "Dear, dirty Dublin!" as Lady Morgan (dubbed by her people "The Wild Irish Lass") once called it.



Ross Castle

AT THE GOLDEN GATE

SHE waits by the Golden Gate for me,
And beyond is the sky and the boundless sea,
The changing, abiding, deep ocean of love,
With the sky of hope as the arch above.

I come, dear one, but the way is long,
And my only scrip is the lover's song
That springs in my heart and sings of thee,
As I follow the path to the open sea.
I cross the mountains, I cross the plain,
But when I come to the hills again
I know that beyond I shall see the main;
And there by the Golden Gate at last
I shall find thee waiting, the journey past.

So I come, dear heart, but the way is long,
And the world heeds not to my lover's song,
And the smile oft fades from the fickle sky,
And the birds to my voice give no reply:
But I struggle on to the sea of love,
With the sky of hope as the arch above,—
I struggle on to the Golden Gate,
For the West wind whispers, "I wait, I wait!"

William Wallace Whitelock.

"DUTCH"

By MARIA WEED

THE incident which I am about to relate occurred in a well-known summer resort in the Rocky Mountains. Here each year are gathered health and pleasure-seekers from all parts of the country. The grandeur of the scenery, the exhilarating, life-giving air, made it of all locations the most attractive to me.

The town proper consisted of a post-office, general store, restaurant, one church, a large hotel, and perhaps thirty cottages. These last varied in design from the simple one-story dwelling to the more pretentious habitations which boasted of balconies, dormer-windows, and other architectural adornments.

Ignoring all of these, I built a four-room log cabin, with old-fashioned hospitable fireplaces. The shining timber gave

library, ideal in its appointments—a student's paradise. Its low, broad windows with their cushioned seats commanded a view of the ever-changing Rockies, unequaled in that vicinity.

My friends said that I had paid dearly for this magnificent outlook, as it involved my being somewhat remotely located, and required too long a walk to the hotel where I took my meals. But, being in robust health and not at all timid, I enjoyed to the utmost the isolation, rest and relaxation which the spot afforded, congratulating myself daily that I had succeeded at last in putting the requisite distance between the tiresome, taxing, bustling world and myself.

It afforded me the greatest pleasure to invite my friends to visit me from time to time, and the excursions to unfrequented cañons, waterfalls, and other natural wonders occupied our leisure when books failed to satisfy.

My usual family consisted of a maid (Mary), and my dog ("Dutch"). The latter was my companion, my knight, my adoring slave. He was a little fellow of remarkable pedigree, in that his father and mother were the highest types of their different breeds, "Queen" being a beagle hound and "Bob" a Dachshund. Innumerable were the cups and other prizes awarded to each in the various bench-shows where they had been exhibited; so that it was no wonder that their descendant fell heir to all the royal gifts and graces (?) of his illustrious lineage—a long white body, excessively short bowed legs and clumsy feet, a broad chest and slender, pointed tail, which he carried as erectly as a flagstaff. Shapely silken ears he had which played an active part in the sign language that served him for speech. Add to this a beautiful face, lighted by a pair of brown eyes which were capable of expressing his varying moods with marvelous accuracy, shining like green stars in moments of danger, and in another breath bespeaking the tender devotion of a loving protector, a lifelong friend.

This is the "outward and visible"



"Dutch"

to the side-walls the primitive appearance which I desired, and the effect was heightened by the quaintest of furnishings. Navajo blankets served as portières and draperies, fur rugs covered the polished floors, while in the shadowy crevices of the ceiling there lurked here and there a bright-eyed fox or a grinning wildcat. A huge eagle spread its wings over the mantle, and a white owl stood sentinel over the door leading from the hall into the reception-room. The middle room was the

Dutch, but the real character of my champion can not be conveyed in words. Visitors called him my "out-runner," as he invariably preceded me in my walks, looking backward with speaking intelligence to assure me of his presence.

If there was one thing more than another that Dutch detested, it was the weekly "hop" at the hotel, the sole occasion when his services as escort were not required. Worse than that, he was not expected. He knew the day, and was out of sorts when it arrived, that unfailing barometer, his tail, revealing the depths to which his spirits had fallen. At such times even his sweetest consolation, a cotton cat, failed to afford its usual pleasure, and he would lie in the corner for hours with half-closed eyes, the picture of forlornness.

In one of these seasons of depression I took him for a stroll, and we chanced to pass a group of men and boys who carried a wire cage-trap in which was confined a luckless rat of unusual size. They were accompanied by a large Irish setter and a pug, whose excited manner evidenced that they were anticipating much from the prospective tournament. Dutch was sullen and cross, but at sight of the rat his ears worked expectantly and his sad eyes brightened. Still he did not join the procession, but lingered alongside, his keen, watchful gaze riveted on the trap.

When the desired spot was reached, the young man who carried the prisoner paused, and, jailor-like, prepared to open the door for the captive. Out it came into the very jaws of the large dog, who killed it in one munch. But before he could claim the honor due a victor, Dutch rushed upon him with a wicked snarl and a vicious snap, tore the quivering victim from the mouth of the astonished setter, and with head lifted high in air bore it in triumph to where I stood and laid it at my feet. A shout of applause followed this audacious appropriation of another's glory, and for a moment we were more conspicuous than was agreeable. From that hour, however, Dutch became a sort of commander-in-chief in dog circles.

On the Fourth of July he wore with becoming dignity the national colors about his neck, and stood by with praiseworthy

composure when the children made day and night hideous with firecrackers and the like.

Babies petted him, women called him "homely, but nice," and men invariably coveted him. To cats in general he was a terror, the only exception being our cabin pet, "Mr. Moffett," whose claws had made a decided impression upon Dutch's earlier life, and the treaty of peace agreed upon by them at that time was rigidly maintained when our hero came of age.

The fondest of feline mothers were robbed of their darlings by this wanton kidnaper, and many a promising kitten went motherless to bed because of his instinctive dislike of her kind. This was my one trial, and fruitless were my attempts to rid him of this habit. So clever was he in making these raids that no one in the neighborhood suspected him when a beloved household "Tabby" was missing. Mr. Moffett's preservation was his safeguard.

One day at dinner I perceived that "our table" had received an added guest. This meant that a new permanent boarder had taken up his residence among us. A glance revealed that he was the type of man whom women admire, tall, finely proportioned, and with that reserve force which is evidenced by a strong, firm mouth and square but shapely chin. His eyes I saw for the first time when I was presented to him a few moments later. They were bluish gray in color when the pupil was contracted; at other times they were almost black; at all times they were uncomfortably penetrating when his gaze was fixed upon you.

"I am very glad to meet Miss Evans," said a voice which thrilled me with its depth and quality.

Our conversation touched upon generalities, places of interest, prospects for hunting, fishing, and so forth.

"I am expecting a friend later," volunteered the newcomer in one of the pauses. "He is an invalid, and I have come to prepare a place for him."

There was such a world of loving interest and solicitude in the tone in which this was uttered that every woman present inwardly vowed to supply the expected sick man with books and delicacies galore. A

few more commonplaces, and he arose, saying that he would look about the place.

"You should see Miss Evans's cabin," ventured Mrs. Cory with a deprecatory look in my direction.

I stammered something, when he gallantly came to my rescue with, "In time, when I shall have established my right to such a privilege, it would afford me the greatest pleasure. Is not Mr. Marvin here? I had hoped to find him awaiting me."

Now, the gentleman in question had been summoned abroad by the sudden and severe illness of his sister. This we both attempted to communicate in one breath.

"Indeed?" regretfully. "I trust it is not Miss Katherine, a charming person!"

This time we each waited for the other to confirm his fears. It fell upon me, and I said, "Unfortunately, it is Miss Katherine."

"I am very sorry for her brother," he murmured, and bowing deferentially to us left the table.

The sudden exit of Mr. Marvin had thrown all Mountain Falls into a panic. He was a leading spirit, the originator of various schemes for amusement, and a general favorite. Any friend of his was certain to receive a warm welcome from his admirers here, and each determined to contribute a share toward the entertainment of the latest arrival.

It was my turn first. After adjourning to the drawing-room, as was our custom evenings, I was literally besieged by requests to play, and could not refuse. The eyes of the stranger lent their entreaty to the general demand, and I was certain that I had at least *one* intelligent musical critic.

"You play Bach well," I heard a low voice say at my elbow.

I started, crimsoned, and stammered something about its being excellent practice.

"Do you play any of Chopin's preludes?" he asked hesitatingly.

They were my delight, and once launched, I found myself carried by my enthusiasm through a number of them. When I turned we were alone.

"I have wearied them all!" I exclaimed in dismay. "Why did you not leave me also? I deserved it."

"It was my fault, if fault there be, and you were so generous."

"Do you play?" I asked. "Certainly you must."

He shook his head.

"You sing, then? Ah, that is it!"

I had risen to leave, and was tying a lace scarf about my head.

"I am deeply indebted to you for the pleasure you have given me," he added.

"You shall demonstrate it by singing for me next time," I said, with an effort to cover my embarrassment.

"Certainly I will, if you will accompany me, but I warn you to expect nothing. Good-night!"

As I passed through the outer door I found Dutch awaiting me, and as Mr. Latimer stooped to pat him, the little animal met his advances with a menacing growl.

The rebuff seemed to pique the gentleman, for he turned without comment and entered the house.

In an incredibly short time our new boarder's preferences became unwritten laws among us, his opinions our court of appeal.

There was not a suggestion of aggressiveness in his manner, and his actions were marked by the most careful consideration for others. As Mrs. Markham, our authority in matters of etiquette, often said, he was "the seventh generation representative of good breeding, a veritable gentleman!"

His periodical absences "upon business" left a void so pronounced, a vacancy so apparent, that no one thought of denying the fact that his presence had become a social necessity.

It was during one of these seasons of inactivity and stagnation that, being burdened by the general spiritual depression of the hotel, I sauntered out with Dutch for a mountain ramble. The little fellow was in especially good spirits, and flew over the ground in frantic joy at being my sole companion. His laughing face would turn to me for approval when after a momentary desertion he would return with bounding, rabbit-like motion, his ears waving like pennons in the breeze. I carried my mountain staff and swung it lazily over the tops of the thick shrubs which covered the ground.

Suddenly I was startled by a low, ominous growl, succeeded by a sharp ringing bark from Dutch. (I have failed to mention, I think, that the houndlike bark of the dog was out of all proportion to his size, with volume enough for twenty canines.) I turned instantly and saw, to

I thought I had never seen so magnificent a specimen of physical manhood.

He came slowly down the mountain-side, and his firm, elastic stride lent grace to his every movement.

"Would you mind if I were to tell you that you remind me of a very wicked



"He seated himself at the piano and sang"

my astonishment, Mr. Latimer. He was in hunting costume, minus a gun—a short, tan-colored jacket, with large-checked trousers of a darker shade of the same color, tucked into well-fitting, high-topped boots. His hat was of soft felt, of the style worn by military officers. As he stood on the ledge of a projecting rock above me,

character as you stand there with the rugged mountains for a background?" I called to him.

"I shall not be in the least offended. Indeed, I am as curious as a woman when once a mystery is afloat. Of whom do I remind you?" he returned.

"Of Fra Diavolo," I answered daringly.

"Let me complete the illusion then," and swinging his hat above his head he burst into the glorious aria with which the reckless Diavolo has entranced many an audience.

I shivered, yet stood enchanted under the magic spell of the rapturous voice, the masterful personality of this man in the new rôle of nonchalant cavalier.

He finished the melody as he neared the spot where Dutch and I were standing, the former bristling with rage at this unlooked-for interruption.

"I shall never teach Dutch to be polite, I fear," said I, commanding the dog to lie down. He obeyed sullenly, and was quiet only when I seated myself upon a moss-covered stump and allowed him to rest his long-pointed nose upon my foot.

"He resents this intrusion, and is frank enough to avow it. He does not like me—never will; but I have a great admiration for him," he said.

He had thrown his hat upon the ground, and the light breeze fanned the hair back from his fine intellectual forehead. As the sunlight fell upon the wavy mass I discovered a trace of auburn in it. Did I imagine it, or was he a shade paler than usual?

"I am surprised to see you here," I ventured at length. "We all supposed that you had gone to Denver."

"You were right—and wrong. I returned with a hunting-party."

"But your gun—did you leave it in the underbrush, fearing to frighten me? I am not in the least timid."

"No; I borrowed one for the hunt and returned it by a messenger. I would vouch for your fearlessness under any circumstances," he added, and the handsome eyes were fixed upon me in such unmistakable admiration that I arose and turned toward the homeward path.

"Don't go," he said apologetically. "What a fine view you must have from your cabin!" irrelevantly.

"The finest to be found in this region," I responded enthusiastically. "But you have never seen fit to embrace the opportunity to judge for yourself."

"Mrs. Cory's precipitate courtesy prevented my availing myself of your generous invitation."

"Well, you can now come upon a second

bidding. I am always glad to welcome my friends, and my cabin is one of my most valued possessions."

"You are a fortunate woman to be able to gratify your tastes."

"Yes, as the world sees such things, I am. It is my compensation, I suppose, for having no near relatives."

"I too am alone," he said almost bitterly.

We had reached the path leading to my cabin, and with his pathetic confession ringing in my ears, we parted. I sauntered slowly on, Dutch alone displaying an interest in our surroundings.

It was the day for the "hop." I had pronounced it a bore in the morning, and had determined to shirk my duty and remain at home with a new book. Now, however, my mood had changed. I would go, and moreover, would wear that creamy white crêpe gown which had never seen the light since it left the dressmaker's hands. Yes, and just for once—why not?—I would complete the costume by the addition of my chiefest treasure, my far-famed pendant, which consisted of a ruby of unusual size and exceptional perfection, surrounded with diamonds. In New York I often wore it, but here it seemed out of place. Indeed, I had refrained from displaying any jewels since my arrival.

During the afternoon I seemed enveloped in a sort of magnetic influence. It was a pleasure to do nothing—to sit and gaze dreamily into the bottomless abyss of the chasm under my window, which seemed lined with soft fir-trees, colored wild flowers, and bright-tinted shrubs.

"I too am alone!" Ever and anon the pathos of the avowal recurred to me, while pictured indelibly upon my memory was the image of the handsome speaker.

At dinner Mr. Latimer said little or nothing to me, and my spirits sank accordingly. As I stood for a moment upon the veranda to adjust my wrap, I determined that I would not attend the hop.

"Miss Evans, may I call for you this evening?" said a voice I knew so well. "You are coming, of course."

"I had about decided not to," I answered debatively.

"Then let me beg you to alter that decision."

"Very well," I replied; "at nine, then."

"Thank you," and he stood with lifted hat as I descended the steps.

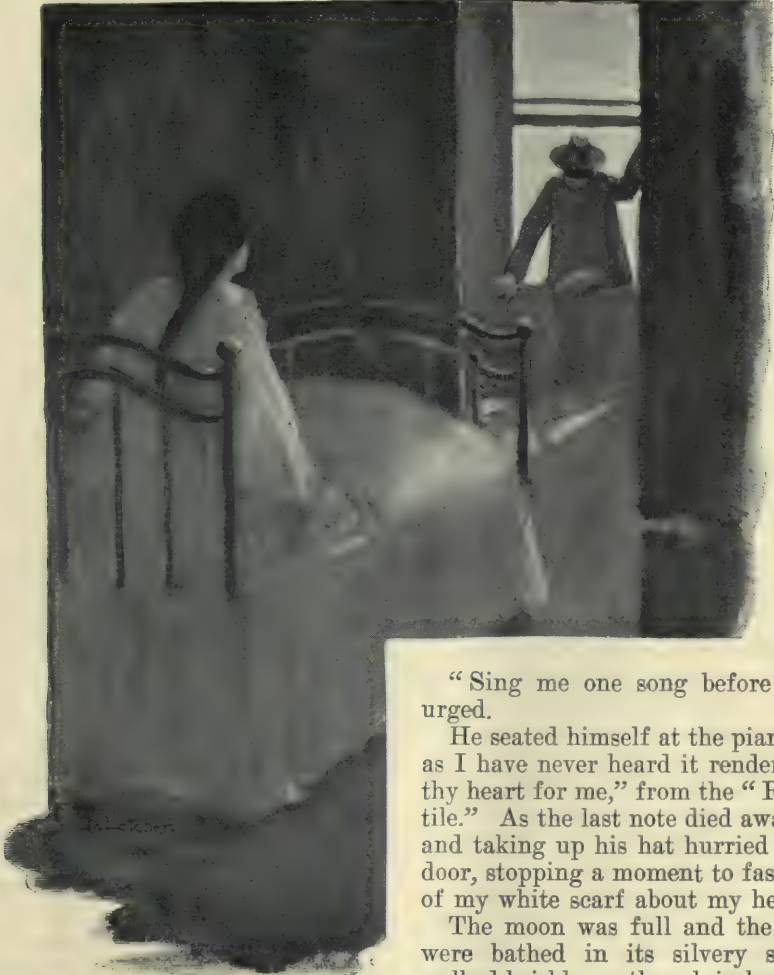
I shall not forget that night. Promptly at the appointed hour my escort made his appearance, and his magnificent figure was never displayed to better advantage than in full evening-dress.

His appreciative eye took in every de-

haven! I am not surprised that you chose this retreat in preference to a hotel hop. However, you are expected there, and no excuses will be accepted as a substitute. You enjoy dancing?"

"Intensely!"

"Of course, you dance well. Your playing is a guarantee of that."



"The window was raised and the form of a man stood between me and the light"

tail of the cabin furnishings, and he examined with keenest interest the package of late publications open upon the table.

"You like my little home?" I inquired smilingly.

"Like it? It is ideal! Fortunate, fortunate woman, to have such an earthly

"Sing me one song before we go," I urged.

He seated himself at the piano and sang as I have never heard it rendered, "Keep thy heart for me," from the "Rose of Castile." As the last note died away he arose, and taking up his hat hurried toward the door, stopping a moment to fasten the end of my white scarf about my head.

The moon was full and the mountains were bathed in its silvery sheen. We walked briskly, as though in haste to reach our destination, and he seemed preoccupied.

"This night is enough to drive a man mad!" he exclaimed at length.

"It has the opposite effect upon me," I replied.

"Are you never afraid that your little domain will be invaded?" he queried.

"No; I am very safe here. It is not

like other resorts, and I have spent three summers in the cabin unmolested."

"I dare say you are right, but most women would be timid, and it hardly seems prudent. However, as you say, the place is different from many, and you are a brave little soul!"

He added this last with a daring for which I held the moonlight responsible and made no answer.

We entered the hotel, and a few moments later I met him at the dressing-room door. We descended the stairs together.

The dining-room had been converted into a ball-room, and we were greeted by the strains of one of Strauss's waltzes.

"Come," was all he said. In another instant I was being wafted rhythmically through space. The odor of violets seemed to fill the air, and we floated, floated rapturously on, the colors of the costumes, the decorations and the lights mingling in rainbow combinations before my half-open eyes. Verily, he danced as he sang—better than any one I ever met.

Once as I chanced to look upward I found that the blue-black eyes had been testing their power to attract my own, and my cheeks burned resentfully as I perceived the smile of triumphant satisfaction which accompanied the act.

The musicians were generous and the waltz continued until even I marveled at its length. As we neared the leader, I was amazed to see my partner signal to him, and the strains ceased.

"Prearranged," thought I.

He led me to a tiny balcony. My cloak was brought by an attendant, and my neck and arms were protected from even that balmy night air.

"I am not warm," I remonstrated.

"Keep it around you. How well you look in that gown! Do you lack for anything, I wonder?"

This last more to himself than to me, and the tone in which it was uttered had in it an undercurrent of excitement. I had never seen him so moved, and remained silent, fearing, I knew not what.

"You are not responsive to-night. Perhaps your quick intuition has discovered that I am not quite myself. Business complications of a most annoying nature depress me."

"Set them aside and assert your right to be your best self," I ventured with some warmth.

"My best self! What do you mean by that, little woman? Do you believe in dual natures?" He turned upon me with desperate eagerness.

"I do not know what I believe when you demand an answer in that tone," I gasped; "but I am certain that God has endowed all men equally in the matter of resistive force."

"How little you know! What if I were to tell you that I, for instance, had had no loving influence to mold my life, that my recollection of a motherless home was too sad to recall! Would that seem to be a fair chance, so far as I am concerned?"

I thought of the "seventh generation representative" of our imagination and slowly answered: "In a way, you have undermined one of my pet theories; but again, when I recognize your attainments, I am glad to count you among the remarkable exceptions to the rule."

"Another waltz. May I have it? Something tells me that I must make the most of fleeting opportunities. It may be the suggestion of inborn selfishness, but it suits me to press my claim."

I took his arm and again seemed borne aloft to a realm of violets, melody, and light. There was not a thought of action. The dance came to a close, and we lingered a long time thereafter in the refreshment-room.

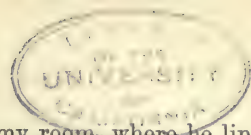
His mood had changed, and I was entertained indefinitely by his graphic description of mountain-climbing in the Alps.

Others then divided my attention, and I saw no more of him until he claimed me for the last quadrille.

His knightly dignity and superb grace attracted much attention, but all unconscious of their notice he moved through the varied figures of the cotillon.

The mountain-path leading from the hotel to the cabin was barely wide enough for two pedestrians. Gathering my filmy drapery about me, I threw it over one arm, Mr. Latimer supporting me by the other as we climbed the continuous ascent.

He was silent, and I thought him wearied. We parted at the door of the cabin with the usual exchange of compliment. As I entered my little castle, I felt



for the first time since my occupancy of it a sense of loneliness. I longed for a companion—some one to speak to. When in response to this desire I addressed a commonplace remark to Dutch, my voice seemed louder than was its wont, and a feeling akin to terror seized me. If I only dared to call Mr. Latimer back and ask him to tell Mary to return at once to me! I had given her permission to remain at the hotel for the night.

All this, of course, I knew to be foolish fear, but I could not dispossess myself of it. I lighted every lamp in the cabin. Then, in the dread of attracting the attention of some wayfarer, I extinguished them all.

Dutch reflected my uneasiness, and his dreams were disturbed by molesting images, for he growled and moaned unceasingly in his sleep.

Finally I retired, after securing with bolts and bars every window and door. But there is nothing that so resists one's demands upon it as slumber. My eyes would not remain closed, and I strained my ears to catch every sound. My very breathing seemed to resound through the room. The hoot of a neighboring owl sent a tremor through my frame, and when the stillness was broken by the dreary cry of a roving wildcat my heart stood still for fright. Reason offered no argument that emotion would entertain, and how long I lay in this state of horrible expectancy I shall never know.

I was destined soon to learn the difference between suspense and realization. It was made known to me by an unmistakable snapping of something over the library window. A long silence followed, and a scratching sound, like the gnawing of a mouse, succeeded. Slowly the window was raised and the form of a man stood between me and the light, the moonbeams revealing his stalwart proportions and mask-covered features.

Dutch sprang upon him but received a blow which silenced him. Poor, brave little sentinel!

The man came forward without hesita-

tion to my room, where he lingered a moment, framed in the doorway.

My eyes were open and he saw me as, terror-stricken, I awaited his approach, my hand involuntarily clutching the priceless pendant at my throat. Even in my agony of fear his movements reminded me of some one, and when he leaned forward with one hand outstretched over my bed, the odor of English violets was borne in upon my benumbed senses.

Suddenly his hand closed over mine with gentle but firm pressure. I was defenseless—at his mercy—and I cried aloud: "God pity me! for I too am alone!" uttering in my despair the very phrase which had haunted me all day.

The grip upon my hand relaxed, and with a groan the arm which had raised me was withdrawn and I sank upon the pillows more dead than alive, conscious only that I still possessed my treasure.

As the man left the bedside and made his way toward the door, the silence was again broken by a fiendish yelp of rage, and Dutch, who had revived, sprang a second time upon the intruder.

The man leaned forward and the dog fell back with a moan. An instant later the miscreant dropped from the window into the shadowy depths beneath.

All fear had vanished as I rushed forward and lighted a lamp. There, in a pool of blood from a wound in his side lay my valiant knight, my champion, my Dutch! But what was that between his teeth? I stooped to examine it closely. It was a strip of checked black and tan woolen goods! The odor of violets—the unconscious repetition of his own phrase—I saw it all—and swooned.

A few days later the body of Edward Latimer was found lying at the bottom of Wood's Cañon. It was supposed that he had gone for an early morning ramble, and venturing too near the edge of the precipice had missed his footing and met this sad fate.

The true history of the tragedy is known only to a broken-hearted woman and her dog Dutch.



RAIMEY'S TEN-THOUSAND-DOLLAR RIDE

HORSEFLESH vs. STEAM

By T. HESPERIAN ROGERS

THE story of Louis Raimey's ride is based on facts, and has long since gone down as history in the annals of the West. There are men yet living who remember well the circumstances. "Y-a-s-s," they will say, when broached on the subject, "Raimey made it, but it was by the skin of his teeth."

In the fall of 1854, Raimey, who was then living in California, gathered up a big drive of cattle and started north with them for Portland, Oregon. Luck was with him from the start. All the way up he was besieged by buyers. In Yreka he sold two hundred head, in Southern Oregon, another hundred, and in the Willamette Valley, yet another hundred; consequently, when he arrived at his destination, there were but a few head left him. These he disposed of as soon as he could ferry them across the river.

By this time his cantinas were full of gold. The whole amount—ten thousand dollars—he deposited with a branch house of Adams & Company, of San Francisco. Then he and his Mexican drivers bore away by easy stages for California.

It was in the following year, the early spring of 1855, made memorable by the failure of Adams & Company, that the young Missourian took his famous ride. As it happened, he was in San Francisco the day the bank failed. He was just sitting down to dinner at the Parker House when the word came. The little city went wild at the news; a panic almost ensued, and in a short time the bank was surrounded by a crowd of excited people. The notice posted on the doors, "This bank closed against creditors and depositors," only added fuel to the flames; and but for the timely arrival of a hastily-formed volunteer police force, the excited populace would have broken down the doors.

The loss of that ten thousand dollars in far-off Portland, seven hundred and fifty miles away, meant much to Raimey. But

he kept his head. While other men got up and hastily left the hotel, he kept his seat. He was thinking deeply. The branch house, as he well knew, was as yet ignorant of the failure, there being no telegraph line connecting the two cities. The only way of communication was by boat; and, as he glanced up at the clock at the far end of the dining-room, he remembered the *Golden Gate* was scheduled to sail for the north at two o'clock that afternoon!

The waiter brought on his order and placed it on the table. But Raimey never so much as saw it; he was absorbed in thought. It would take the *Golden Gate* five days, providing there were no head winds, to make the trip. If he was not there before that time and the money drawn, all was lost. He thought even of engaging passage on the steamer. But that would n't do, either, he reasoned; for she would carry the news and it would reach the bank as soon as he. He must beat the *Golden Gate* in. But how?

Just then a horse that was fastened to a hitching-post back of the hotel whinnied. The sound was an inspiration. Why had he not thought of it before? Though a little past the dead of winter, he would make the trip on horseback. His fleet-footed Tejon first, who would bear him to Sacramento; then a relay of fresh horses from friends as he met them, and by riding day and night he could beat the *Golden Gate* in. It was his only chance.

To think with Raimey was to act. Rising from the table, he passed quickly out of the hotel and made his way to the feed-stable where stood his faithful Tejon. A gale was raging on the bay that day, and he saw at a glance that it would be impossible for the little transfer-boat to cross him over; he would be compelled to round it. He ordered his horse saddled. Then on Tejon's back, first south, then east, then northeast, with furious gallops, he headed for Sacramento, miles and miles away.

As he rounded the arm of the bay and thundered across the land where Alameda now stands, a steamer with smoking stacks backed out from Meiggs's Wharf into the bay. Raimey gave a shout of joy. It was now two o'clock; the *Golden Gate* had been distanced two hours on account of the storm. Then from far away across the water the steamer gave what sounded like a defiant blast to his ears and began churning her way down the bay towards the distant heads.

On and on, with head thrust far forward, steadily, never wavering, galloped Tejon in his master's race for gold. The city across the bay faded into nothingness. Across and over the gigantic shadow of Mount Diablo, standing out against the setting sun, galloped horse and rider. Twenty-six miles south of Sacramento Raimey drew rein at a rancher's house. Tejon could go no farther. Yes, the rancher had a horse he was willing to swap for the time being. He ran to the stable and brought the animal out. The transfer was quickly made. Young Raimey vaulted into the saddle and galloped on.

The fresh horse fairly skimmed the earth; the twenty-six miles flitted quickly by, and as night's black mantle settled down over the valley, shutting out the Sierra Nevada range to his right, he entered Sacramento. As he rode into a feed-stable he looked at his timepiece. It was nine o'clock. He had been in the saddle just nine hours.

"Quick!" he shouted to the stable man. "Your best horse! I've got to make it into Portland five days from now, or sooner!"

The man stared at him in amazement; he thought Raimey mad. Yet he lost no time in bringing out the best saddle-horse in the stable, and five minutes later his guest rode out of Sacramento with the leg of a chicken in one hand and a biscuit in the other.

From Sacramento, Raimey's route lay up the Sacramento River over a rugged, broken country, now traversed by the Southern Pacific Railway. On, on, ever on, into the silent night went horse and rider. Seconds, minutes, hours went by, the country growing more rugged as the miles flew past. Dark blotches of earth

and rock now began to rise up before him; a sighing, rippling sound was now heard, now lost, as he galloped on. It was the Sacramento River singing its way to the sea. He had entered the mountains.

The sky began to lighten perceptibly in the east; daylight was not far off. Up a long winding grade and down into a valley Raimey rode, the iron-shod hoofs of his horse cutting bars of light in the blackness from numerous stones underfoot. A camp-fire gleamed in the distance. The horseman rode straight for it. His horse was giving out. Hobbled horses nibbled at the grass as he rode up; dark forms of men were silhouetted against the blaze.

"Who comes there?" challenged a heavy voice.

"Raimey, the cattle-driver. Who are you?"

"Grampey. I'm freighting up."

Now, there was a bond of union existing between cattlemen and freighters in those days; hence when the honest Grampey learned of Raimey's predicament, he lost no time in placing his best horse at his disposal. A dozen willing hands assisted in transferring the saddle from the back of the jaded horse to that of the fresh one.

"Now cut for it!" said Grampey, as Raimey vaulted into the saddle. "Old Blackleg is as full of grit as a harrow is full of teeth. So you git a hike on and git! Good-by!"

On and on rode the weary man. Daylight came as he rounded a mountain. Red Bluff lay below him. He rode down and entered the town. Then he ate his breakfast, procured a fresh horse and started on. That day he made eighty miles, arriving at the little town of Trinity, at the foot of Scott's Mountain, a little after seven in the evening. He made one stop that day. It was at Shasta City, where he exchanged horses.

Day had long since paled and lapsed into night ere he began the ascent of Scott's Mountain. As the old trail ran, it was eighty-five good long miles into Yreka. He must make it that night. Snow lay thick on the mountain and on the limbs of the trees; and but for the moon which came up and cast its great search-light over the white silent night, he would have lost the trail. The yelping note of a coyote fell on his ears. As he

rode down into Scott's Valley and on past Fort Jones, a couple of wolves scurried away across the snow-covered plain to the cover of the timber. Far away in the starry heavens twinkled the great north star; to his right spotless-robed Shasta rose grim and specter-like against the moonlit sky. The night wore on; the sky paled; the first gray dawn of day appeared. As the sun came up, Raimey rode into Yreka, his head upon his breast. He was asleep.

Here another horse was brought out and saddled. Then, after swallowing several cups of steaming black coffee, Raimey again mounted, much refreshed, and started on. That day at noon he crossed the State line; that night he rode down the mountain trail into the town of Jacksonville.

From here on Raimey's actions are somewhat vague. Of his ride through the Umpqua, Rogue River, and Willamette Valleys, no one knows but himself.

It was steamer-day in Portland. The *Golden Gate* was expected hourly. A crowd was gathered in front of the post-office, for steamer-day was quite an event in the history of the Northwest in those days. There were gathered merchants, laborers, and gamblers, in expectancy of "letters from home."

At nine o'clock Mr.—, the cashier of Adams & Company, came down as usual and opened the doors of the bank for business. The bank was but a short distance from the post-office, and as he dusted and swept, the cashier could hear the crowd railing each other good-naturedly. Old man Buxton told a funny story and the crowd laughed. Then Judge Bean followed suit. The Judge had gotten but half-way through when some one cried, "Look at that man coming up the street!"

All hands turned their eyes riverward. Coming up the hill from the ferry-slip at a furious gallop, was a mud-covered figure, reeling from side to side like a drunken man.

"Either crazy or coming for a doctor," some one suggested.

"Possibly a courier bringing news from the Indian war out South," suggested another.

"Bless me! It's Raimey the cattle-

man!" exclaimed Judge Bean over his spectacles. "Something's up!"

The crowd started for the middle of the street. The mud-and-foam-covered horse deviated not a whit from its course. A block away Raimey was seen to put his hand to his inside pocket. When he drew it out, a paper fluttered in his hand.

"Out of the way!" he shouted—"out of the way!"

The crowd scattered. Through their ranks rode the horseman like a whirlwind straight up to the doors of the bank and stopped. Then he threw the bridlereins over the horse's head, hurriedly took his cantinas from the saddle pommel, and vanished inside.

He was none too soon. The scream of a whistle echoed up the river. The crowd cheered. The *Golden Gate* was in!

M—, the bank cashier, stared in amazement at the wild-eyed, haggard man who thus thrust himself into the bank in such unceremonious manner. For the moment he failed to recognize his client in the mud-covered figure.

"It's—it's—let me see! Why to be sure, it's Mr. Raimey! Glad to meet you, sir. What can I do for you this morning, Mr. Raimey?" he asked, regaining his composure.

"I'm in need of a little spare change this morning; so I thought I would ride into town and get it," said Raimey, as he thrust forward his deposit-check.

The cashier took up the paper and looked at it.

"All of it?" he asked.

"All!" said Raimey.

The cashier began counting out the gold, a thousand dollars in a stack.

"Sorry to lose such a good customer," said he, as he placed the last stack on the counter. "But here you are, Mr. Raimey," running his finger-tips lightly over the stacks—"one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten thou—"

"Stop all payments, Ben! For the love of heaven, stop all payments!" shouted a gray-haired man rushing into the bank. "Adams and Company have failed!"

"So they have," sighed Raimey sleepily, as he raked the gold into his cantinas, "so they have! And I've rode as man never rode before, for five days and nights, to beat the news."

MARIA DE LA LUZ

By MARY HOLT ROSE

AH, señor, there are comedies and tragedies played with the music in these old plazas; and if you will be content to sit quietly in the shadow you will catch odd bits of strange dramas acted in the silence of Orizaba and the moon. Such tales are the corner-stones of art, for one must feel before he can paint. A creation must be begotten in love, señor. The emotion makes the artist.

In this plaza I painted Maria de la Luz. Not on the canvas,—the picture was not ready for the salon for another eighteen months,—but on my heart. Every detail was complete before brush was touched to palette, and the model—the good God himself sent her to me. That was twenty years ago, and I have done nothing since worthy to serve as an altar panel to it.

You have seen it? Diablo! There was nothing in the exhibit to compare with it. Such inspiration! Such intensity! Such tone! Socrates would have needed no better argument for the immortality of the soul than the face of Maria, nor Satan for the supremacy of the flesh, than the perfection of her form—a matchless Eve tempting men to eat of the forbidden fruit. Purple-black hair that swept her skirts in heavy braids; purple-black eyes softening into purple shadows the penciled line of her lashes; cheeks in which the blood played flush and dark; the throat of a bronze goddess, and arms and bust—Caramba! It is from such that the Devil gets his pay.

And Don Jesus—one might have fancied him the offspring of a bird of paradise. His sombrero embossed in patterns of gold; his buckskin breeches a dove-colored epidermis; his glinting spurs projecting like the gaffs of a game-cock; and falling carelessly from his shoulders with the familiar grace of a toga, the folds of his scarlet serape. But he was splendid, El Caballero Jesus, and the foremost brigand of the east coast.

Here in Jalapa he first caught sight of the Señorita Maria de la Luz, three days before the rich English lord started south

on his way to Vera Cruz, and a week before the bloody robbery which caused the name of the Caballero Jesus to ring a knell of terror through the breadth of the *tierras calientes*. He had come into the Jalapa to gather details of this journey. Don Jesus was the Napoleon of brigands. He knew no fear and he trusted nothing to underlings, and whatever he did was artistic. When he hung a man it was with a crimson scarf,—such an eye for the totality of effect!—and when he poisoned it was with a crystal goblet of red wine. Orizaba was a mere background to his productions, and he had the audacity of genius. That is how he won La Señorita.

It happened in the plaza when the orchestra was playing “La Paloma.” The instruments had paused and the melody flung itself like a tear-spent woman into the bosom of the night. At that moment they met face to face, and all was over as quickly as if a barrier had been swept from between them, making of their two paths one. If I could paint that look I would hang up my palette and retire with Titian to the shades of immortality. The comprehensiveness of it! Señor, you do not know the Mexicans. God gave them such eyes that they have no need of words.

I am convinced that a special Providence has charge of the artist. If it had not been for that glance, and that the Señora Colomba was deaf, the Señorita Maria would not have eloped with the Caballero Jesus three days later on, and the Señor, her father, would not have stabbed him in cold blood in the cantina at Vera Cruz, and I would never have painted the Mater Dolorosa which brought me fame and a medal from the salon.

There was a weary wait before the Señora Maria did me the honor to consent to sit to me for her portrait at the convent in Jalapa. After all she was not so far wrong in her pretty faith in my love for the martyred Caballero. Love of the beautiful is born in the soul of the true artist, and it is sometimes expedient to make a particular application of a general truth,—eh señor? One must put aside a

few scruples for the sake of so exacting a mistress as Art, and to have lost this opportunity would have been a sacrilege. It takes a crushing sorrow to leave an expression such as that of the *Mater Dolorosa*, and it must come in youth while the

spirit may be surprised. When troubles are expected they are worthless. A middle-age grief appeals to no one; the surprise is the inspiration. Indeed, señor, a rare stroke of good fortune brought me as a model the *Señorita Maria de la Luz*.

RED RIDING-HOOD

WASHING and baking both to-day,
 And the luncheon to send at noon;
 So the mother frowns and works away,
 While the hours strike too soon.
 A big brown dog thro' the door is led
 By a child with a shout of glee;
 "I am little Wed Widin'-hood," she said,
 "An' the wolf is dettin' me."

But "The Wolf" stopped in the mother's path;
 Red Riding-hood tracked the floor;
 So she shook the little one in wrath,
 And drove the dog from the door.
 She scarcely thought of the joy she robbed;
 But the child's grieved tears flowed free.
 "I was little Wed Widin'-hood," she sobbed,
 "An' the wolf was dettin' me."

The summer's work and haste are past;
 The autumn days have come;
 But the mother's burning tears fall fast,
 As she sits in her silent home.
 A big brown dog looks in at the door,
 And she sadly strokes his head;
 "Poor wolf, she will come to us no more;
 Wed Widin'-hood is dead."

Adaven.



ETC.

THE personality of a city is as mysterious as that of the men who constitute it. It is by no means a mere aggregation of individuals more or less harmonized, but an organic unity, a thing with a soul, a conscience, and with specific and clearly defined characteristics. Some cities, like individuals, are jealous of their neighbors; others are proud. Some are slothful; others progressive.

Awakening of Civic Pride

San Francisco has never been a proud city, or at least not of late years. From her many hills she has looked forth complacently upon one of the loveliest bays in the world. At the gateway to the Orient she has rested in quietude. Other cities and other nations might vie with one another for the trade of China, but not she. Her merchants were contented with the trade they already had, and preferred to let good enough alone.

What has been the cause of the enervation of a great city such as this? Why, in an era of progress, has it folded its hands? Has it been because, conscious of its peerless harbor, of its matchless site, it has grown self-satisfied before its time.

Be this as it may, a change has come over the spirit of San Francisco. It has not come suddenly, nor is it traceable to any one cause; but a change has come, momentous and far-reaching in the results which are destined to follow. This change has been an awakening of civic pride. The first intimation of its advent was the work accomplished by the Merchants' Association in reforming street cleaning in the business sections of town. This was a year or more before people had even heard the name of Dewey. Then came the Valley Road, and finally the announcement that the Santa Fé System would enter San Francisco.

Parallel with these events, came the Spanish War, with all its unexpected results for good or evil to the country. Whether the victory in Manila Bay was fraught with disaster or triumph to the nation, it has for the present and for the future made San Francisco the center of America. We do not

yet realize this change, but it is upon us. Growth and power—an awakening heretofore undreamed—are at hand.

It is therefore a matter of no small concern to the nation at large to observe how the city conducts herself under the stress of larger responsibilities. The success in gaining the new charter is the answer to all doubters. Probably no other city of the Union has a charter at once so radical and so admirable. Its success was a fatal blow at boss municipal control. It is emphatically an instrument for the purification of local politics. Indeed, there has seldom been a local election when the personnel of both tickets represented so high a standard. That scandals should have arisen in connection with both the aspirants for the office of mayor was a fact deeply to be lamented; but it must not be forgotten that both men stood in the main for high principles of municipal rule.

Possessing the public confidence, Mayor Phelan is destined to do much for the city during his term of office. The two special elections, one for the issue of \$4,550,000 bonds for an extension of the park system into the heart of the city, and the other for an issue of \$6,475,000 bonds for improved school facilities, hospital buildings, and better sewers, carried by overwhelming majorities, prove that the people are in earnest. The civic pride of San Francisco has been aroused, and the city has entered upon a new stage in her career. Her personality has changed. She has become ambitious in the best sense of the term. She has found her conscience and listened to its voice.

THE formal opening of the new library of Stanford University was an event of no small importance to the State at large. It is only within the last few years that we have begun to realize the full importance of a well-selected and accessible library. It is the heart of our intellectual activity, and the books which flow back and forth from

The Two University Presidents

its center are the life-blood. In the name of a higher culture for California, we congratulate the university on its fine new structure.

At the exercises held in honor of the event, the new President of the University of California made an address. It is good to have two such men as now represent our two institutions of higher education. President Jordan has had things pretty much his own way in school centers until now a man has been called who is worthy to stand beside him in university affairs. It is peculiarly fitting, too, that one of the men should have a strong bent in the direction of the natural sciences, and the other toward history and Greek culture. Out of these two forces is to come all that is best in the manhood of our State. If the man called to the post occupied by Benjamin Ide Wheeler had been a scientist, the culture of California would surely have become narrow and prejudiced. In climate, in its comparative isolation, in much of its scenery, and in its location as a gateway to the Orient, California is strikingly like Greece. The prophecy has often been made that it was destined to become a second Greece. The art, the love of beauty, the passion for culture, are all here in the germ. May the quickening touch of the new President of the State University do its work in causing them to grow!

But Greek culture is not enough for modern America. The voice of science has gone round the world, and day by day it gains in authority among men. It is well for our State that we have a university controlled by a man of science. There is no better ballast for the ship of state than science. It makes for sanity, for sober judgment, for a rational conception of life and affairs. President Jordan has been a power in every community in which his voice has been heard, and his influence has ever been in the direction of sane and sober life. Now President Wheeler has come amidst us, and already he has found favor and has made a deep impression, not only on his students and faculty, but also upon the State at large.

One of the reforms much needed in the University of California, and which it is predicted President Wheeler will make, is the establishing of more intimate social relations between professors and students. A student is not a thing to be talked at, but a person to respond to the magnetic touch of

personality. Professor Le Conte knows this, and so do a few other members of the faculty, but this truism has apparently never occurred to a large number of them.

IT IS none too soon to inaugurate an active crusade against the reckless waste of timber by fire and saw.

Forest Waste

Legislation seems incapable of meeting the evil; so our hope of better methods must rest largely in education. The establishment of a school of forestry in connection with the State University will be a great gain to the cause. Experiments are now being made in the Sierra Madre Mountains, back of Pasadena, in planting large districts which have been burned off. For this purpose a species of pine is used which, when well started, is practically fire-proof. Why not try this same experiment in the Berkeley hills?

THE people of San Francisco have not yet awakened to the importance to the community of a good museum

San Francisco Museums

of natural history. For several years the California Academy of Sciences has been wrestling with the problem of making its museum presentable and up to date in arrangement and display. It has, however, been seriously hampered by lack of funds. If even a portion of the seven thousand dollars which is annually expended for taxes could be diverted to its museum, which is conducted wholly for the instruction of the people, much could be accomplished. Even under the existing adverse conditions, the museum is now assuming a shape in which it is of educational value to all who study it with patience and intelligence.

A museum is no longer looked upon as an old curiosity-shop where freaks and oddities are placed on exhibition. It is a place where the order and processes manifest in nature are shown by typical examples. It is therefore not the number of specimens that makes a museum valuable, but rather the care with which they are selected, and especially the intelligence with which they are arranged and labeled. It has been well said that a modern museum is a collection of

labels with specimens attached as illustrations.

The Alaska Commercial Company has given its valuable Alaskan museum to the University of California, and it is to be arranged for exhibition in the north end of the Ferry Building. Its ethnological material is of especial value, and if well displayed should make a museum of great interest.

The Ferry Building, strangely enough, seems destined to become quite a museum center, as the Mining Bureau and State Board of Trade already have interesting and well-placed collections there which are open to the public.

THE abominable fashion of wearing birds for hat ornaments is in full sway again,

Birds as Hat Ornaments Again despite all that has been written against it. Is there no sentiment in the heart of woman which can rise above the dictates of fashion?

The cruel boys who rob nests and kill birds with slingshots and guns have accomplices now in their sisters and mothers. The boys do it for fun; the women for vanity. Of course, the dear ladies do not actually kill the poor little creatures. It would really be distressing to their tender hearts to see the beseeching look in the eyes of a wounded bird as it is seized to be strangled. No,—they hire some one else to do the killing for them. But when a man is slain by hired assassins, the law searches out the instigator of the crime and holds him chiefly responsible. Why not start a bird-protection league, with chapters all over the State, and make an organized effort to suppress this barbarous traffic in feathers?

OVER a year ago Mr. Henry Holmes came to San Francisco. His arrival was not

The Symphony Concerts heralded by the newspapers, and with the exception of a few persons thoroughly in touch with musical circles abroad, his

reputation was still to be made. For some time he struggled against adverse conditions—the indifference of the many, and the jealousy of the few. The high position which he had held in London was not enough guarantee of his fitness to lead in San Francisco. But a small circle soon

became attracted to him. It was not in deference to his years and experience, but to his spirit, that they owed their allegiance. They had discovered that he stood for the purest and noblest in music. He was not to be attracted by the glitter of popularity or to be led astray by the clamor of the hour. Knowing thoroughly the technique of his art, he yet subordinated this to the thought and spirit beneath.

When the question of a series of symphony concerts for this season was broached, there was no little opposition to Mr. Holmes manifested, although no other candidate for the position appeared to be in the field. Finally, under the patronage of Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, it was decided to give one trial concert, to be followed, if successful, by a series. The Grand Opera House was chosen for this performance, although much smaller houses had always sufficed for similar occasions previously. It must have been an inspiring moment to Mr. Holmes after his discouraging year, to face the throng that awaited him. Standing-room had been exhausted in the house. The Brahms symphony was perhaps too deep for an introductory performance, and too difficult for an orchestra so recently organized. Be this as it may, the concert was a pronounced success. There was no playing to the galleries, no effort to attract applause; but the applause was generously bestowed, notwithstanding.

Now we have had a second concert, the first of the winter series. The orchestra showed the result of longer training. Their attack was much more vigorous than at the former concert, and a number of new and strong men had been added to the list of performers. Patrons of former concerts here, accustomed to the admixture of lighter numbers with the symphonies, may have been surprised to find two symphonies on the programme, with only two short numbers introduced—a Mendelssohn overture, and Wagner's Siegfried Idyl, given a second time by special request. It was evident, however, that Mr. Holmes had made no mistake in his choice of numbers. The symphony in D, No. 2, by Hayden, with its unaffected grace, its sweetness and classic simplicity, was finely contrasted with Tschaiowsky's Pathétique Symphony—so tense and emotional, so rich in color, and so stimulating in its orchestral effects. The

house was not so crowded as at the first concert, although standing-room only was available on the two upper floors.

Let all who believe in good music, all who wish to see high ideals of art realized upon this coast, support the present symphony series and assure their continuance in the future.

It was due to the generosity of Mrs. Hearst, in assuming the financial responsibility for Mr. Holmes before he had been tried by the public, that the present symphony series was made possible. Mrs. Hearst has done more than this for the cause of music upon the coast. In the beautiful hall which she has built in Berkeley for entertaining the students and faculty of the university, she is to have chamber concerts under the direction of Mr. Holmes every Sunday afternoon, to which all students and professors are invited. She could not have done anything of greater importance than this in enriching the State

which she loves so well. To scatter abroad a thousand young men and women with song in their souls is a work which will live as a molding and uplifting force in the State's growth.

M. BENARD, the French architect, who won the first prize in the Hearst architectural competition for the

Berkeley Architectural Competition University of California, has visited Berkeley and returned home. He has found that his plans were

impracticable in many important respects, and upon his return to Paris he is to alter them materially, and, no doubt, simplify them to meet existing conditions. Assurance has been given that the construction of the first building will be commenced before the end of the present year, and that from that time on the work will not be allowed to languish for lack of funds to push it to completion.

BOOK REVIEWS

FOR FULL TITLES, PUBLISHERS, ETC., SEE LIST UNDER HEADING OF "BOOKS RECEIVED"

Songs by A. J. Waterhouse

IT IS some time since a San Francisco publisher has had the opportunity to put forth anything so strikingly good as Mr. Alfred James Waterhouse's *Some Homely Little Songs*. To be sure, there is nothing specially new or original in the subjects,—children, life, death, the hereafter; but the rendering, no matter what the theme, is so purely poetic that the verses rank far above the commonplace, to say the least. Mr. Waterhouse makes a great deal of the children and their ways, and most of the best poems in his book are devoted to the little ones. He is particularly happy in the combinations and rhythmic repetitions of words that are sure to tickle child-fancy, such as this verse from "At the Bottom of the Sea":—

Do you think you'd like to be at the bottom
of the sea,
With the pollyhinkus swinging all around,

And the gogglers with their eyes big as
mama's custard pies,
And the winkus that goes crawling on the
ground,

And the spry,

(Oh, my eye!)

The spry, spry, spry,

The very, very, very, very spry springaree
That slides through the glare of the water
everywhere,
On the shifting, lifting bottom of the deep
blue sea?

The lullabys are exquisitely tender and musical, and "Swing Low, Stars," will please wiser heads than the baby's,—thus:—

Swing low, stars, for I want to hear your
singing,

I want to hear the slumber song you mur-
mur to the night

In the distant, distant spaces where an angel
host is winging

Its way between the moonbeams to the
farther fields of light.

The daytime has its voices, but a cry is ring-
ing through them,

The weary cry of sorrow, the cruel cry of
wrong,
And we look upon God's sunlight in anguish
to renew them—
Swing low, stars, for I want to hear your
song.

Sleep—sleep—
Sleep—sleep;
Better dream than wake to weep.
Care and doubt
May mortals flout
When the stars, the stars creep out.

And for the babies:—

The poor little birdies that sleep in the trees,
Going rock-a-by, rock-a-by, lulled by the
breeze;
The poor little birdies, they make me feel
bad,
Oh, terribly, dreadfully, dismally sad,
For—think of it, little one; ponder and
weep—
The birdies must stand when they sleep,
when they sleep;
And their poor little legs—
I am sure it is so—
They ache, and they ache,
For they're weary, you know.
And that is the reason that far in the night
You may hear them say, "Dear-r-r!" if you
listen just right,
For the poor little birdies would sleep on the
bough,
And they want to lie down, but they do not
know how.

A particularly noticeable feature of Mr. Waterhouse's work is its paucity of love-poems. "If Dreams Were Gold" is the strongest of the four or five that can be classed under this heading. But with these few exceptions, "The Schoolgirl That I Hated" seems to be about as far as the author cares to venture into the well-worn field.

Over and above all the other merits of Mr. Waterhouse's admirable little book, is the strong religious feeling by which the majority of the poems are pervaded—wrought out sincerely and without affectation. As an instance, we quote "I Plead Thy Love":—

If I should go to-night where One doth sit
Upon a great and white and awful throne;
If back from me the mists of time should
flit,
Leaving my soul and me to stand alone
In that vast presence, and if He should say:
"What is thy plea, poor soul, for peace
above?"
I would not then, despairing, turn away,
But low would answer: "Lord, I plead
Thy love."

I could not plead my merit. Nay, my way
Is strewn with wrack of faith and hope
and trust.

Life's dawn broke golden, but its eve grows
gray,
And sin has turned its flowers to yellow
dust.

Yet, as a wayward child turns home at night,
Trusting the love all other loves above,
So will I turn, well knowing all is right,
As low I whisper: "Lord, I plead Thy
love."

Perhaps the most impressive of the poems of this description is a longer one entitled "His Life a Failure," which is a beautiful tribute to Christ and the Christlike.

One poem, "To The Pioneers That Remain," finds a response particularly in the hearts of older Californians. Mr. Waterhouse realizes that the few grizzled survivors of '49 are being sadly overlooked and outrun in the rush of younger life, and that now is the time to pay them respect and veneration, rather than after these men have passed away. This sentiment is expressed in the last verse of the above-mentioned poem:—

When they are gone; when o'er one's clay
Our tears of long farewell shall fall,
We'll pay our tribute then, and say:
"He was the last, the last of all.
Ah, they were stalwart men," we'll sigh,
"The future's promise on each brow."
So shall we whisper then, but I—
I pay that tribute here and now.

The Eastern Church

SEBASTIAN DABOVICH, a priest in the Russian Church at San Francisco, publishes through Cubery & Company a volume of sermons and lectures. He hopes thus to enlighten the general public as to the tenets of this branch of the Christian Church. In the preface the object is stated as follows:—

In this book I offer to the English-speaking public in general, and to the American in particular, a historic, theological, and moral review of the Orthodox Eastern Apostolic Church, commonly called the Greek-Russian Church, in the form of lectures and sermons, thus enabling them to see the actual practice and teaching of a Church which is making herself at home in the West, notwithstanding her birth in the East, and which knows none other head but Jesus Christ.

The peculiarity of these discourses is the utter absence from them of so much as a single modern idea, or the least intimation

that the preacher has ever discovered a bit of sweet and wholesome fruit growing on life's tree to-day. The reader finds himself taken back to ancient controversies, invited to accept with implicit faith the traditions of Constantinople in preference to those of Rome, and to regard the Eastern mind and spirit as "the source and cradle of everything that is purest, highest, and heavenly." We are assured that, "humiliating though it may appear to the haughty spirit of the West, it will at last, and of necessity, turn its eyes towards the East and realize the saying: *Ex Oriente Lux*!"

We have not for a long time met with anything so consistently and unapologetically primeval as this volume. But it is manifestly conceived in the most earnest and sincere concern for truth and the good of man.

The Gentleman From Indiana

BOOTH TARKINGTON has now published in book form *The Gentleman from Indiana*, which appeared, with some omissions, in *McClure's Magazine*. A rarely good novel it is—original, highly probable, well written, and not without strong dramatic situations. The hero is painted in fast colors, and wears well; the tiny heroine, with her great heart and soul, is the dearest girl in the world, and the brightest, surely. Mr. Tarkington's delineation of "Hoosier" characters and manners, and brief but artistic descriptions of Indiana sunsets and scenery, as well as his fine and quiet sense of humor, combine to form a natural and effective background for the tenderest of romances. The author's fast-growing reputation will be greatly enhanced by this complete edition of *The Gentleman from Indiana*.

John Selden, and His Table-Talk

IT IS said that Samuel Johnson, Hallam, and Coleridge all put a high estimate on the value of *Selden's Table-Talk*. And yet it would be impossible to persuade one person in a hundred thousand in the present day to spend time for a complete reading of it, or to return to it after a first perusal. This is because the setting of thought in different ages is so unlike, that utterances which seemed opportune, apropos and forcible in their time and upon their immediate

occasion, lose their significance and seasonableness for another generation. This is largely why we neglect the much-read books of two and three centuries ago, and so give Mark Twain his definition for a *Classic*—"A book which people talk about but don't read."

Nevertheless, Robert Waters presents in his book, *John Selden, and His Table-Talk*, a very readable little volume. This includes an interesting "Account of Bygone Table-Talk Books," a sketch of "The Career of John Selden," an explanation of "The Origin of the Table-Talk and the Secret of its Popularity; the Table-Talk itself, with explanatory notes, and concluding remarks on the Closing Years of Selden's Life."

Two Children of the Foothills

THE author of this book, Elizabeth Harrison, is principal of the Chicago Kindergarten College. The circumstances in which the book came to be written are given in an introductory chapter as follows:

At the advice of a wise and experienced physician I went one year to the foothills that form the approach to the Sierra Madre Mountains of Southern California, in order that I might obtain much-needed rest. My friend, Margaret Sayre, accompanied me. Being unable to find, in that sparsely settled region, the accommodations which we desired, we rented the deserted cabin of an early pioneer and settled ourselves to house-keeping, little dreaming of the new and interesting experiences which such a unique life would bring to us.

Our neighbors were most of them quiet mountain folk who had few interests outside of the details of their own ranch lives, and were, to my tired brain and overtaxed nerves, a constant delight and social entertainment in that they varied so greatly from the highly strung, overly intellectual life of the great city I had so recently left. We had also the constant daily companionship of two small, healthy, and unspoiled mountain children: Georgie, a boy of four and a half, and his sister Lena, who was a year and a half older. As we were both Kindergartners we almost unconsciously began training the children; and the effects, particularly those brought about by Margaret's use of Froebel's "Mother-Play-Book," were so interesting to me that I kept a record of the same.

To many women who are charged with the care of children, their own or others', the reading of this account of a year of happy work with the two fortunate babes of the foot-hills will be full of practical suggestion.

The New Cosmogony

WE mention this book for two reasons: First, because it is a curious example of an intellectual phenomenon of our times, viz., the numerous endeavors to overturn the accepted doctrines of modern science and substitute theories born of dreams. The author confesses that it will take time to place his new theory of creation "among the exact sciences," but is content, at present, in that it "seems reasonable and natural, and simplifies all scientific investigation." Probably the university faculties on the Pacific Coast will not let this treasure escape them. Then, secondly, this book is a curiosity in the item of its dedication. It is not often that we find in current literature a gem so scintillating as the following:—

This volume is dedicated to Miss Helen Gould: Whose noble, exemplary Life and Character, earnest Devotion to her Father's good Name and Memory, warm and generous Patriotism, and unostentatious, kindly Charity, blended with all the Christian Graces and Virtues, make her a worthy Paragon of true, magnificent American Womanhood. Recognizing that the Nobility of Usefulness, Charity and Patriotism is nobler than the ease of Opulence, the luxurious pleasures of Wealth, or the hollow Titles of Aristocracy, and that personal Character and Worth are above all external Possessions and preëminence, she has helped to

elevate the standard of American Nobility and Womanhood.

Books Received

From Cubery & Co., San Francisco
Preaching in The Russian Church; or Lectures and Sermons by a Priest of The Holy Orthodox Church. By Sebastain Dabovich. Paper covers, \$1.00.

From Eaton & Mains, New York and San Francisco
John Selden, and His Table-Talk. By Robert Waters. \$1.00.

From J. S. Ogilvie, New York
The New Cosmogony; or The Elective Theory of Creation. By George W. Warder.

From the Whittaker & Ray Co., San Francisco
Some Homely Little Songs. By Alfred James Waterhouse.

From Doubleday & McClure Co., New York
The Gentleman From Indiana. By Booth Tarkington.

From Curtis & Jennings, Cincinnati, O.
Thoughts and Experiences In and Out of School. By John B. Peaslee, LL.B., Ph.D., Ex-Superintendent of the Public Schools of Cincinnati, Ohio. \$1.50.

From Sigma Publishing Co., Chicago and St. Louis
Two Children of the Foothills. By Elizabeth Harrison.

CHIT-CHAT

Trusts and Trusts

The *Overland Monthly* undertakes to show that the farmers have the best working trusts in America. The California fruit growers have combined for mutual protection, and have a membership of over 2,000. They control 90 per cent of the crop. The grape growers of New York and Ohio have done the same thing, and the dairymen of Eastern New York maintain a powerful milk trust.—*Albuquerque* (N. M.) *Democrat*.

The *Overland Monthly* is picked up eagerly by busy hands and laid down with regret. Coast topics predominate.—*Vallejo* (Cal.) *Times*.

The World Do Move.—Mrs. Henry Peck—"First we get horseless carriages and then wireless telegraphy. I wonder what next?" Her Husband (meekly)—"Wifeless matrimony, perhaps."—*Life*.

To be a good cook—even a great cook—does not require long and arduous study. Cooking a very few dishes perfectly made Savarin famous for all time. The housekeeper who merely studies Marion Harland's chapter on "The Uses of Eggs" in the latest volume on "Cooking Hints" will win the blue ribbon. This is but one of the four volumes given to each new subscriber under our premium offers.

The prize for the best essay on "How to Manage a Husband" was awarded to the woman who said: "Feed the brute." But few know how to do it on a small expenditure. Marion Harland has written a wonderful volume on this subject, which is in the Bits of Common Sense Series now offered by us as a premium to subscribers.

General N. P. Chipman has an article in a recent *Overland Monthly* on Greater California and the trade of the Orient. It is along the line of several recent articles and efforts to awaken California to a realization of its natural destiny. It is a highly interesting treatise, written by a man better qualified than most men to speak for the State.—*Alameda (Cal.) Argus*.

She Had Hopes.—"Of course, Maggie, if you intend to get married, that is your business," said the mistress to her cook, "but you must n't forget that marriage is a very serious matter." "Yes, ma'am; I know it is sometimes," replied the domestic; "but maybe I'll have better luck than you did."—*Chicago Evening Post*.

Nothing to Take Back.—"Did n't you tell me," said the man with the skinned nose, bruised eye, and arm in a sling, "that this horse would n't scare at an automobile?" "No, sir," replied the former owner of the animal. "I said he never had scared at one. I knew exactly what I was talking about, sir. I got that horse from the country."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Common Sense is so rare that the four volumes of Marion Harland's Bits of Common Sense Series are worth their weight in silver coin. Our subscribers get them free, by accepting our premium offer.

Verdict of his Peers.—Newell Little—"Dulham is n't very brilliant." Newsome Moore—"Brilliant! Why, he's considered a fool even in the smart set!"—*Puck*.

No other magazine fills so large a place in the favor of Western people as does the *Overland Monthly* of San Francisco. It is pre-eminently Western; its contributors are Western men and women, and their contributions are spiced and flavored with the keen wit of Western episode and adventure. The *Overland* grows better with each succeeding issue, and if we mistake not the day

will come when it will find a welcome in every home of culture in this vast inter-mountain region.—*The Middle Park (Colo.) Times*.

"All the world may be a stage," remarked the apoplectic old gentleman who had sat through an amateur performance of "As You Like It," "but I'll be derved if all the men and women are actors."—*Philadelphia Record*.

"Nine drunkards out of ten were started on their downward career by their mother's frying pan. It gave them dyspepsia and literally drove them to drink." So says a modern writer on sociology. By subscribing now you get free of charge the four volumes by Marion Harland, which will teach you good cooking and home management. The set included in our premium offers.

"The codfish," said the professor, "lays considerably more than a million eggs." "It is exceedingly lucky for the codfish that she does n't have to cackle over every egg," said the student who came from the country.—*Tid-Bits*.

Overland Monthly

This California magazine grows more and more attractive with the lapse of years, and the price is now only ten cents per copy, or \$1.00 per year, in line with Eastern magazines. Many of the illustrations in the *Overland* are equal to anything that can be found in magazines. This is notably true of an article in the December number entitled "The Artist in Monterey." The shores of Monterey Bay are famous among artists throughout the world for picturesque coast scenery, and many choice views are reproduced in the *Overland*.

The problems involved in "territorial expansion" are receiving much attention in recent numbers of the magazine. Both sides of the controversy are to be presented. Among the writers who have so far advocated the acquisition of the Philippines are Irving M. Scott and General N. P. Chipman. An article presenting the views of anti-imperialists is promised in the January number. The *Overland* can be ordered of news-dealers anywhere.—*El Dorado Republican*.

A Superfluous Suggestion.—"I would lay the world at your feet," he exclaimed. But she looked at him icily, and returned: "I

see no reason for troubling you, Mr. Doddy. Unless the law of gravity has been unexpectedly repealed, the earth is there already."—*Washington Star*.

One of the most interesting articles in the *Overland Monthly* for December is Territorial Expansion, which is a valuable historical sketch; The Artist in Monterey is a well illustrated sketch; California's Golden Jubilee has an interesting article from the pen of Mrs. E. O. Smith. Snap-shots Aboard the *U. S. S. Badger* and the Naval Training Station at San Francisco are both excellent; there is also the usual number of good stories and sketches. San Francisco: \$1.—*The Fargo* (N. Dak.) *Forum and Daily Republican*.

Not Her Fault.—"You can't keep a secret, Marie." "Yes, I can, but I always happen to tell things to other girls who can't."—*Chicago Record*.

There are more "points" in the four volumes presented to each new subscriber than a porcupine presents to his enemy.

Something to Be Considered.—Prospective Tourist (at booking-office of great ocean liner)—"That stateroom is near the stern of the vessel, is n't it?" Agent—"Yes, sir." Prospective Tourist—"You ought not to charge me full price for it." Agent—"Why not?" Prospective Tourist—"Because when the steamer comes to land I'll have to walk half a mile to get ashore."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Overland Monthly, an Illustrated Magazine

The best thought, the best literature, the best interests of the Pacific Coast are shown in the *Overland Monthly*. Its beautiful pictures and able articles are a continuous World's Exposition of the West. Single numbers 10 cents; yearly subscription \$1. All postmasters are authorized to take subscriptions. *Overland Monthly* Publishing Company, San Francisco, Cal.—*The Tuolumne Independent*.

Skeptical.—"Do you believe poets are born?" "No. If they were, the magazines would manage to find some of them."—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

Do you know a good thing when you see it? If you do you will not have to look far after reading our unusual offer containing the Bits of Common Sense Series by Marion Harland.

Montmorenci, Ind., August 4, 1899.

Dear Sirs:—I received your books, and thank you for the same. I think they are so good and full of useful knowledge. I think MARION HARLAND a splendid writer. I think it would be well for many people to read and practice her advice.

Wishing you success.

Very truly yours,

MRS. E. J. STOCKTON.

"That man may last, but never lives,

Who much receives but nothing gives."

We give absolutely free of charge Marion Harland's last four volumes on "Common Sense," with each subscription. See our premium offer.

The January Overland

IN THE January number of the *Overland Monthly* the most readable article is Adeline Knapp's "Some Hermit Homes of California Writers." In it will be found descriptions of John Muir's cabins in the Yosemite and on Muir Glacier, and the house in the Berkeley hills where Edwin Markham wrote many of his best poems. Miss Knapp dwells on the tendency of California writers to "take to the woods" for inspiration, a tendency which is probably aided by the climate. The article has some excellent illustrations. General Chipman has another paper on "Territorial Expansion," which deals with the Philippines. Mary Alice Harriman has a very interesting paper on "The Indian in Transition," which describes the results of education of Indian children and furnishes some remarkable photographs showing the changes wrought by one year at Carlisle in the appearance of some Apaches and a half-dozen natives of Alaska. Other noteworthy papers are "The Subjugation of Inferior Races," by George A. Richardson; "The Vines and Wines of California," by Andrea Sbarboro, with pictures of several of the big vineyards.—*S. F. Chronicle*.

THE *Overland Monthly* for October has as its opening article, "Ocean Tragedies of the Northwest Coast," by James G. McCurdy. The article deals with all the marine disasters of note that have occurred on the Pacific Northwest Coast since its settlement by the whites. The *Brother Jonathan* wreck off Point St. George is spoken of

in the article. The wreck of the steamship *General Warren*, on the Columbia River bar in 1852 is also mentioned. This wreck has local interest from the fact that General J. G. Wall, who died in Alameda the other day, was the last survivor who was saved from the wreck. Forty persons were drowned.—*Crescent City Courier*.

WE have received from Mr. A. S. Cooper, State Mineralogist, a copy of Bulletin No. 14, *California State Mining Bureau*, showing by counties the mineral productions of California for the year 1898, compiled by Charles G. Yale, statistician, from direct returns by producers. The total value of the gold product was \$15,906,478. The counties whose gold product exceeded one million dollars in value were, Amador, \$1,806,363; Calaveras, \$1,019,023; Kern, \$1,017,930; Nevada, \$2,017,628; Placer, \$1,488,022; and Tuolumne, \$1,134,953.

The total value of the precious metals was \$16,320,533. Seven counties produced 31,092 flasks quicksilver of 76½ pounds each, valued at \$1,188,626.

Five counties produced copper valued at \$2,475,168.

Shasta was the banner county for 1898, the yield amounting to \$3,510,728 in value.

The total value of mineral products for the year was \$27,289,079.

It may be of interest to note that practically, California is the only State in the Union producing quicksilver.

The *Mineral Wealth of Northern California*, published at Redding, Shasta County, estimates the gold and silver output of the

counties of Shasta, Siskiyou, and Trinity, at \$4,500,000, for the year 1899, and adds, "The copper yield of Shasta County alone will reach \$4,250,000 more."

Exactly.—Solomon—"Der doctors say poor Levy's death vas caused py heart failure." Isaacs—"Dot's apout as definite as saying a fire was caused py spondaneous gombusdion."—*Puck*.

AS regards weather:—up to this, the last week in December, the Coast has been blessed with an ideal season, making glad the heart of miner and farmer. The early rains came in warm showers and in sufficient abundance to thoroughly prepare the ground for the farmer, and to afford water for all the various forms of mining operations. There have been no violent storms, nor frost to damage crops or retard work; and the revival of operations of all kinds dependent on early rains has been general. Surely California has reason to return thanks to the Giver of All Good for His blessings.

THE following has just appeared in the *Detroit News-Tribune*: "A description of the new naval training station at San Francisco, for the education of young boys for the navy, written by Lieutenant Philip Andrews, U. S. N., is a noticeable article in the December *Overland Monthly*. A California view of territorial expansion by a commissioner of the supreme court of California begins in this number, and Charles A. Keeler has an illustrated article showing some Californian landscape at Christmas time."





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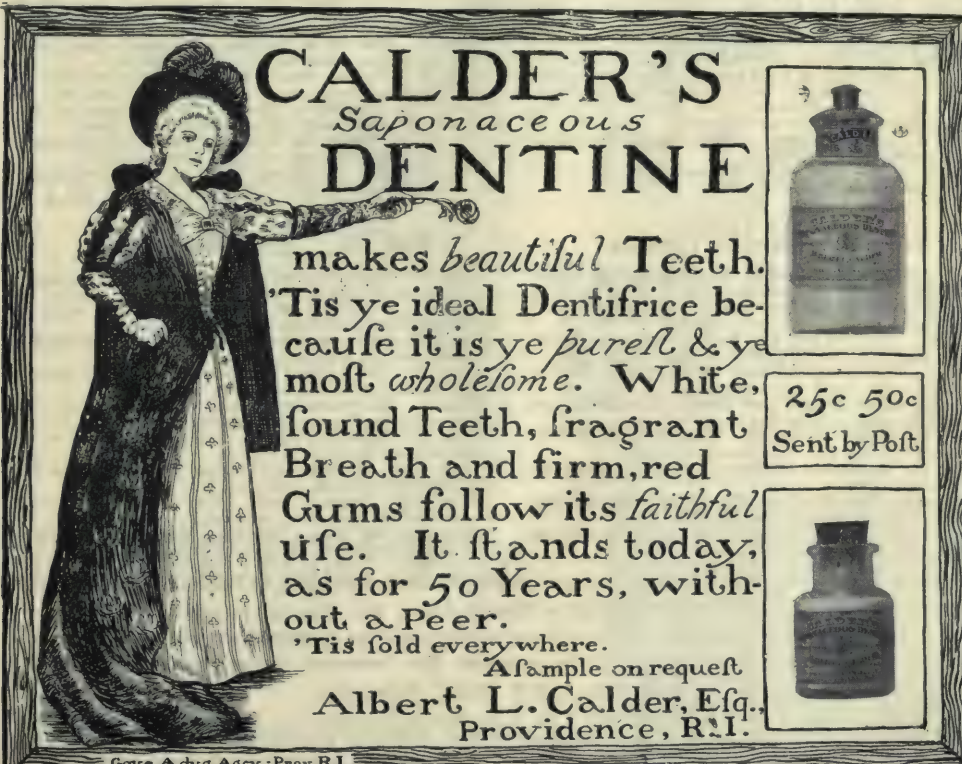
are the cause of many breakdowns in health and constitution. People resort to tea, coffee or alcohol to enable them to keep up beyond the hour of their regular meal, often with disastrous results to health. A cup of

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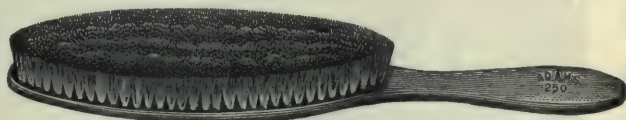
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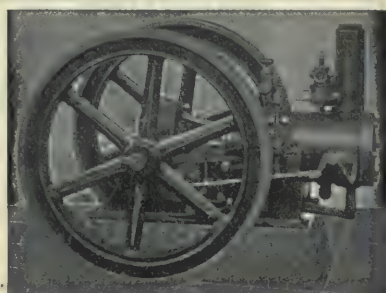
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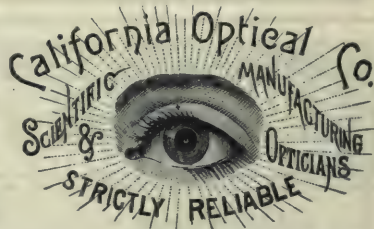
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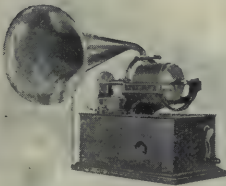
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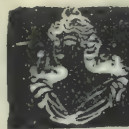
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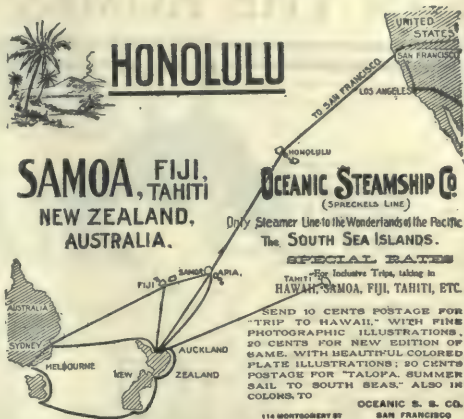
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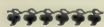
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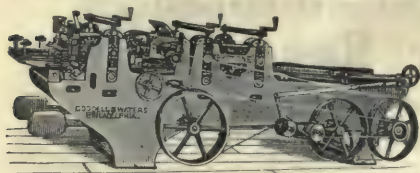
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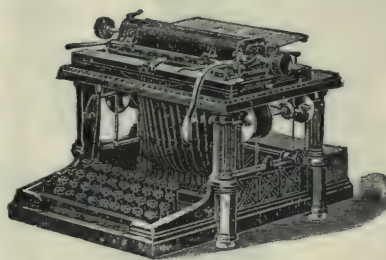
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VOL. XXXV

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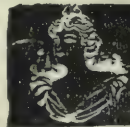
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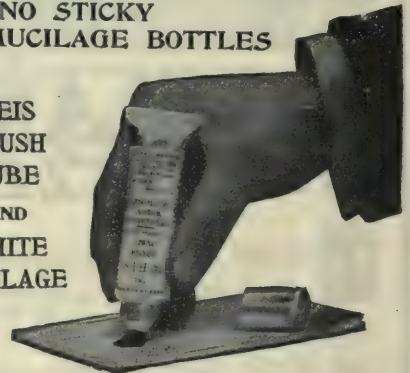
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No. 207

TYPES OF FEMALE BEAUTY AMONG THE INDIANS OF THE SOUTHWEST

By GEORGE WHARTON JAMES

THE Editor of THE OVERLAND has asked me to write on types of female beauty among the Indians of the Southwest—"Copper Cleopatras," as one of my Eastern friends designates them. Sneeringly, too, he always used to speak of beautiful Indian women. He had

read of them and heard travelers speak of them, but he had never seen one, nor the photograph of one, and was pretty well resolved that none existed, except in the imaginations of the aforesaid travelers.

It is the fashion, among certain classes, of one of which my friend is the type, to



No. 9—Moki Children out for a Ride

scoff at Indian beauty, morality, or character. "Ramona" is a myth of myths—the wildest figment of a wild imagination—to such. Indians are dull, stolid, heavy, coarse, brutal animals. There is nothing

hold such ideas, and hold them most tenaciously, because, forsooth, "Do they not live side by side with them? Have they not had dealings with them every day for nobody knows how many years?"



No. 1—A Moki Woman at Walpi

of refinement, poetry, mentality, physical beauty, or spirituality among them. Even those who live with or near them often

Remarks like this, to me, always reveal a profound ignorance and dense prejudice. The Indian is reserved,—extraordinarily



No. 2—Ta-wai-lets-ti-wa, Young Moki Girl at Mashongnavi

so,—even when you imagine he is opening his heart to you.

For twenty years I have lived amongst, or regularly visited, the Indians of Nevada, California, Arizona, and New Mexico, and my studies, ethnological and otherwise, have led me into close and inter-

esting contact with some of the leaders of these tribes. A full recognition of their sincerity and honesty, a spirit which never sneered nor laughed at their ceremonials, a respectful consideration of their rights, together with judicious invitations to meals and the distribution of a few

presents, have won me the confidence of more than one tribe of Indians. And in the social intercourse thus gendered I have learned to respect, if not to love, those phases of the Indian's character that the superficial observer fails to detect.

The Ramonas, even among white

other so-called "lower" races, that the scornful lip of ignorance and conceit is raised and the laugh of derision aroused. To these the Indian is instinctively a closed book. Not a leaf of his inner life can ever be read by one whose lips curve in scorn or laughter. Like Browning's



No. 2a—Ta-wai-lets-ti-wa, a Moki Maiden at Mashongnavi

women, are scarce; Alessandros, even among white men, are few. Yet we do not sneer when such characters are depicted as belonging to our race. It is only when the mind of genius sees these characteristics in the despised Indian or negro, or

"Star," the Indian opens his heart only to those who love him, and then he is characterized by confidence and frank simplicity.

But this preachment is all somewhat beside the mark. Still it is important enough to remain as I have written it.

To return to the main subject, however, I lay no claim to being an expert on physical beauty, either among whites or Indians. I know when a face and form please me; but people are often pleasing to me that experts claim are homely. So it may be that when I present my gallery of a few of my Indian friends—girls and women—I shall be laughed at for daring to affirm that there is any beauty to be seen in either face, form, or figure. But I will venture it.

of the woman who is to be the mother of his children is one of the chief determining factors in the history of his race. With all its limitations and the possibilities of changing by environment and culture, heredity means much, and the choice of a partner helps to determine heredity. And this choice largely depends upon the estimate of beauty held by the chooser, and the opportunities afforded him to choose according to his estimates. It is a singular fact, noticed by more than



No. 2b—Tai-wai lets-ti-wa, Her Companion and a Moki Matron

In the matter of racial growth the conceptions of men as to female beauty have much to answer for. Spencer, Darwin, and all the evolutionists have discussed this question with great fullness, and no careful observer will accuse them of attaching too great importance to the matter. In the study of ethnology it is important to know men's ideas of female beauty among the peoples under consideration, for thereupon depends the solution of many problems. A man's choice

one ethnologist, that the more limited the scope of choice, and the lower in the scale of civilization, the more restricted are the estimates of beauty. The higher the civilization, on the other hand, the wider the ideas of beauty. The cultured, traveled American or European can see beauty in the Turkish woman, the maid of Bethlehem, the Tartar wife, or the Circassian slave, though of entirely different types, as well as he can see it in the refined of his own people.



No. 3 — Ke-wa-nish-ni-na, the Oraibi Belle

It is not simply the mating instinct that makes some people marry far out of their own race, as a white woman a Chinaman, or an American white an Indian woman. Men's conceptions of beauty play an important part in these otherwise strange marriages.

What is beauty? Who shall set up the standard of female beauty and say, "These points must she possess who dare lay claim to hold in her face, 'the fatal gift of beauty'?"

The fact is that beauty is an indeterminate quality. What is beauty to one is not

to another. Types differ, and appreciations differ. I have heard most homely—nay, ugly—white girls and women laugh to scorn the suggestion that any Indian maiden or mother could possess any claims to be regarded as a beauty. Yet to the Mojave Apache the coarse, heavy, painted faces of his women are far more attractive than the paler, thinner faces of the white women. His is one standard; that of the white man is another. The Moki man sees little beauty except in the faces of his kind. His eye is trained to see beauty in certain styles of face and adornment, and

those exclude other styles. The Zuni and Laguna and Acoma can appreciate these styles, whilst incapable of seeing any of the charms that attract an Apache, a Navajo, a Ute, or a white man.

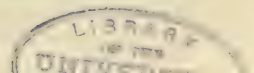
Hence to see beauty aright one must look at the type with the eyes of one accustomed to that type. Preconceived notions and prejudices must stand aside. The Mojave beauty must be judged by Mojave standards, the Moki by her standards, and the Acoma by those of her people.

I am not inclined to argue that my old Moki friend (Photo No. 1), is a beauty. Certainly I believe that some women grow old beautifully; but this is not a specimen

of that type. There are pathos, sadness, signs of the hard struggle for bread on this face, but no beauty. And yet it may be when she was a young girl she was as good-looking as my young lady friend (No. 2.), also a Moki, but living at Mashongnavi, on the second mesa, whilst the old lady lives at Walpi, on the first. The type of beauty, though, is neither Grecian, Roman, Italian, English, nor American. It is Moki. The lips are too thick and large, the eyes too narrow, the forehead too hairy to conform to our standards of beauty. Yet the child (she is but fifteen) is facially attractive, more so, in reality, than in her picture, for when the camera was directed



No. 4 — An Oraibi Maiden





No. 10—Charley Kie, with His Wife and Child, at Laguna, New Mexico



No. 11—Two Mojave-Apache Women and Their Father

her nose well molded, and nostrils not too broad, good forehead, clear blue eyes, delicately fine eyelashes and eyebrows, shapely cheeks, and nicely rounded chin. A good healthy, vigorous beauty, who, dressed in

With the steady, deliberate speech of one whose English comes slowly, she replied, "I do not like my sun-picture." It took me some time to learn why. I told her all her American friends regarded it as a good



No. 12—Ta-ya-ba, a Havasupai Maiden

American costume, would pass muster among many a bevy of fair American maidens.

When I showed Ke-wa-nish-ni-na this photograph, a year had elapsed, and she was married. A shade came over her face as she looked at it.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Don't you like it?"

likeness, and all the Mokis also. Still she did not like it. Then it flashed across my mind, "Ah, you don't like it because it has the *na-so-mi*—the maiden's whorls—and you are now a married woman?" With a quaint smile she nodded her head and signified that that was the reason. As a happy wife, she did not even care to be reminded of her unwedded days.

towards her she felt the instinctive fear of her race concerning the dread instrument.

It will be noticed that there is a decided difference in the mode of dressing the hair, as shown in the first two illustrations. When a girl reaches the age of young womanhood, she is required to dress her hair in the two great whorls,—*na-so-mi*,—which figure the flowers of the squash-blossom, the Moki emblem of maidenhood and purity. When she marries, this style is forsaken for the two pendent rolls, one on each side of the face, typifying the

fruit of the squash and matronly chastity. These styles of dressing the hair are purely Moki, but are by no means unattractive to the Caucasian eye.

No. 2a is another and larger photograph of this same maiden. Here are seen to fuller advantage not only the facial detractions referred to, but the details of her profuse ornamentations. The round balls, the crosses, and the crescent are of silver, made by a Navajo smith, and are both beautiful and valuable. The red coral necklace that twines itself below is rich



No. 5—Moki Maiden at Burro Spring

in color, and good. The shell-bead necklace by its side is the most valuable and cherished treasure of all this wealthy young lady's adornments. The beads are fine and the pieces of turquoise of the very purest, and when I offered her father \$300 for the necklace he shrugged his shoulders in scorn at the small sum. The beads close around the neck are red and white. The ear-pendants are made by inserting, in rude mosaic fashion, small pieces of pearl, turquoise, etc., into a piece of roughly carved wood.

Ta-wai-lets-ti-wa's girl friend (No. 2b), to my mind, is more "good-looking" than she herself, were it not for the coarse and sensual-appearing mouth. Generally speaking, white men on seeing the two photographs make a similar remark; yet by the Mokis the former is regarded as far more beautiful than the latter.

When Ke-wa-nish-ni-na was a maiden I made the accompanying photograph (No. 3) of her. She was the beauty of Oraibi, the seventh Moki village, and located on the third mesa. Her features are regular,



No. 8 — Kuch-ye-amp-se, the Mashongnavi Basket-maker

Now, of a very different style, and yet by many different Mokis regarded as a great beauty, is the young lady here represented (No. 4). Her lips are not more full than Ke-wa-nish-ni-na's, but there is a down-curve to them that speaks of peevishness and self-will. The eyes are nothing like as attractive and the forehead is "pimpley." Yet she had many suitors at the time the photograph was made.

But, to my mind, the prettiest Moki girl

esque Moki costume leaves naked one shoulder and both arms, and these are well molded. The hands and wrists are small, and the fingers dainty with beautifully shaped "filbert" nails.

Ke-wa-nish-ni-na's younger sister, Mashongce, was more beautiful than the better-known maiden. I present two photographs of her, No. 6 (see cover), taken while she was busy in half-cooking, or drying, the corn-meal she had first ground.



No. 13—Uta's Daughter, a Havasupai Matron

I have ever seen is the young lady (No. 5) who consented to be pictured near Burro Spring. Though her lips are too prominent, her face is a striking one. Unfortunately the wind was blowing when the photograph was made, and her hair, consequently, was tossed over her forehead; but the cheeks are nicely rounded, the nose shapely, the nostrils not too expansive, the ears small and well molded, the forehead in harmony with the full, limpid, expressive eyes, which have that calm, restful, trustful gaze of a pet deer. The pictur-

She was coquette or woman enough to protest against being pictured with her *naso-mi* in disorder, but I promised to make another photograph of her with her hair properly "done up." She is a plump, well-built young maiden, with shoulders, bust, and arms that many a white woman would envy could the brownish-red color be eliminated. Both mouth and nose are perfect, and the forehead prominent enough to give dignity to the face. The chin is well rounded and the cheeks well filled. Her hands, wrists, and fingers are attract-

ively pretty; but, strange to say, her ankles and feet are large and "beefy."

When she appeared, the next day, ready for another photograph (Frontispiece), I objected to her wearing the calico under-dress, seen in No. 6, under her regular Moki gown. I told her I wished to present her to my friends in real Moki costume without any suggestion of white woman's dress. So she obligingly retired and soon returned with the under-dress removed.

Though she was not more than thirteen years of age when these pictures were made, so attractive had she already proven that a dozen young Mokis were in love with her, and in less than a year I learned of her marriage.

To see a Moki woman with her long black hair loose over her shoulders (No. 8) is generally an attractive sight. No white woman is more proud of her hair than is a Moki. It is a wrong notion to suppose that this hair is always coarse and dirty. My basket-making friend, Kuch-ye-amp-se, who lives at Mashongnavi, on the second mesa, is as cleanly as any woman can be. Her hair is glossy, jet black, and it is far finer than that of many a white woman. And she loves to have it loose. When I have teased her about not wearing it in the two rolls, her merry eyes would flash in accord with a merry laugh that revealed two rows of perfect teeth,—perfect in size, shape, color, and condition,—and she would respond in a voice as musical as ear ever heard. "I like my hair to be free." She is a woman who both by white and Moki is regarded as unusually good-looking,—perhaps a little too squat and stout to conform to all standards, so far as body and general build are concerned. Her face, though not as well featured as that of Mashongce, is more intelligent. Her nose is too flat, her mouth too broad, and her cheek-bones too high to conform to my standard of beauty. Yet these do not detract from her charms to her people, and she is far more attractive in other ways than any Moki woman I

have yet met, for she has a keen sense of humor, has a laugh as free and merry as the song of a skylark, is chaste in character, modest in demeanor, and is artistic and skillful in her work. On her face may be observed the play of emotions, so seldom seen on an Indian's face, and the soul thus revealed counterbalances the feature defects referred to.

In the group of children shown in No. 9 are two entirely different types, yet both



No. 14 — Na-a-ma Pul-ta-gas-a-a, a Havasupai Girl

of them are interesting to me. The two naked children on the burro, one in front, the other in the rear, are little girls. The face of the one in front is a most winning and attractive one. Ever since she was born have I known and—shall I say it?—loved her. For she was pretty as a baby, and as good as pretty. The moment she knows I have arrived at Tusayan she rushes off to her mother and gives her no

rest until she has been well scrubbed and her cleanest and whitest dress is put on. Then in the most winning and confiding manner possible she comes to me, steals her hand into mine, and lifts up her cheek to be kissed. Her eyes, forehead, nose, cheeks, and chin are as perfect as those of any child I know. Her teeth also are beautiful and attractive. Though her lips are not coarse, her mouth is too large to make a perfect face; yet when she smiles, her sweet, childish eyes telling you that though you are white and have a great big black beard she loves you, there is one white man, at least, who deems her exceedingly attractive and pretty, even though not beautiful. The child in the rear on the burro has a face that is neither winning nor attractive, but her shapely body has been noticed in my hearing by many white men and women.

Of a different style of beauty is Charley Kie's wife, a Laguna Indian, here pictured (No. 10). Charley is a well-educated Indian in the service of the Santa Fé-Pacific Railway, and earning his \$135 to \$150 a month in a responsible position. Consequently he has a neat and comfortable home, lives well, and is able to give his wife and children all they need for comfort and adornment. His wife is a well-built, sturdy-looking woman, and her face, though large and full, is attractive and beautiful. Every feature is well-formed, nose and mouth both speaking of tenderness, affection, and maternal love, and her chin denoting a sensitive and refined disposition. And she is all these things, as are many other Laguna women. The wife of Colonel Robert Marmon is a full-blooded Indian, and she is as beautiful, refined, and educated as most white women. Indeed, with her glossy black hair, dark skin, exquisite and soulful eyes, sensitive mouth and chin, intellectual forehead, shapely cheeks, and well-sculptured nose, she would be regarded as a beautiful woman in a New York or Washington salon, if suitably gowned.

Quite different, however, is the beauty of the young Mojave-Apache woman, standing to the left of the old man (in No. 11). Here are the heavy, coarse features, the sullen eyes and lips that denote fierce obstinacy when the spirit is once aroused, and a sensuality that awakened is danger-

ous. Yet this woman is regarded as a most beautiful one by most of the Mojave people. She is a noted beauty. The indigo lines upon her chin are supposed to be an adornment, and serve to illustrate the crude ideas still in vogue among this primitive people.

Of a far more pleasing type to the white man's eye is this Havasupai maiden (No. 12), the daughter of my host, Wa-lu-thama, at his *hawa* in Cataract Cañon, the most picturesque dwelling-place of any nation on the face of the earth. Ta-ya-ba is a typical Havasu maiden,—coarse, thick lips, broad nostrils, heavy nose, thick eyelids, rather high cheek-bones, and heavy black hair banged to the eyebrows and almost covering the cheeks. She would deem it immodest to remove the hair from her cheeks. No Oriental beauty in the harem is more careful to have her face completely covered than are the Havasu women to dispose their hair so as to cover the cheeks. The feather in the hair is a coquettish custom which by no means detracts from Ta-ya-ba's general appearance. This girl is about fifteen years of age, and already several young men of the tribe have begun to woo her, and are ready to offer her father the customary twenty dollars, or its equivalent, for her purchase.

The matron (No. 13) engaged in the interesting and useful labor of making *piki* has a Havasupai face, but it is a better-featured face than that of Ta-ya-ba. The mouth, eyes, nose, and chin are not so strikingly Indian, and the eyes especially have that deerlike, limpid quality that is always attractive. Before her marriage this girl was much sought after by the Havasupai youth, and her husband is as proud to-day of her matronly beauty as he used to be in the days when she was a happy bride.

Na-a-ma Pul-ta-gas-a-a, a Havasupai girl, is the prettiest child of that whole people, according to my estimate. She is bright, vivacious, merry as a cricket and a generally happy child. Her mother was teaching her to make a basket at the time I secured this photograph, and she could scarcely sit still long enough for the quick operation. Her eyes are keen, piercing and yet soft and mellow, and though her nose and lips will undoubtedly grow into Indian largeness, they are as yet within

the bounds of a white man's liking. She is about eight years old.

These photographs merely touch upon the subject. There are many other types and peoples I should like to present,—photographs of my Zuñi, Acoma, Navajo,

Apache, Painti, and other Indian friends, women and girls, who among their own people are as famed and celebrated as Lady Hamilton, Mrs. Langtry, or—the particular young lady whom you, my reader, regard as the most beautiful upon the earth.

TO EROS

O EROS, I have builded thee
 A little altar—dost thou see?—
 And wilt thou let me, kneeling here,
 With heart-wrung prayer and many a tear,
 Make sacrifice, thine aid to gain,
 To bring my lover back again?

For two sweet moons, it was his way
 To come to me full oft each day,
 And here, within my garden's shade,
 My simple life was rapturous made
 By his dear presence. Haply thou,
 O Eros, from some blooming bough,
 Hast smiled to hear our tender talk
 As slow we paced the flower-edged walk.

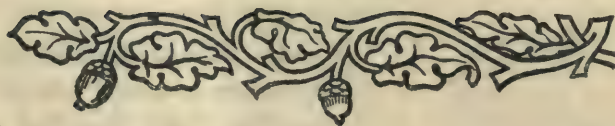
Three days ago, at sunset hour,
 We sat beneath yon vine-draped bower,
 And when I plucked a rose apart,
 He gazed on me until my heart
 Grew faint with yearning love for him.
 The rose within my hand was dim
 Before my passion-blinded eyes,—
 My blood, in shivering ecstasies
 Surged madly through my conscious frame,—
 Yet, when he softly breathed my name,
 And bending near, said tenderly,
 "I love thee, dear! Dost thou love me?"
 I straightway answered, "Nay!"

(Sweet God, thou knowest a maiden's way!)
 And he, who should have known my heart,
 Arose, all angered, to depart.
 And I—how could I bid him stay?
 For truly, maidens cannot say
 "Come back" to those they love.

And now,
 With sorrow's myrtle on my brow,
 I lay these offerings at thy feet,
 And pray that thou wilt find them meet:
 Roses, to move his memory deep,
 Poppies, to lull his pride to sleep;
 And here, my little kerchief white,
 Salt with the tears I shed last night—
 Ah, that will be more potent far
 Than all the mystic flower-charms are!

And, gentle Eros, grant me this:
 That he may hunger for my kiss;
 That my white arms may haunt his dreams
 Till life, without their clasping, seems
 A boundless desert without springs.
 Let everything that pleasure brings
 Seem to him only mockery
 If it must be unshared by me;
 And make him come, despite his will,
 And tell me that he loves me still.

Elizabeth Harman.



PAULA'S QUEST

By JAMES HERVEY DURHAM

CALIFORNIA in the early '50's! How well I remember the mad rush after gold! Beginning in 1849, its culmination was reached in 1856, and then the excitement gradually died away and more settled conditions prevailed.

At the time I write of, the excitement was yet at fever-heat, and every stream, gully, and gulch swarmed with prospectors. Crowds of people landed from every vessel that entered the harbor of San Francisco, and in a few hours they were off for the diggings. Sometimes the entire crew of a vessel deserted her, leaving her anchored in the bay, a lonely and useless hulk. Desertions from the garrisons and camps were so frequent that many times a post was reduced to the commissioned officers alone, who for a time were compelled to do their own washing and cooking, attend to their own horses, and perform such other menial duties as were necessary.

In the course of a few months, however, a change was perceptible. Very few of the deserters succeeded in finding gold, while the hardships they were obliged to encounter in the diggings compared so very unfavorably with their usual camp-life that ere long many returned to their quarters completely cured of the gold-fever, while many more were ready to return to duty could they be assured of a welcome reception, and mayhap a light punishment. With the idea of persuading the men to return, several subaltern officers, of whom I was one, were detailed to visit the diggings. My duties led me to visit from time to time many of the most noted placers in the country, especially those on the Sacramento and American rivers and their branches.

My usual companion on these trips was Sergeant O'Neil, who had been with the regiment from its organization. He rode with the gallant May in his charge upon the Mexican batteries at Palo Alto, and under the lead of Harney helped to capture the heights of Chapultepec. When, only three years before, I joined the regiment, a raw "sub," and was assigned to

his troop, O'Neil took me under his especial protection; we became fast friends, remaining so as long as he lived; and even now, though long past the allotment of threescore and ten years, I cherish in my heart a warm spot for one of the noblest men and best soldiers I ever knew.

In those days, traveling was for the most part performed on horseback, or else on mules or broncos. Wagon-roads were not numerous, though some quite passable wagon-trails led from San Francisco to some of the nearest placers. A very fair trail of the kind led out through San Ramon Valley and up Walnut Creek, passing around the base of Monte Diablo to the north, and on to Jones's Gulch, one of the richest placer diggings then known.

At the foot of Monte Diablo on its northern side, just where the beautiful hamlet of Clayton now stands, there was an excellent camping-place, distant from San Francisco about thirty miles, a point which O'Neil and myself had intended to reach on the evening of May 30, 1852.

Early that morning the steamer *Oregon* was reported off the Golden Gate, and, as we were in no hurry to set out, we concluded to await her coming which was expected at about half-past nine o'clock. Almost at the moment she anchored off the uncompleted wharf at the foot of California Street, and her passengers began to disembark in small boats. There were probably no less than two hundred passengers in all, and, strange to say, but one lady among them. As she came ashore leaning on the arm of the captain, I noticed that her expression was one of anxiety and of sadness.

I am not good at personal inventories, and so I only saw before me a well-dressed young lady of about twenty years of age, well formed, slightly above the medium height, with very prepossessing and exceedingly intelligent features shaded by an abundance of brown wavy hair, blue eyes inclining at times to a steel-gray, a finely chiseled mouth, and a firm chin. Her general appearance was that of a young woman of much firmness and decision of

character, and one quite able, as a rule, to take care of herself.

Being the only lady passenger, she, of course, attracted much attention; more probably because women, especially young and attractive ones, were at that time at a high premium in San Francisco, if one may be so ungallant as to compare them with gilt-edged securities by way of illustration. She clung close by Captain Graham, however, who escorted her to the What Cheer House, and returned for her luggage, which he sent to that hostelry, with orders to deliver it to Miss Deane.

It was my fortune to know Captain Graham quite intimately, and as he turned to go on board, after delivering his order, he recognized me among the onlookers and came to me at once. Taking me by the arm he led me to one of the returning boats, and in a few minutes we were seated in his cabin.

"Lieutenant, you are just the man I hoped to see. I should have started out to hunt you up an hour hence, and here I find you just in the nick of time, and no trouble about it at all."

"What can I do for you, Captain?"

"Not much for me, except it may be indirectly. The fact is I don't know that you can do anything. But I so earnestly hope that you can, and have thought about it so much, that I have really come to believe that you will succeed."

"If you will tell me how I may be of service to you, Captain, I think I may promise to do all that lies in my power."

"I knew you would, Lieutenant,—I knew it; and now here's the tangle. You saw the young lady I took up to the What Cheer? Well, she was the only lady passenger on board, and I gave up my cabin to her and cared for her as if she was my own daughter; and I have taken a great interest in her affairs. She is not very communicative but her story as far as I have learned it is this: She is the only living child of a prominent merchant of Boston, lately deceased. Her mother very shortly followed her father to the grave, her decease hastened probably by the fact that instead of being as every one supposed worth half a million, the husband and father had died insolvent leaving the mother and daughter in absolute poverty.

The girl's affianced is here in some one of the diggings, and knowing that your duties frequently lead you among the various placers, I thought that you would be just the man to get track of him. His name is Charles Stewart, and the last she heard of him he was at Jones's Gulch, wherever that may be; you probably know."

"Yes, Captain; I know well where Jones's Gulch is. Sergeant O'Neil and myself were to start for that place to-day, and probably will this afternoon. If I can get a description of Mr. Stewart I will keep a lookout for him. As we will be likely to visit several diggings before we return it is possible we may meet him somewhere during the trip."

"Just the thing, Lieutenant,—the very thing itself! Nothing could turn out better. Now, we will go ashore, and you just walk up to the What Cheer with me. I will introduce you to the young lady, and you can get a description of her sweetheart at first hand."

I consented, and in a few minutes I stood in the presence of Paula Deane, and was listening to her eager description of Charles Stewart. Captain Graham, after giving me a very earnest invitation to dine with him, which I accepted, as I saw that he had more to say to me, excused himself on the plea of duty and returned to the steamer.

I found Miss Deane to be a very superior young lady. At the same time I found myself very much inclined to envy Mr. Stewart the possession of so fair a fiancée. A half-hour passed very quickly, and as I rose to take my leave Miss Deane blushing informed me that she had another acquaintance somewhere in the gold regions, a young gentleman by the name of Danforth—Henry Danforth. I might possibly meet Mr. Danforth. Should I do so, would I be so kind as to tell him that I had met her in San Francisco? And to aid me in recognizing Mr. Danforth, she fortunately could loan me a small daguerreotype which she had in her trunk. She had always kept it, they were such old friends and schoolmates. And then I could not for the life of me tell which I most envied, Danforth or Stewart. However, I took the picture, promising to return it in

a few weeks at the farthest, and bowed myself from the room.

I had barely closed the door when it was again opened by Miss Deane who recalled me to the room.

"I beg your pardon, Lieutenant,—but did I understand you to say that you intended to leave for the diggings at Jones's Gulch this afternoon?"

"You did, Miss Deane; it is certainly my intention unless something unforeseen prevents."

"Must you go this afternoon? Is it imperative?" A vivid blush dyed her cheeks as she added, "You must forgive me. I know so little of such matters, and am so lonely and anxious. But excuse me; I will not give you any further trouble."

I begged her to speak on, and told her that so far as my duties would permit I was entirely at her service; and I think it quite likely that I then and there registered a mental vow that for her sake I would strain my orders perilously near to the breaking-point.

"Except Captain Graham and yourself," she went on, "I have not a single acquaintance in this, to me, very strange place; and I feel that I ought to confide still further in you both. Captain Graham has been so very kind and considerate,—a father could not have been more so. And now that you too have so kindly offered to assist me, I feel it a duty to tell you everything, so that however you may choose to act in my behalf, should the opportunity offer, you can act intelligently. I was about to say to you that if you could defer your trip until to-morrow morning I would be glad to see yourself and Captain Graham this evening, and tell you what I am sure I ought to confide to your keeping."

I assured her that I could easily extend the time for starting on my trip until the next morning, and promised for myself and Captain Graham that we would call in the early evening. What prompted me to speak of Sergeant O'Neil as my inseparable companion on these outlying expeditions, and to ask if he might be included in her invitation, I do not know, nor could I at the time have given any reasonable explanation for so doing; and yet I felt if he also understood everything, it would,

in the end, prove to be of great importance.

Miss Deane assented at once and begged me to introduce O'Neil without fail.

"In the mean time," said she, "I will rest until four o'clock, when I shall expect you."

I soon found O'Neil and advised him of the change in our starting-time, with which I thought he seemed pleased, and then I gave him Miss Deane's invitation, by which he was somewhat taken aback. I briefly recounted what I had already learned from Captain Graham and from the young lady herself, when I was surprised at hearing O'Neil say: "Lieutenant, I think I could put my hands on both those fellows any time within thirty-six hours. I'll tell you to-morrow," he added, as he saw that I was about to deluge him with questions. "And perhaps, sir, it would be better not to mention what I have told you to the young lady, as it might needlessly excite her."

I knew the Sergeant too well to ask any questions; and I knew also that when in his opinion the proper time had arrived I would be the recipient of his thoughts, ideas, and opinions. So I suggested that we go on board the steamer and confer with Captain Graham.

Somewhat to my surprise Captain Graham received the sergeant with the heartiest of welcomes, and I soon learned what I had not before known, that they were old acquaintances, and some years before had fought side by side defending a vessel which Captain Graham commanded from an attack of pirates soon after rounding the Horn on her way to California. In a few moments dinner was announced and we were soon seated around the captain's table enjoying a capital spread. Conversation, of course, turned upon the lady passenger, when I took the opportunity to inform Captain Graham of her wishes, which it is needless to say were assented to at once.

"There is one thing," said Captain Graham, "that I fear she will say nothing about. I am certain that the girl is not very abundantly supplied with money. You see, she was left an orphan without a cent. By the sale of some private effects

belonging to her mother and herself which the creditors could not touch, increased somewhat by the bounty of friends, I imagine, she has come here in search of her affianced, from whom she has not heard in a long time, and it may be will never hear from again. It is more than likely that her Boston friends and fashionable acquaintances were only too glad to get rid of her on such easy terms, and now I suppose their consciences are at rest. How long, Lieutenant, do you expect to be absent on your trip?"

"Not to exceed a fortnight, Captain. I think it likely that I will return before you sail for the Isthmus again."

"It will be fully three weeks before my cargo is complete this time. In the mean time I shall take it upon myself to see that Miss Deane wants for nothing. I am glad that she has made up her mind to be more communicative. It makes it so much easier for one to help her if so inclined."

Two hours later we were seated with Miss Deane in the parlor of the What Cheer House, listening to her story. It was told in a plain, straightforward manner that impressed us with its absolute truthfulness, and without the slightest affectation or attempt to excite sympathy or to solicit help of any kind beyond a desire for our good offices in ascertaining if possible where her friends could be found. It would be impossible for me to relate her story in her own simple language; but as the salient points are fresh in my memory and indelibly fixed there by after events, I must be content with words of my own choosing, though I shall not stray from the exact facts as told by the fair relator.

"I am afraid," she began hesitatingly, "that I have allowed you gentlemen to deceive yourselves somewhat as to a part of my affairs; but I ask you not to judge me too hastily until you hear my story, which I will make as brief as possible. Boston is the city of my birth, and my father was one of its best-known merchants. I am now nearly twenty-three years of age. Were he alive, my brother George would be nearly twenty years old. He too came to California, but we have reason to believe that he is dead. I say *we*, because I am not yet accustomed to

the terrible thought that I am alone and the last of my family. My father was a stern man, almost puritanic in his ways, though always just, and not given to much outward show of affection. My mother was his opposite, and yet they loved each other truly. At school I had two classmates, both of whom, as I grew to womanhood, became my lovers. Their names you have already heard, Charles Stewart and Henry Danforth. Charles Stewart is my affianced husband. But I now say to you that, though I am bound to him by a solemn promise, I would sooner die than to become his wife, even if he possessed all the gold in California. I never loved him, nor do I think that he ever really loved me. But I am anticipating.

"Henry Danforth won my earliest affections. He was my mother's favorite, and my brother George idolized him. Henry was possessed of considerable wealth, but unfortunately contracted some bad habits through club associations and among a rather fast set. My father was told that Henry was the nightly associate of gamblers and other disreputable persons, and that he was not only a giver of champagne parties but had more than once been carried to his room at the club in a state of intoxication. My father despised drunkenness more than any other form of vice; and on learning these facts about Henry he called me into the library one morning and told me that I must never see him again. In vain I begged to be permitted to see him once more—just once. My mother added her entreaties to mine, and at last my father yielded to one more interview with Henry which was to take place in his presence next morning.

"My brother told him all, and he sent me a message by him that he would stand the ordeal. In truth, I expected nothing less of him. The time came, and we were all assembled in the library. I shall never forget that meeting. My father, on that occasion the very embodiment of sternness and cold as an iceberg, brought forward his long catalogue of accusations, and demanded of Henry the truth.

"'A part of the charge, sir, is true,' Henry replied. 'I am sorry to say that once I have been intoxicated. I thought then, and I now think, that my wine was

drugged for a purpose; and I am certain that I know the man who did it. I have played cards, sir, at social gatherings, but I have never in my life played a card for money. I have never gambled in any way; and I demand to be confronted with my accuser. I defy him to bring proof of his accusations, sir!’

“For some time my father sat in deep thought, and then he said in a much kinder tone than before: ‘Henry, I never knew you to be guilty of falsehood, and yet I can say the same of my informant. I shall investigate this matter to the fullest extent; and in the mean time I shall make you a proposition. You must promise here and now on your honor as a man to touch no intoxicating drinks whatever for one year. I do not add a clause against gambling, because it seems to me that you have too much good sense to waste your property so foolishly. If at the end of one year I find that you have kept your promise, Paula shall be yours, with my blessing, though I frankly tell you that there is another whom I prefer. If, however, you break your promise at any time you must never see her again. Do you accept the pledge?’

“‘I do, sir, and thankfully,’ and the two men shook hands, as if to make the compact more binding.

“For me it was a happy year. My father could find no fault with Henry and finally gave consent to our marriage. The wedding-day was decided upon and the final arrangements completed. We were to be married at my own home, at ten o’clock in the morning. The guests had assembled, the minister had arrived, and it only needed Henry’s presence for the ceremony to begin. Suddenly the door-bell rang and a messenger-boy inquiring for my father put a note into his hand. I saw him read it. I saw him grow suddenly white. My heart throbbed with a terrible foreboding. He came to me and put a brief note into my hand. I have that note yet. It was found among some papers of my father’s after his death. I can easily repeat it. Its few lines were seared upon my brain as with a hot iron. It read:—

Sir.—Your would-be son-in-law, Mr. Henry Danforth, now lies in a drunken stupor in his room at the —— Club.

“It was not signed, nor did I recognize the handwriting at the time. I now know who wrote it and all the details of the vile plot. It was weeks before I fully regained consciousness. There is a blank in my life that will never be filled. My father’s choice of a husband for me had always been Charles Stewart. He had secured a position in a bank, and though possessed of but little property, his god was money, and to acquire wealth the height of his ambition. From the time they were classmates he had always hated Henry Danforth, and now he rejoiced in his downfall.

“I learned afterward that when Henry came to his senses and realized what he had done, he sought for Stewart but failed to find him, as he had left the city on a short vacation. He sent me a letter by my brother, but it fell into mother’s hands, and then arranged his business affairs and took ship for San Francisco, taking my brother with him, as we learned later.

“When I regained my health my father presented Charles Stewart as a suitor for my hand, and insisted that I accept him as such. In vain I begged him to let me remain single. I was forced to yield. Suddenly Mr. Stewart was seized with the California gold-fever and came here. In the mean time my father had business reverses, lost his property, sickened and died, and my dear mother soon followed. I was left alone, an orphan, with only a few hundred dollars realized from the sale of some effects, and here I am. What I shall do, I do not know; but in this growing town where there are so few women there must be something that I can do to earn a living, for I realize that I must go to work, and soon.”

“Miss Deane,” said Captain Graham, “you will just live at this hotel and occupy your room until further orders. I have already made the arrangements and I cannot have them broken up. You will stay here until the Lieutenant and Sergeant O’Neil return from Jones’s Gulch, and then we’ll talk further about it. I suppose you will be off in the morning, Lieutenant? Well, good luck to you,” and the gallant captain went out, looking decidedly moist about the eyes.

The sergeant and myself soon left, bidding Miss Deane to be of good heart and

promising to let her know at once if we were successful in our search. At the same hour the next day we were domiciled in the shanty known as Jones's Gulch Hotel, "Grizzly Jake," proprietor.

Jones's Gulch diggings were fairly rich in the yellow metal. Owing to the fact that most of the claim-owners were from the New England States, the little community had hitherto been quite free from the roughs and cutthroats that infested many of the more celebrated placers. A few, however, of the undesirable element had found their way to the gulch and secured claims. Among these was the landlord, Jake Hetherington, otherwise known as "Grizzly Jake."

Jake was fond of gold, but utterly opposed to obtaining it by manual labor. He would cheat, swindle, defraud, steal, and murder for it, but work for it never. Jake was one of the most obsequious of landlords, especially if being so would serve a purpose. O'Neil and I had been there before and knew that we were not especially welcome; but as Jake had heard the rumor that soldiers were to be quartered at the principal mining-camps, he thought it good diplomacy to keep up a fair understanding with the military. He had reason to believe also that O'Neil was cognizant of some shady operations of his which he would much rather should not reach the ears of the Vigilantes in San Francisco; and so, under this pressure of circumstances, we found the best accommodations of Jones's Gulch Hotel at our service.

It was a log house, about a story and a half high, the second floor being reached by means of a rough ladder from the outside. There were two tolerably fair bunks on the upper floor, and these were assigned to O'Neil and myself. Below was a small kitchen, a very small bedroom, a dining-room which answered the threefold purpose of an eating, drinking, and gambling room, and at times, if the house was crowded with prospectors, a sleeping-room. Our horses were stabled in a little shack at the rear of the hotel.

We had no fear at that time that our horses might be stolen, but our saddles, bridles, and other horse furniture were always taken to our sleeping-room. Being very much fatigued with my long ride, I

went early to bed, leaving O'Neil to follow whenever he pleased.

I had been asleep for two hours or more, when I was awakened by O'Neil, as he drew the ladder up into our loft and then seated himself on the side of my bunk.

"Are any of our men here, Sergeant?" I asked.

"There are two, sir. Davis of K Troop, and Howard of ours. Both have already made arrangements to return to headquarters to-morrow. There are about a dozen of the men at Coloma who will also start for camp to-morrow. Davis and Howard expect to meet them at the old camp at Monte Diablo the day after, whence they will all go on to headquarters together."

"Good news, if true. That will save us a long ride and materially shorten our absence from camp."

"I have another budget of good news too, Lieutenant," said O'Neil, lowering his voice almost to a whisper. "I have found Henry Danforth and George Dean, and Stewart too, unless I am greatly mistaken."

I fairly leaped from my bed and came near shouting aloud in my astonishment: "What! Here in Jones's Gulch? Impossible! Why—when—how—"

"One at a time, Lieutenant,—and speak lower; there may be listeners."

"You see," he continued, "when I heard the description of Henry Danforth, I made up my mind that it was no other than 'Lucky Hank' of Jones's Gulch. They call him 'Christian Hank,' too, sometimes,—because he never drinks nor swears nor uses tobacco, and has been known to read prayers at the bedside of a dying miner and at his grave when he was buried. You must have heard of him."

"Is he the one called 'Parson Hank'?"

"The very same man."

"Then I have met him once. But I really would not have recognized him from Miss Deane's description."

"He has doubtless changed much since she saw him; but I felt certain that he was the man."

"But why do they call him 'Lucky Hank'?"

"Why, it was he who built a dam across the stream about a mile below here last

summer and then dug a canal across the neck of Horseshoe Bend, thus draining the pool below, and then took out two hundred thousand dollars in less than a week."

"And you say George Deane is here?"

"Yes; and the poor boy is nearly dead with consumption. He is in the farthest cabin up the gulch and Danforth is taking care of him. I do not think that he can live long."

"Do you think that he could stand the trip to San Francisco? He ought to see his sister."

"It is very doubtful. I said nothing to Danforth that would lead him to suspect that Miss Deane is in this country, and we can judge better about it in the morning."

"But how did you happen to find Stewart?"

"By the merest accident. I went out to take a look at our horses, and while in the shack a couple of men came to the back of it and had a long talk, and I could easily overhear all that was said. I soon learned that these two men, Stewart and Whittaker, are a part of a gang of which Jake Hetherington is chief. Of course, I was n't sure of my man until after they left and went into the barroom, when I soon found the original of the daguerreotype. Those fellows are up to some deviltry, too, but of what nature I don't know."

I slept but little more that night. Early the next morning O'Neil and myself had an interview with Danforth and young Deane. It was decided to carry him by easy stages to San Francisco. A litter was prepared, four good men were hired as bearers, and we calculated to be able to make the trip easily in four days. Deane had nearly twenty-five thousand dollars in gold, of which O'Neil and I took charge. We set out on the first stage of our journey with rations in plenty and nine well-armed men, including Davis and Howard, the two soldiers.

I had a feeling as we rode along that we would have some trouble before we reached the end of our journey, and the feeling was not allayed by a remark of O'Neil's. He said, "If we get this gold to San Francisco, Lieutenant, I think that we will have to fight for it."

And the prophecy so fully accorded with my own feelings that I could not help assenting.

"When do you think we will be attacked, Sergeant?"

"To-morrow night at the Monte Diablo camp. You see, the gang won't dare leave the gulch in time to overtake us to-night, as they will have to stray out one at a time to avoid suspicion; and besides I think they are scattered and will hardly get together before to-morrow night."

"Did you not tell me that about a dozen of our men would be at the old camp by to-morrow?"

"That is what Davis and Howard both told me. In fact, Davis had a letter to that effect from Corporal Prentiss, who is at Coloma."

"The boys will not be without arms, and if attacked we can stand a pretty good siege."

Young Deane was not a heavyweight, by any means, and his bearers under the stimulus of big pay made splendid progress; so we reached the second camp by the middle of the afternoon on the second day out. We were agreeably surprised to find Corporal Prentiss with eleven men already at the camp, and I was pleased to find that they were well armed with revolvers and ready for a skirmish. In a few words I explained the situation and we decided upon our line of defense.

Half a mile farther down, the trail ran through a crevice in the rocks barely wide enough for a wagon to pass. This cañon could be easily defended from above and below, and also from the rocky plateau on either side; and it was decided to remove our camp beyond it and defend the pass.

Sentries were detailed and O'Neil insisted on acting as officer of the guard. I knew that our safety could not be intrusted to better hands, and so I advised every one not on duty to get what rest they could. Young Deane was resting quietly, and since hearing that his sister was in San Francisco he seemed to have taken on a new lease of life. He had been so insistent in his demand that his revolver should be laid by his side that Danforth yielded, and now he lay there sleeping calmly with his weapon grasped in his

hand ready for the fray. The bearers had orders to prevent him from leaving the stretcher if possible.

It was not far from one o'clock when Corporal Prentiss came in and reported, "Twenty of them, sir."

"Where are they, Corporal?"

"Just at the old camp, sir. They've been stirring up the embers of the fire, sir, and I expect that they will be here soon. I should say that there were at least twenty of them, sir."

"Very well, Corporal, just say to the boys that if they do their duty now, there will be but little if any notice taken of their gold hunt."

"We'll fight, sir; don't you doubt us."

I had no reason to doubt them then nor after, for in five minutes more the fighting began and in less than ten minutes it was ended. The attack was fierce and sudden. They came on with a rush, expecting, I think, to surprise us, but were themselves surprised at our numbers. For the first few minutes they fought desperately. At the first alarm, while the attention of his bearers was for a moment diverted, young Deane sprang from his couch and pistol in hand rushed to the very front of the *melée*, and placed himself by Danforth's side. I had forgotten to mention that it was nearly at the full of the moon, and barring the deep shadows of the huge pines it was almost as light as day. Danforth and Stewart faced each other in the fray, and fought with desperation. Stewart first opened fire, but he missed Danforth and shot Deane through the heart. "You shall hang for that shot, Stewart," hissed Danforth, as he sprang upon his antagonist and dragged him within our lines, where he was soon secured.

The fighting was over. Five of the robber gang lay dead and eight others were severely wounded.

We had but one death to record, and but three of our men were wounded, and those slightly. We had no means of burying the

dead, nor of caring for the wounded. We dressed their hurts as well as we could, promising to send help from San Francisco.

That evening we reached our destination and sent out a posse of men to bury the dead and care for the wounded. Stewart was handed over to the Vigilantes, who gave him a fair trial and then hanged him to a derrick at the foot of Columbia Street.

The remains of poor George Deane were laid to rest, and yielding to the importunities of her lover, and listening to the advice of her friends, Paula Deane at the end of two months became the wife of Henry Danforth. The claim at Jones's Gulch belonging to George Deane was sold, and the proceeds, added to the amount already saved by her brother, left her by no means a portionless bride.

Shortly after their marriage Danforth and his bride took passage on the *Oregon* with Captain Graham, on their way to Boston, which they safely reached in due time. The stately residence, once Paula's home, was purchased, and there to-day a happy white-haired couple glide softly down the western slope, rich in life's choicest blessings, and surrounded by noble men and women who call them "Father and Mother," and there they calmly await the final call from earth to heaven.

Four years later, four of the gang that attacked us, including their leader, Hetherington, fell into the hands of the Vigilantes and were hanged.

And O'Neil? O'Neil fell heading a charge of his troop at the flanking of Kenesaw in 1864. He died, as he had ever lived, an able, honest, fearless soldier. Peace to his ashes!

Paula's quest is ended, and her story is told. Excepting the names of herself and husband, which are fictitious only because they yet live, loved and honored, every name in the story is real, and every incident related is true.



A NAMELESS ONE

By JOHANNES REIMERS

JEAN MARCEAU had been a sailor. Jean Marceau's father was a small wine-grower somewhere in the south of France—a common peasant.

Having landed on Hawaii, Jean Marceau, tired of the sea, ran away from the ship, hid himself on the forest-covered mountain-side until his vessel had cleared and disappeared below the horizon, and he was safe.

There on the sunny islands he worked for a year or two, when one day he met a little girl of his own nation. Jean Marceau soon lost his heart and Marie hers,—at least, she thought she did,—and they married *sans facon*.

Mon Dieu, how happy he was! How he worked and saved, how he sang and whistled, and teased his petite Marie those beautiful evenings of that everlasting summer on the fairy islands!

Jean Marceau had never loved before—never loved a maiden, and perhaps never loved his own father, who had been cruel to him without meaning to do anything but his duty. And so it was that Jean Marceau had gone to sea.

Away out in the world he had gone, far from his beloved France. How he had been whirled around in that great whirlpool out there—that whirlpool of legalized sins in the harbors of civilized countries! But now he was at rest; he had his Marie, his petite Marie—she so little and dimpled; he so broad-shouldered and strong. So he worked and saved, and Marie was sweet.

Then they set sail for San Francisco. He wanted a home with a small vineyard in a country which he thought would remind him of his own.

Marie was happy and so was Jean. They stood on the forecastle—she with her little baby at her breast—looking for land. At last appeared the Farallones, then the naked sand-hills and the Cliff House, the Golden Gate and San Francisco. Eh, that San Francisco! It was here Jean Marceau lost his happiness.

Had she really not loved him? Had all that sweetness she had let him test been

imagination, and not love? Had it all come, he sometimes asked himself, as a punishment for leaving his father when he was getting old and needed his son's help—for leaving the country of his birth? And Jean Marceau prayed, but he had been blasphemous before.

He took his little babe and went away where he would see no one, far into the mountains where rarely a human face would trouble him, awakening recollections. For he doubted every one.

As if lost among the mountains, lies a deep cañon, dense with tall pines and undergrowth, where along the dark-edged brook runs a narrow winding trail, barely trodden into existence. The mountains on both sides, where not too steep, are covered with a dense growth of chemisal through which in spots shows the poor yellow soil or a naked sun-baked crag where nothing grows. And that winding trail leading somewhere, leaves an old rocky road, little traveled and badly washed by the winter rains—leaves it where the cañon enters the mountains, and where the brook in the dry season slowly oozes out into a broad gravel-bed in which it disappears.

People who travel this road that leads across the mountains from a backwoods settlement can often, on a quiet summer evening, hear the wood-chopper's ax away up the cañon; and when fall comes—after the first rains—dense smoke-clouds from the brush fires hang over the cañon or lie like a fine haze over the distant blue pine mountains.

Some one is living up there in that out-of-the-way place. Some say he is a Dutchman; others, a Frenchman. Some say he is crazy; others, that he is wild and dangerous. The fact is that nobody knows much about him; but from the almost incessant sound of his ax, and the smoke-clouds which rise among the hills, it is evident that he is not of the idle kind. Deer-hunters who have wandered into the cañon looking for water tell about a small log cabin by the brook, where the cañon

divides, losing itself among the wild mountains. Some people even say they have heard a child cry up there, but nobody has ventured very close to the cabin, for it has small portholes under the eaves from which a person who comes too near is sure to be shot at.

So they say.

Sure it is, the lonesomeness of the situation, the silence of nature, this human being caring for no one else, his own silence—for he never spoke except to address the most necessary words to the shopkeeper in the village where he came once in a while for supplies,—all these things combined had cast a kind of unsafe, adventurous coloring over the life of this lone settler away up in Sulphur Spring Cañon.

Here Jean Marceau worked like a slave; here he was left alone to his thoughts; here he dug and planted from morning till eve to get rid of those thoughts.

He began to make great plans. He would dig a home out of this wilderness for his little nameless one—the child Marie, had given him—and left! *Mon Dieu!*—left them both! And Jean Marceau pulled his ragged hat closer down over his eyes and worked, worked, worked.

It was a Sunday evening. Jean sat in the open door of his cabin, tired after his labor, for he did not keep a *jour* with the week. The wind wafted fragrance from the blooming chemisal. The brook sang its summer melody, so lazily, so softly it babbled away. The air seemed vibrating with the incessant chirp of the grasshoppers; everything was sleepy—and Jean slept, leaning his head against the door-post.

The pine mountain stood like a dark silhouette against the sky. The full, rounded face of the large summer moon soon looked over the crest and stole its light slowly into the cañon—the blessed moon with its love-awakening, fairy light! It shone on Jean as he sat asleep in the door. His red flannel shirt was unbuttoned, his tired hands were lying powerless in his lap, and his lips twitched. He was dreaming:—

He had never been unhappy; all his sorrows had been only a dream. He had awakened from it now into reality. He

had never left those islands in the midst of the summer sea, and Marie had never left him for one she loved more. He felt so happy, so sure that Marie was his, that she loved him! Was she not yet the petite Marie, with her dimpled smile and dark eyes? Was she not now in his arms, his love,—his first, his last?

The fragrance of the blooming chemisal was in his dreams transformed into the fragrance of the tropical gardens in Honolulu, and he was singing and teasing his Marie, and the waves were lapping the sandy beach below the palm-trees. There!—she flitted past him and he tried to catch her!

Jean awoke as his body slipped away from its support, and he found his arms empty. Everything whirled around him—the sea, the gardens, his Marie—the brook, the mountains, the trees; they whirled and whirled together in a confused dance—dream and reality. But there was the brook, the hills and the cabin; the dream had been reality for a little while, and reality a dream.

He had been so near to his Marie that it awoke in him again a burning desire to see her, to hear from her, to know where she was—if happy, if suffering, if, perhaps, degraded. He must write to Madame Pellier, the laundress, in whose home they used to live while in San Francisco. She was not a good woman, Madame Pellier; but perhaps she knew about his Marie. And Jean Marceau wrote a letter with his crooked handwriting in his simple language.

There came an answer. Madame Pellier had written it herself. Marie was all right, working with her, and staying in her house. Marie sent him her regards, asked for her baby, and thanked him for not having forgotten her.

Forgotten her! How could he ever forget the first, the last love of his simple heart? *Eh, mon Dieu!* the holy Virgin herself must have sent him that dream to make him happy once more. And he made up his mind he would write again,—but not quite yet,—not too soon.

The baby was growing. It cooed and laughed, it pulled his long hair and beard. He even sang for it till it fell asleep and smiled in its dreams;—but to whom?

Jean Marceau was simple-minded,—yes, credulous,—for he felt sure that when his baby smiled in its sleep there was one unseen leaning over it, speaking to it in a voice he could not hear,—one whose nearness he plainly felt—his own mother. Poor Jean! these were his happiest moments when his mother came to watch over his child, whispering to it.

When the child commenced to walk by itself, he made a yard with a tight fence around the cabin and fastened the gate well, so he could leave the little one there while he went to work up on the steep, sun-baked hillside. Here the child crawled around, laughed and talked to the chipmunks restlessly skipping along on the rails, and here it went to sleep when tired.

How Jean Marceau longed for noon, longed for evening, when he and the nameless one would play together! How he enjoyed her laughter when she pulled his beard and he made believe that it hurt!

At length the flowers went to seed. The scorching winds blew down into the cañon from the heated hillsides, driving away the coolness of its shades. The brook looked tired, almost near death with its slow pulsation; but Jean worked, and the little nameless one grew. She was tanned and not overclean, but she was happy.

One evening in October the wind turned to the south, bringing up heavy clouds. It rained the whole night, and the fragrance from hills and woods became almost intoxicating. The first showers of the season had let loose all the stored-up perfumes of the long dry summer. The brook, nearly dead, regained part of its life, and commenced to sing again right merrily.

Jean went up on the hillside to put fire to his large brush-piles. He stood watching the fire, admiring the dispatch of its work, looking at the sparks whirling with the smoke out over the deep cañon below him. He filled his lungs with the moist, fresh air, and felt almost happy.

Another letter from Madame Pellier had arrived a few days before. Marie worked faithfully at her place in the laundry. She again sent her regards, and asked for her dear child. She often said,

so Madame Pellier wrote, that she yet loved Monsieur Marceau, always had, always would; but that she knew very well it was impossible for him to love her any more.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he sighed,—“as if I had not loved her all this time!”

And he piled more brush on the fire. The sparks crackled and whirled high into the air, and that evening and the next day the smoke lay like a fine blue veil over the mountains.

“The crazy fellow is burning brush again,” said people in the valley and the village away below the foot of the mountains.

That started the stories again. They all knew it now,—he had murdered some one and hidden himself in the mountains. Who could not see that in his eyes? So they would keep at a still more respectful distance from the cabin in Sulphur Spring Cañon.

The sun set. Jean worked a little while longer; then he gathered his tools, hid them in the brush and ran towards home.

Now he would have a short play with the baby, put her to sleep, and then write to Madame Pellier. He would send Madame Pellier money to buy a ticket for Marie, and then he would send a note for Marie herself, telling her how he loved her yet, how he had forgiven her all, how he never had ceased loving her, and that she must come to both of them—to him and the baby—both were longing for her.

“Why should I not forgive her?” he thought. “I who have——” but he drove away the recollections of his own life on shore in years gone by.

But, what was it? How had it happened the gate stood open? He could see it quite a distance off. Where was the child? Not in the yard! Could it be possible that it had walked into the brush, or, *mon Dieu!* fallen into the creek?

He ran back and found it at the bottom of a deep pool which he had dug for storing water.

He snatched it up; he shook it; he looked into its lifeless eyes:—

“My child, my child!” he called.

He pressed it to his breast as if to warm it. “Oh, my child!” he screamed with a voice vibrating with agony. He blew air

into its lungs, he lifted the little cold hands and kissed them, he begged and begged his God to have mercy, only for once, to let it live if only for a little while, if only for a year, a month, a week, yes, if only for a day!

"*Eh, mon Dieu!*" he called; "it is my only child, and I am alone up here among these mountains! Have mercy!"

But there came no answer. The Almighty did not perform a miracle in Sulphur Spring Cañon. The little face remained cold, and the hands limp. Jean laid it on his bed and knelt down by it, crying like a child, as he had not done for many a year.

It sounded almost like an insane laughter, that cry of poor Jean Marceau. He was not used to weeping, and his voice was deep and rough.

When the first faint glare of morning lighted the eastern sky, while it yet was almost dark down in the cañon, Jean Marceau rose from his position by the bed. His body shivered, his head felt heavy and sore; that bleak cold morning brought him no consolation in its rigor. It seemed hard and without sympathy. But Jean grew strong in his sorrow—if to be hardened is to be strong.

A faint blue column of smoke was yet rising from the gray ash-heaps up on the steep hillside. The chipmunks were already awake, skipping over the rails, and scolding at him.

He wrote a few words to Madame Pellier and Marie, pushed his hat down close over his eyes, locked the door well, and struck off for the village to find the coroner.

On the road he began to doubt whether or not he should send that letter. A change had suddenly taken place in him since the day before. Behind his hatred of men and all his bitterness, he had always felt in his loneliness that he loved not alone his little nameless one, but also its mother. But this chilly morning—*mon Dieu!* it was as if that love to be died with the child. In that long terrible night by the side of his dead babe, the transformation had come; and he blamed such a mother. Was it all dead in him, his first, his only love? How would Marie take it when Madame Pellier let her know

the child was dead? Jean had begged her to tell Marie carefully and by degrees, so that it should not hurt her too much; that she might not faint, for she had done that once before, and it had alarmed him very much. He firmly believed that if she did not love him, she could not help but love her child—and—and could she ever forgive herself? he thought. He became afraid Marie might take her own life in despair. *Eh, his poor, poor Marie!* how he loved her after all! *Mon Dieu!* how he loved her!—his first, his last love!

And he sent the letter and the money.

The coroner arrived in the afternoon with a jury of men he had gathered as he went along the road. They were ignorant, conceited men, with their curiosity open-mouthedly displayed. They agreed on a verdict, and gave Jean Marceau a cold reprimand for not looking better after his child. And walking homewards they cursed the inhuman foreigner for not showing a sign of emotion; he had looked almost threateningly at them. He was a brute, a hard case, sure enough. There was new life for the gossips of the neighborhood—they had something more to talk about.

Jean Marceau carried the body of his child to the top of a high hill, where he dug the grave under the humming pines. On his knees he said a *paternoster* while the tall pines slowly swayed to and fro, singing their melancholy, whispering melody. He closed the grave over the little nameless one, marked out a spot for his own last resting-place, and then, looking back once, he slowly walked down to his cabin.

His desire to work was gone. Life, as it lay behind him, seemed one long working-day, and now he needed rest. But what woe and doubt were mingled with that thought of rest!

The hills seemed higher and closer around him. Was there only one place left for him—up under the humming pines by the side of his child?

Day after day Jean waited for Marie. Each one that came would be sure to bring her. The evenings he spent by the grave. There, after dark, with his head against a tree while the night-wind was rising and falling among the mountains, sighing in

the tall trees, he rested. It was there she seemed to visit him, the only one he was sure had loved him—his dear mother, dead years ago.

A week had passed, and yet Marie had not come. Jean decided to start for the village the next morning. There might be a letter from her,—perhaps she was sick, overpowered with grief, and waiting to gather strength before she set out on the hard journey with the stage over the mountains.

He could not doubt that she would come as soon as she possibly could. Had he not laid his whole heart in that short letter,—had he not told her in the simplest words the agony of his soul,—how, without her, life would not be life at all—that she *must* come.

He had told her to speak to the village storekeeper when she arrived. He would tell her the road, or perhaps send a boy along who need accompany her no farther than to where the trail left the road and entered the cañon—from there on she could not lose the way.

"*Eh, mon Dieu!*" he sighed. "Maybe she does not love me after all—*eh, mon Dieu!*"

Jean was slowly returning from his nightly visit to the grave. He had been sitting there under the tall pines whose soft whispers soothed the sufferings of his soul. As he reached the verge of the cañon he stopped and listened.

The moon had risen. He could see from where he stood its silvery light play on the ripples of the brook far below him.

But—could it be an illusion? He seemed to hear some one call his name in a vehement but well-known voice below there in the shade of the cañon! He listened; he dared hardly breathe! And what was that splashing in the water, the sound of which reached him so very audibly? Was it a deer which had come to the brook to quench its thirst, or a rock which had become dislodged and tumbled from the hillside into the water? But—hark! There it was again—the cry—"Je—an! Jean!"—so full of vehemence, so pregnant with despair.

Why did he not answer? *Mon Dieu!* what was the matter with his tongue? It

was almost as if some terrible fear overpowered him so he could not speak, not utter a sound when he wanted to hurl an answer towards her who struggled with the darkness without and within.

At last his tongue broke its bonds. He could form no words, but there escaped his lips a wild cry—a cry which resounded among the mountains; and almost crazed with overpowering emotion he broke through the brush,—forward, on, on! *Mon Dieu!* it seemed to him she might sink into the ground, his poor petite Marie, if he did not reach her at once.

Jean stopped for a second by the brook and listened. No sound! "*Marie! Marie!*" he called. A terrible fear seized him. Could it be possible that some cruel spirit of the dark had deluded him? Had he not had enough suffering?

He followed the brook. Hurriedly it wound around an abrupt cliff, surging over the rocks, roaring with renewed life after the rain. Then again it widened, running peacefully through a narrow rocky meadow; and on that meadow, emerging from the darkness of some large live-oaks, was a woman struggling along, once in a while lifting her face, then suddenly stopping short.

"Je—an! Jean!" she called in a trembling voice, and commenced to weep aloud.

With one bound Jean crossed the brook and ran with outstretched arms towards her.

"*Eh, mon Dieu!* how I have longed for you!" he whispered, as he carried her across the water—"ma petite Marie—*cherie—cherie!*"

Was it possible that it really was she whose hand he held while they walked towards the cabin?—that it was she he embraced, she whose voice he heard speak to him so softly—faint, stammering words,—expressions of love? Were they her large, lustrous eyes that looked upon him, her lips and forehead that he covered with kisses? Or—was it all a dream after which would follow an awakening to cruel reality?

"I loved you always," she whispered, when he in the quiet of the night rested in her arms and struggled against the tears of happiness. "I never forgot you.

Oh, my God! how I suffered! how I longed for you! Always will I stay with you—be near you, give you all of myself! *Mon Dieu!* it was but a short dream,—a terrible power had carried me into it,—away from you just for a second—how have I not cried over it ever since when I felt sure you could not love me any more. Eh! those days we used to spend together—those summer nights on the islands, when you sang and whistled and teased your petite Marie!”

Over the entrance of Jean Marceau's cabin grows a thrifty climbing rose. There are marigolds and pansies and wild lilies,

from the moist places of the brook, and the shades of the woodland growing in his little yard. The lively chipmunks run back and forth over the rails.

Jean Marceau's vines and trees are growing. He sings at his work droll old songs from the time he was a sailor, songs he had thought forgotten long ago.

“The crazy Frenchman aint quite as crazy as he used to be,” say the people in the village and the valley. “He's a-building a good road up the cañon; and now they're going to build the railroad over from Glendale he is mighty apt ter git something fer his place, if he wanter sell. Gosh! how a woman can change a feller!”

THE HARBOR LIGHTS

WHEN the sweet dusk comes down, and sward and tree
Take its soft dimness, and the dew unlocks

The deep hearts of the flowers and sets them free;

When swift incoming tides rise on the rocks

Eager to meet the slowly lifting moon

And mirror back her beauty's mystery,—

Then harbor lights shine out, across the sea

Man's friendly greeting with God's blessing blent

In one pure ray. . . . And as the sail grows white

Nearing the shore, passing the guiding light,

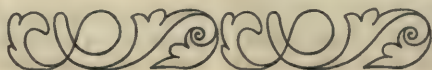
To anchor 'neath the headlands, safe and soon,

It seems to musing eyes a vision sent,

A soft dream-picture, imaging the blest

And glad home-coming of a soul to rest.

Madeline S. Bridges.



THE CAPTURE OF THE ISLAND OF GUAM

THE TRUE STORY—By DOUGLAS WHITE

A FEW FACTS BASED ON PERSONAL OBSERVATION OF HOW UNCLE SAM BECAME POSSESSED OF
HIS SMALLEST TERRITORY

A DEAL has been written from time to time regarding the capture by the U. S. S. *Charleston* of what is to-day Uncle Sam's smallest possession, the island of Guam. Many of the historians who have attempted a description of this little event of war have dealt with the affair in a facetious vein, giving to the incident many features which it did not possess in their endeavor to blend a touch of comedy into the story of what was to

provoking ones, which have been given forth as the real story of how the *Charleston*, commanded by Captain Henry Glass, took the *Ladrones*.

The original orders told the cruiser to proceed to Guam and capture or destroy any Spanish fighting craft or defenses to be found there. With these orders information was forwarded which tended to establish the fact that the harbor of Agaña, or the anchorage six miles farther to the



Main Street in Agaña, Guam's Capital

the participants an extremely serious occasion. Among these writers who have taken upon themselves the task of telling how Guam became a portion of the United States there is not one who of his own knowledge can vouch for the incidents which he relates, and perforce of this fact many mistakes—it is to be hoped unintentional ones—have been put into print.

In relating the veritable facts which made up the story of Guam's capture I must therefore negative some of the serious statements, and all of the mirth-

south, contained one and possibly two of the gun-boat fleet which Spain maintained in her Oriental waters. This information came directly from the Navy Department and further told Captain Glass that the harbor of San Luis d'Apra was guarded by a battery of modern guns. The existence of these guns was vouched for by reputable travelers who had visited the islands during the last few years before 1898. A vague question of doubt was expressed as to the size of Spain's garrison at Agaña, the islands' capital,

and as far as any direct information went there might be a thousand fighting Dons to back up their flag in a territory which was thoroughly known to them, while it was a land of mystery to every one aboard the *Charleston* and the three transports which the cruiser was convoying to Manila.

In these circumstances is it any wonder that Captain Glass rounded the north headland of Guam with his ship cleared for action and her guns shotted? Over to the westward were strung out the other ships of the fleet, Captain Smith of the

pal defenses had been set up. Nearing this harbor of San Luis d'Apra there occurred the incident of the Japanese brig which was at anchor inside the reefs close up to the northern shore of the bay. Her spars first showed over the point of Orcas Island, and directly her white hull loomed through the mist. It is not to be denied that for a time every one on board the cruiser thought she was a Spaniard,— nay, even hoped she was. But long before any guns were trained on her, and immediately after "Old Glory" was broken out



Governor's Palace, Agaña, Island of Guam

Peking hovering as close as safe steaming would permit to the course of the warship. Day had broken as we rounded the northern point. Mess was served at 5:30, and by 6 o'clock all hands were back at their stations eagerly waiting and watching for what might develop in the way of a fight.

The harbor of Agaña showed nothing as we swept by its broad entrance, and, following the coast, the *Charleston* and her convoy steamed on to the larger and better harbor which had been described and charted as the point where Spain's princi-

pal defenses had been set up. Nearing this harbor of San Luis d'Apra there occurred the incident of the Japanese brig which was at anchor inside the reefs close up to the northern shore of the bay. Her spars first showed over the point of Orcas Island, and directly her white hull loomed through the mist. It is not to be denied that for a time every one on board the cruiser thought she was a Spaniard,— nay, even hoped she was. But long before any guns were trained on her, and immediately after "Old Glory" was broken out

credit, they went willingly, and would not have grumbled if they had been kept there for days as long as there was any prospect of a fight.

Passing to the southwest of the location of the brig, but separated from her by the long reef which fronts nearly the entire bay of San Luis, the *Charleston* steamed for the entrance which, not more than five hundred yards in width, skirts the northern shore of Point Orote where a bold headland overlooks the channel. On this high headland one of Spain's foris was charted. The glasses disclosed the outlines of what afterward proved to have been fortifications. Training her guns to their highest limit, the *Charleston* could not have reached them had they been manned and equipped. From the fort's elevation even antique smooth-bores would have done much damage in the hands of

efficient marksmen; but in the face of this possible opposition Captain Glass gave the order to steam ahead through the channel. There was, however, no ordnance on Point Orote, for the fort had been dismantled; but the fact remains that there was no hesitation on the part of the *Charleston's* commander in sending his ship past the location where a fort had been reported to him as existing and in commission. It was not the fault of Captain Glass that the Spaniards had dismantled Point Orote, as well as Fort Santa Cruz, which lies farther up the bay of San Luis, and toward which the *Charleston* directed the shots of her secondary battery, and, receiving no return, dropped anchor and awaited developments.

Now, as to those defenses which both the sailing directions and the reports of



Captain Henry Glass, War Commander of the U. S. S. *Charleston*

American travelers had given to the harbor of San Luis: On board the *Charleston* was Captain Hallett, an old whaler, at the time serving as second officer of the *Australia*, one of the transports in the *Charleston's* convoy. He came aboard the cruiser to assist in finding and keeping the narrow channel that is the entrance to San Luis. On Captain Hallett's last visit to the Ladrões, San Luis had been strongly fortified, both Fort Santa Cruz and the battery on Point Orote being manned and equipped in what was then an efficient

was removed, and a part of it transferred to Manila and part to one of the ports in the Carolines.

It is therefore possible to clearly see that while nothing of a formidable nature developed to stay the *Charleston's* entrance into the harbor of San Luis, there was every reason to believe that her entry might be met with considerable resistance. In truth, four hardy men with an ordinary field-piece located on Point Orote could have made it extremely warm for the cruiser, and until she had entered the



Highway Between Piti Landing and Agaña, Island of Guam

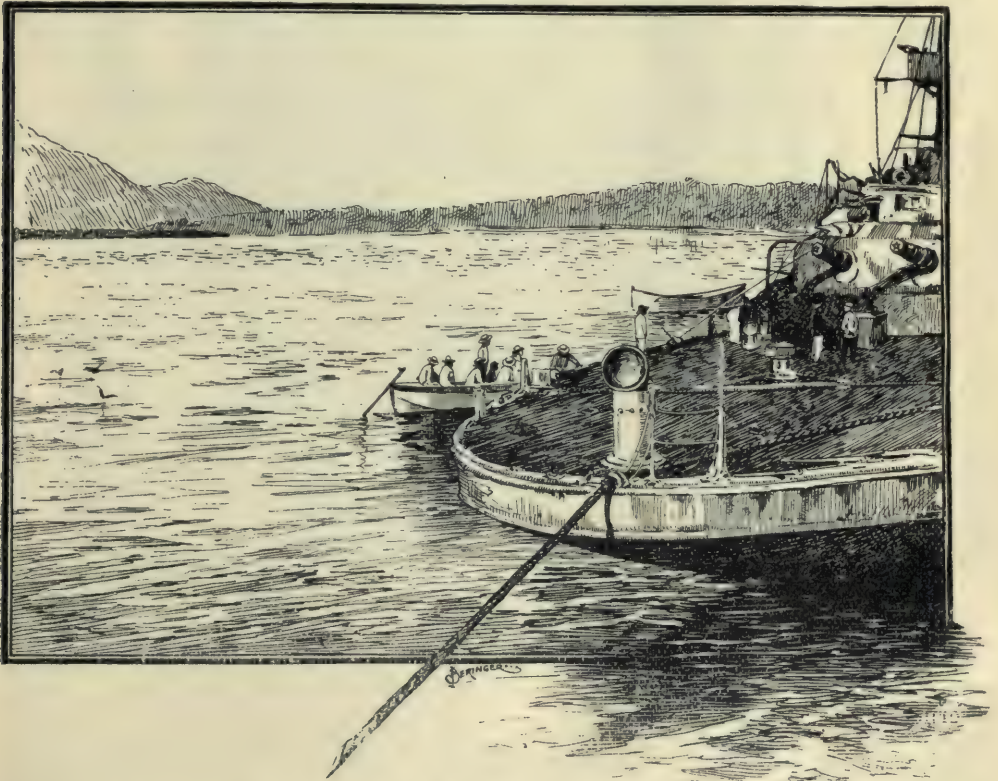
manner. Corroborating his statement is one made to me by Lieutenant-Commander Gutierrez, of the Spanish navy, who at the time of the capture was Captain of the Port of San Luis. He confirmed the story of the existence at one time of modern guns at the Port. There were, he said, four of them which had been placed there when it was expected that Spain would become entangled in a war with Germany. After this war-cloud blew over, said Signor Gutierrez, this battery

harbor far enough to get a proper distance for so high a range she could have replied with nothing larger than her small arms. Of course, Captain Glass might have waited outside and asked the Spaniards to come out and capitulate or fight, but that was not his mission. He was sent to capture and destroy all Spanish war-ships and defenses, and he proposed to effect his object with as little loss of time as possible.

One thing which has been distinctly

pointed out in all accounts of Guam's capture is that the Spaniards there knew nothing of the war. True, they did not, and this fact was shown by their coming off shore in an official boat with the "red and yellow" waving over its stern. The visitors who so approached were the captain of the port, the quarantine officer, and an interpreter, with the ever-present Spanish padre. The officials with their interpreter were received in the cabin by Captain Glass, Executive Officer Blocklinger, and Navigator Braunersreuther. There was absolutely no apology on account of their supposing that the shots which had been fired at Fort Santa Cruz were in the nature of a salute. They were informed in the first speech made to them that America and Spain were at war, and that they were prisoners. They stated their helplessness as regards defenses. The only mention of the word "salute" came from Lieutenant-Commander Gutierrez, who said: "Why, Captain, we

are without defenses at this port, as all of our forts have been dismantled. If it were only that you were entitled to a salute from us, we could not have fired it except from Agaña, as we have not even a field-piece on this bay." Historians who have covered this event have painted these Spaniards as coming over the *Charleston's* side with uncovered heads, and bending low in apology at their inability to return the salute which they supposed the *Charleston* had fired. All very pretty from the standpoint of the writer who desires to belittle the efforts of a brave, daring commander who did his duty, and did it well, but mighty poor history to those who know the facts! These Spaniards knew that the *Charleston* had "swatted" their ancient fort with solid shot, and they never for a moment considered these shots a salute. They never attempted to define it as such; and one or two of the chroniclers who have given out the salute theory as part of their



U. S. S. Monitor *Monadnock* in the Harbor of San Luis d'Apra, Island of Guam

versions of the capture of Guam were at least well enough informed to have made no such mistakes.

There were in fact but two civilians present at every incident of the capture. These are Mr. Sol. N. Sheridan, the San Francisco journalist, and myself. A

I have already mentioned the total absence of any information as to the size of the Spanish garrison at Agaña. Therefore, when the Governor failed to come as promised, and instead sent a message that his Government did not allow him to visit foreign war-ships, but that he would meet



Lieut. Wm. Brauersreuther, Navigator of the U. S. S. *Charleston*

third journalist, Mr. E. Langley Jones, was present at the raising of the flag and the surrender of the garrison. The other journalists who accompanied the fleet were in their quarters aboard ship when most of the events occurred.

During the visit of these Spanish officials they promised that if allowed their parole they would agree to have Governor-General Morena, a colonel in the Spanish army and Governor of the Ladrões, aboard the ship for a conference with Captain Glass at some time during the afternoon. This they failed to do.

Captain Glass on shore at 9 A.M. the following day, some Spanish trick was suspected. Captain Glass consulted with General Anderson who was in command of the troops aboard the transports. They decided to send a strong landing-party to the place appointed. This landing-party was to consist of the marine guards from the *Charleston* and *Peking* with a battalion of the Second Oregon Volunteers. The marines and infantrymen never reached the shore of San Luis Bay, for owing to the delay in getting the boats under way, Lieutenant Brauersreuther

of the *Charleston*, who had command of the landing-party, set out with a single pulling boat for the village of Piti. He knew that the Governor was to be there and did not propose to miss him. It was a long chance, but it worked admirably, for this expedition, consisting of a boat's crew of American sailors, Ensign Waldo Evans, the commanding officer of the landing-party, Sol. Sheridan, and myself, left the *Charleston's* side and in three hours returned with a batch of prisoners, consisting of the Governor, his secretary, the captain of the port, and the quarantine officer. On our way back to the ship we met the rest of the landing-party, and Lieutenant Braunersreuther ordered that it return to the ships.

Governor Morena surrendered the entire group known as the Ladrone Islands to Captain Henry Glass of the *Charleston*, giving this surrender in writing, and further ordering his garrison to

them nearly as large as Guam and particularly fertile. In the face of this absolute surrender Uncle Sam has retained but one of them, the island of Guam. The rest were allowed to revert to Spain, and have since been sold to Germany, and thus America's diminutive colony is surrounded by European holdings.

The capture of Governor Morena is another point which has been used as a foundation for much adverse criticism by the same writers who have tried to make *opera bouffe* of the rest of the *Charleston's* work at Guam. To be sure, the Governor was overwhelmed as to force, and once reached, became a prisoner without a struggle. However, we did not know that this would occur when the boat was called away and ordered to proceed over the reefs to Piti, a great part of the pulling distance lying close under the foliage-embowered shore of Orcas Island, where one volley from an ambushed squad of Spanish



Caroline Islanders at Agaña, Island of Guam

come to the landing at Piti that afternoon, bringing all its arms and equipments that they might be turned over as a part of this surrender. Now, there are several islands in the Ladrone group, some of

soldiers would have sent every one of us to another world. It was a delicate journey full of chances to get nothing better than the worst. Lieutenant Braunersreuther counted all of this and played the card.

That it resulted in a capture without gunshot or loss of blood is certainly to his credit, in my estimation. The lieutenant was sent to get the Governor and his staff. He carried out his orders, and, to my way of thinking, the only condition which could have deserved comment would have been one where he reported back to the ship his inability to carry out instructions.

Then came the hoisting of "Old Glory," which was flung to the breeze over the ancient battlements of Fort Santa Cruz as soon as Morena and his surrender were delivered to Captain Glass. The flag

the men were Spanish, the rest Chimoros, or natives of Guam. The latter were sent to their homes, while the Spaniards with their officers were taken as prisoners aboard the transport *City of Sydney* and transferred to Cavite on her arrival there.

Strange to say, there was found at Guam one American citizen. He was known as Frank Portusach. He was born at Agaña, had come to America in the '80's, gained an American education, perfected his naturalization, married an American girl at San Francisco, and on the death of his father had returned to



Growing Americans, Island of Guam

was raised by Captain Glass, Lieutenant-Commander (now Commander) Blocklinger, and the three civilians whom I have mentioned, assisted by the crew of the *Charleston's* gig. The *Charleston's* guns boomed a national salute, and the Ladrone group became American soil.

The final act in this little drama of war occurred at Piti just as the tropic sun was dipping behind a bank of piled-up golden clouds. This was the surrender of the Spanish garrison, with its arms and equipments. There were one hundred and two enlisted men and two officers. One half of

Guam to take up the business of storekeeper and stevedore. Portusach was told by Captain Glass to look out for American interests until a governor and guard could be sent to the island. The expedition could not spare enough men to garrison the place, and it was not supposed that in Spain's crippled condition she would attempt a recapture. The surmise was correct, for Portusach held it down until relieved by an official in authority. It is said that he became extremely patrician over the fact that he alone of all the inhabitants of Guam was a citizen of the

conquering nation. But he can hardly be blamed for doing that. Many of us have increased in self-importance on much less encouragement. With his American wife and American-born babies, Portusach has now probably settled down to the life of a plain American citizen in the Territory of Guam, under the rule of Governor Leary.

The *Charleston's* work ended, she and her convoy sailed at once for Manila, passing on her way over almost the very spot where later she found her last anchorage amid the sands of that Eastern sea, with thirty-five fathoms of water ebbing and flowing over her decks.

Save to those who desired to scoff at a

clever bit of work on the part of some of America's most efficient naval officers, the incident of Guam's capture stands as one of the important events of the war. That it was a bloodless victory, won without injury to citizens of either contending nation, is a matter of credit to the officers concerned. To those of us who were actually at hand, and can speak of the details without depending upon second-hand or garbled information, it was a time none of us will forget, nor will we ever fail to render thanks that circumstances favored every move made against this portion of Spain's Oriental domain.

THE FACE IN THE CLIFF

AUSTERE, in rugged dignity it stands,
A beetling cliff of unrelenting stone.
Ages of storms have swept its granite face
With power impotent. No frown responds.
Ages of sunshine have played about its brow
And warmed its stolid front, without a smile
For recompense. Tragedies have passed
Within its ken, upon the deep, of ships
Broken and swept, with the accompaniment
Of upturned, ghastly faces, and streaming hair
Mingled with seaweed and frost with ocean brine.
Fair moonlight nights have lit the sands,
And lovers strolled about its base, with song
And sigh and tender speech. No sign
Upon its fixedness. Through storm and night
Or day and sunshine its lines remain unchanged.

And yet, behind that face of flinty stone,
Close within the caverns of its heart,
I found a clinging bird's nest: the mother
And her young twittering in sweet content.
There crickets chirped, and in a shady pool
Were silvery fishes playing.

Jacob Keith Tuley.

LE ROI DES FLEURS

A CITIZEN OF THE REPUBLIC

By PIERRE N. BERINGER

“HE is not a painter; he’s a botanist,” said a brother artist as he looked at a collection of De Longpré’s originals.

The remark set me to thinking. I pondered upon what would seem a frank and honest criticism of the great painter’s work, and as I wandered from painting to painting I could not help but acknowledge that the Master is a botanist—yea, a master-hand at botany. And I would go further; in flower-painting, De Longpré has established a “school” entirely his own. The published reproductions are misleading in that they convey the idea of a narrow technique, what the French call *finiolan*, and which may be liberally translated to “finicky.” Nothing is farther from the truth. And speaking of truth carries the critic straight back to the subject. Never has the water-colorist displayed

such purity of pigment laid upon the paper with such absolute surety of touch. And upon every petal and leaf is stamped “truth.”

The great flower-painter’s personality is as charming as his painting. He has as intense a love for his pet subject as Omar of old. As a boy, while wandering about the fields, the desire to paint came upon him almost as soon as his great love for the field-flowers of fair France.

He is entirely self-taught. His accent is unmistakable and stamps him a Frenchman. But it does not take the stranger long to discover that De Longpré is a Frenchman in name and accent only. He is an American in all that the word implies, full of an intense patriotism for the land of his adoption. And this is typical of his truthful nature and the immense independence of his character.





De Longpré's proper title is Marquis Paul Mancherat de Longpré, closely related to the ducal houses of De Luynes and De Chevreuse, and descendant of the celebrated statesman, the Marquis de Mesmes. His father was a painter, and his two brothers, one older and the other younger, are also artists. De Longpré disclaims any

never lacking in originality. Moreover, they stand forth from the surface of the paper in such a fashion as to render it necessary to exercise a certain degree of self-restraint in order not to extend the hand to pluck them.

"He is a botanist, not a painter."

I wish I could show the signed state-



attention because of his almost royal lineage; but he cannot deny that a love of the beautiful and of art and of flowers is handed down from father to son and from generation to generation. Contrary to the usual physique of the average Frenchman, De Longpré stands six feet, and it is six feet of humanity full of love and indulgence for his fellow man. He has created an atmosphere of good will about him that is blown from his beautiful flower creations, and it seems as if nothing could ruffle his happy composure. His attainments run also in the direction of music, and while he works away with his brush the air is burdened with snatches of song from Verdi or Wagner, for his taste is cosmopolitan.

"I am and shall always remain," he says, "a plain American citizen, and I believe this should be the proudest boast of any resident in this broad and beautiful land."

Since coming to California he has had reason to congratulate himself more than once upon his selection of the land of sunshine and flowers as his permanent residence. He has reveled in the field-flowers, the royal rose, the exotic orchid, the delicate sprays of fruit-blossoms, the ordinary daisy, the Black-eyed Susan, the chrysanthemum, the lilac, the clematis, the poppy, and even the common clover, as shown in harmonious arrangement in his informal compositions, never stilted and

ment of Bonnat, Bougereau, and Gérôme to my friend the critic. These gentlemen when consulted by the Minister of Fine Arts upon the subject, declared in writing, "*Les compositions de fleurs de Paul de Longpré, sont hors ligne, et sont appelées un très grand succès. On ne saurait trop en faire l'éloge.*"* I can do no better with this short sketch of my friend and his works than close with this signet



stamp of the highest of approval from those judges who sit upon the ultimate throne of Art.

* The compositions in flowers, by Paul de Longpré are above criticism, and are known as a great success. One cannot praise them too highly.

THE TRIBUTERS

BY EDWARD W. PARKER

HAND over hand, step after step, we toiled upward through a raise that seemed to have no end. My hands faithfully followed the hob-nailed boots of Foreman Johns which took toll in loud rasping out of each iron rung of the narrow ladder. Between two fingers of my right hand the short-pronged light-stick pivoted and continually threatened to pry me from the ladder into nether darkness. But at last we crawled out of the well and scrambled thankfully on to the level gravelly floor of a large labore. Here we found an easy resting-place against the sloping side of a low dump of crushed rock. The air was close and warm and acted like a steam-bath on our tired bodies, wringing out the perspiration in streams. For a time we wiped our faces and smoked, silently contemplating the canopy of shadows.

Chancing to look at Foreman Johns I saw that his eyebrows were lifted reminiscently while he gazed across the dimly lighted slope at a deep hollow in the opposite side.

"Do you make out the cave in the far side, sir?" he asked, indicating the place with his pipe. "I tributed theer some ten years ago; and 't was a rich enough pitch while it lasted, too. 'T was in a pocket like, but we got a good bit out of it."

When Johns spoke there was in his speech but the faintest accent of Cornwall. It was only under stress of excitement that the thirty years of California were forgotten and he relapsed to his mother tongue.

"It was my pardner in those days, Pete Henby, who discovered the vein's outcrop on the wall of the labore. But when we had drifted in a ways it opened out beautifully. In some of the tierras we got from that drift—for the ground was soft like and needed watching, and we got most all tierras—in some of that, sir, the native quicksilver cropped out in flat beads like—well, like drops of dew on a leaf. When you strike metal like that you can work yourself to death and never feel it. We stuck it out early and late, drilling and

blasting and picking and shoveling day in and day out. There was little talking done in that drift. Time was too valuable. It was dig and sweat.

"Pete was a lank and lean man. He was not a lady's man, by any means,—for an explosion in a Pennsylvania coal-mine had put the finishing touches on, by scarring his face and painting it with blue blotches. His face had made him shy of women. But he was one of God's true men underneath, and I believe his heart was as big as this here labore.

"One day we were sitting on this dump eating our lunch. Just before we had set off some blasts, and the cracks in the face and along the top of the drift were waiting the pick. Several times as we sat here eating we heard a little rattling and fall of pebbles in the drift.

"She may come down of herself this time,' said I,—for it is the same way, sir, with a cave as it is with a storm on the surface. Instead of a little gust of wind, there comes once and a while a little rattle of stones and a creak now and then of square-set timbers, and if you listen close you can tell that there is something on foot in the earth. You can tell a day ahead when she is coming—maybe a wheel-barrow load, maybe thousands of tons; and when she do, look out, for nothing in God's world can stop her.

"But Pete was not thinking about vein-metal. He was staring at the light, and eating little. I had nearly done when he straightened back and said, 'Jim, could you have blamed us if we had passed this pitch by along of that time when I first saw the red splotches on the wall?'

"This was a long speech for Pete, and I said wonderingly, 'No, Pete; I can't say as I would.'

"Suppose there was no outcropping at all, would anybody ha' known about that pitch, pardner?'

"None that I've ever heard about,' said I.

"What do they do when they come near such a pitch, Jim?'

"They pass it by,' I answered.

"Then he laughed, but not happy like. 'Right you are,' said he. 'They pass it by, and a good job, too.' And then he stared vacantly at the light and kept muttering, 'They pass it by—they pass it by.' After a while he shook his head from side to side still keeping his eyes on the candle.

"'Jim,' said he, 'I'm a damned fool.'

"'What's wrong, pardner?' said I, for this was somewhat out of Pete's line. 'Have n't been drinking, have ye?'

"'No, not that,' said he quietly, and then laughed, bashful like. 'Unless a man can drink too much of blue eyes and red lips.' And I was sure then who was at the bottom of his trouble. It was the sweet lass who waited on the table at the mine boarding-house. And as I thought upon it many little things flashed in my memory that showed how the land lay.

"His lips twitched and a pitiful look came into his eyes, and then he poured out the sickness of his heart.

"'I have loved her for a year,' he said, and I could not tell if he were speaking to me or to himself. 'Yes, loved her mad for a year. I have n't touched a drop for many a week, and why? Just because I thought sometime I might grow good enough for her. But she—she can't ever love me. She don't want such as I am. And why? Because my damned mouth is crooked and my face is tattooed blue with powder.'

"He made the same motions with his arms, while he spoke, sir, as the bare limbs of a tree in a cañon do when caught up by gusts of wind, and I began to fear his love for Rosie had turned him daft.

"'But, oh my God!' he went on, 'if she knew how it feels when the heart burns and grows sick! I told her to-day,—yes, I told her my dreams about her, and how I'd thought that even if I am h'ugly she'd find out that I a'n't, mayhap, way down inside, and would try and love me just a little bit. But she turned away from me, and sobbed. Yes, I could 'ear 'er sob, and see 'er shoulders move like. Pretty soon she told me she never could love me, but 't was n't my face. Then I asked her if 't was because she loved another man. She did n't answer, but only sobbed and sobbed. But I knew.'

"Pete stood up and waved a half-eaten pastie solemnly. 'And that ends it,' said he, and presently fumbled in the pocket of his shirt and brought out a pocket-book.

"'I'm a-goin' to ask a favor of thee, old man. Give that to Rosie. 'T is a paper inside for 'er. I 'eve n't the nerve to see 'er h'again.'

"Then he tightened his belt quite natural like, and taking up a pick walked into the drift.

"'Go easy theer, Pete,' I called, to warn him. 'Theer's nasty cracks over'ead theer.'

"'All right, pard,' he said cheerily. 'Wait a bit till I try th' roof.'

"Putting the point in a fissure above his 'ead 'e began to work warily with one hand, the other a-holding the snuff which lit up his face, so I could see the muscles of his jaw play while he strained at the handle. Suddenly he stopped and seemed pleased about something.

"'Jim,' said he.

"'Ay, pardner.'

"'I know the man that Rosie loves, and—and I wish him good luck.'

"Then he braced his foot aside the drift and gave a long hard tug at the pick. I could see the roof bend down like, then there was a rush of air that blowed out the light and all but knocked me down, and the laboor was filled with the thunder of the cave and the choking red dust of powdered cinnabar. Right theer it was that I stood in the dark and hush that came after."

Johns relighted his pipe with a shaking hand. "Theer were many a carload of handsome metal taken out of the cave over yonder before the body was come across. But the strange thing about it was that when Pete gave that tug at the roof he pulled all the metal in the pitch on top of him. It was the day after his funeral that we came to the black 'loomy 'anging wall."

"What about the pocket-book, Johns?"

"'T was his will, sir,—to Rose Miller on her wedding-day, all he had, and a good bit too."

"And she married, of course," I said.

"Ay, that she did," said he; "she is my good wife."

A RIVAL OF BLIND TOM IN CALIFORNIA

By CHARMIAN KITTREDGE

THE musical people of the beautiful town of Ukiah, in Northern California, are intensely interested in a prodigy in their midst whose fame bids fair to outlast the proverbial nine days allotted to local sensations. The surprise of it all is, that this phenomenon has been with them for seven years, and has only just been discovered as such. This subject

instrument be piano, violin, harp, zither, guitar, mandolin, or banjo, and he never forgets the number and names of strings on any instrument which his fingers have once touched.

On a recent trip to Ukiah I was asked to visit this wonderful child, as his parents and friends are anxious to have the opinion of some disinterested and unprejudiced



Valentine Miller

of general comment is a blind boy of seven, who evinces almost miraculous musical talent. Indeed, Mr. Harlan, the discoverer of the extraordinary musical capabilities of little Paloma Schramm, unhesitatingly pronounces this remarkable child a far greater marvel than that little lady, or even than Blind Tom. The mysteries of keys and strings are as naught to this infantile genius, whether the

observer with regard to his ability. At the door of a pleasant, roomy green cottage we were welcomed by the boy's mother, Mrs. W. H. Miller, a refined little woman with courteous and graceful manners. This lady was formerly Miss Polk and boasts lineal descent from the United States President of that name. In fact, it is not difficult to trace the lines of her illustrious ancestor in Mrs. Miller's strik-

ing features. Hers is the kind of face one would like to see framed in powdered wig, and with the appropriate accompaniment of black patches and Colonial gown.

This lady introduced us to her husband, a genial, well-to-do citizen of Ukiah, and soon we were aware of the groping entrance of Valentine, the wonder-child. I had expected to be touched by the sight of the little blind face, but was hardly prepared for anything so pathetic as the reality. At his mother's "Valentine, this lady has come all the way from San Francisco to hear you play," the boy walked to me with both hands outstretched, his pale face flushing slightly. When my arms went about him, he put up his rosy, sensitive mouth to be kissed and confidently settled himself in my lap in the most engaging manner, but with never a smile. In fact, the only mirth we were able to get out of him during the visit was later on, when we took his picture. The click of the kodak seemed to please him immensely, for he laughed merrily and heartily over and over again.

Valentine is the younger of two boys born to Mr. and Mrs. Miller, and both are blind from birth. Noted specialists both here and in the East—the stricken parents have spared neither pains nor expense in the matter—declare the blindness hopeless. The older boy, Polk, now ten years old, is being educated at Berkeley's Institute for the Deaf, Dumb, and Blind, and Valentine is to be placed there the coming August, that he may receive every possible advantage of schooling and musical instruction. Both boys are unusually bright in their studies, even with the disadvantage of being blind.

I made a rapid mental study of the little man on my knee, and with growing admiration and amazement. He is well grown for his age—straight and slim in figure, and not sickly, despite the esthetic pallor of his complexion, which is tinged delicately now and then when he is under excitement. His face is oval and the pitiful sightless eyes are well set and almost intelligent in expression. The head is unmistakably that of a musician, with short brown hair growing straight up in a natural "pompadour" from a low, smooth forehead. I looked in vain for the slight-

est resemblance to his parents, and the latter assured me that they had been unable to trace in him even a passing likeness to any of his relatives.

Valentine's feet are noticeably small and shapely and his hands are of such a marvelous pattern that it would seem as if mental training is all that is required to make of this child a great pianist. The hands are broad, white and firm in texture, and amazingly flexible; and I noticed that the usual "web" stricture between the knuckles seems to have been done away with altogether and replaced by rubber, so elastic is the feeling. The long and somewhat flat fingers taper very little and are quite square at the ends and very strong. His mother says Valentine is intolerant of uncleanness, and of his own accord keeps his hands spotless.

During these observations Mrs. Miller answered questions regarding the development of Valentine's musical gift.

"When he was yet a baby in long clothes," she said, "we one day took him over to Vichy Springs. During the afternoon some one was playing 'After the Ball' on the piano, and we noticed that the baby kept nodding his head in perfect time with the waltz. Presently he began making little crooning noises, and then we were all astonished to find he was humming a measure or two with the piano! We could hardly believe our ears; but he repeated his little performance over and over again. We did not know then that he was blind," with a pathetic look toward her son. "These musical noises were the first really intelligent ones he made, for he did not begin to talk at all until he was two and a half years old."

We were given to understand that neither of Valentine's parents has the least musical bent or the slightest practical knowledge of music; and so far as they know, none of their relatives living or dead has ever been noted for ability in this direction. Indeed, Valentine seems to stand alone and original in his surprising talent as well as in his personal appearance. Until he was five years old the only music he heard at home was ground out of a small music-box. This he kept running most of the time, however, and nothing in his little world pleased him so.

much as to sit and listen to "Home, Sweet Home," "Way Down Upon the Swanee River," "Old Black Joe," and like airs.

"He would sit all day and sing with the music-box if we would let him," Mrs. Miller continued, "and it has always been hard to get him to play outdoors with the other boys. He would leave them continually, and come to me and say, 'Wind up the box, mamma.' When he was five an uncle bought him a zither and it was n't a week before he could pick out on the strings all the tunes in his old music-box, and an endless lot of little things he composed himself. Will you play on the zither now, dear?"

Valentine manifested his perfect willingness by leaving my lap and seating himself on a low rocker, while his mother brought the zither and laid it across his knees.

The little fellow swept his hand over the strings with the grace and skill of an expert and promptly remarked, with a slight frown, "The new string is out of tune again, mamma. Give me the key, please."

With the big key he tightened the refractory string and also one or two of the others, all the while murmuring in a low, tuneful monotone, without waiting for answers:—

"It's a mandolin string. I don't think it is so good for the zither, do you? There—that's better! It *hurts* me when the strings are out o' tune. *Now* it's right. *No, this one is false. Is n't it, mamma?*"

It is evident in all this remarkable baby does that the faintest falseness in a tone is not only noticed by him but causes him actual suffering; any break in the harmony and immediately his expressive face is drawn as if in pain.

When the zither was tuned to his entire satisfaction—he stopped at nothing less—Valentine placed his beautiful hands in position and said with quiet dignity, "Now, please keep still. I'm going to play."

If older players dared make a like request and could do so with as little offense to their audience, what a relief it would be to their oft-times tortured nerves!

And then he played the airs he had learned from the music-box, while we

listened, mute, to the clear, well-fingered chords and melodies drawn from the instrument.

"He's done it all himself, too,—never even a hint from anybody," Mr. Miller put in proudly, passing his big hand lovingly over the boy's bowed head.

"Shall I play on the piano now?" said the little artist. That was just what we were waiting for; so we gladly moved to an inner room, his mother explaining that the piano had been in the house only two weeks and that previously Valentine had touched one only a few times in his life.

"We bought this piano at 'second-hand,'" Mrs. Miller stated, "and though a very good make, it is out of tune just a little. Valentine is much distressed about it, though the rest of us hardly notice anything wrong."

She then led the boy to the piano, and without a second's hesitation he pointed out three or four keys which he said were out of tune. They were not badly so, but his keen ear had detected the imperfection before the piano had been an hour in the house.

We had expected to see the precocious baby climb high on the piano-stool to play; but no—he rested against the edge of the stool, half-standing, half-sitting, placed both feet on the pedals and with naive simplicity asked, "What shall I play?"

The father produced a note-book in which were written sixty-odd titles of little pieces Valentine had arranged for the piano within two weeks. Think of it! The "Tinkers' Chorus" from "Robin Hood" was chosen, and without pausing for reflection, Valentine launched into the performance. He had heard the chorus sung only once or twice, yet hardly a measure was omitted. It seemed incredible; but there he sat, his pale, spirituelle face up-turned, the long lashes just brushing his now flushed cheeks, and those marvelous, fine hands making music on the keyboard. Curiously enough, his right-hand fingering is very simple, the left hand doing most of the work. As is well known, this is contrary to the experience of most pianists, the right hand being usually under better discipline than the left.

The lad then sang "Ben Bolt" and

"Break the News to Mother," in a sweet, true voice, accompanying himself in perfect taste—now slow, now fast. Next we tested him on accompaniments to songs he had not heard before. The result was the same after once hearing the airs—no indecision, no nervousness—all with the self-possession of the master! We struck various complicated chords on the piano, upon which Valentine promptly stated the number of keys struck and the notes they represented. The names of the black keys were a little confusing to him, though he played upon them as easily as upon the others.

By the time Valentine had added to his entertainment the improvisation of several simple airs, tuned a banjo, and recited a couple of little pieces in a spirited and natural manner, we felt that nothing more could be expected from him, for that day at least. And yet another and by far the best sensation of all was yet to come. After a short silence the boy came to me and said, "You play for *me*, please!"

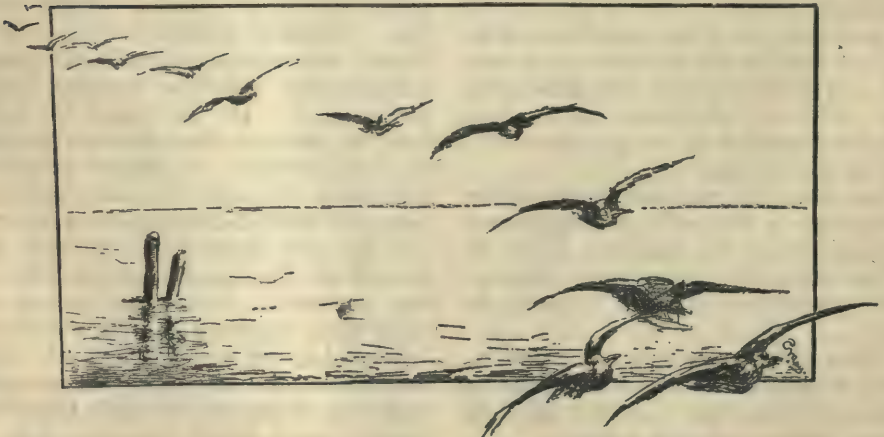
Imitating his own example in willingness I played through the first part of "A Song Without Words," Valentine meanwhile sitting close by my side, his ear bent

to the piano, his breath coming quickly, and the color deepening in his cheeks. When I stopped he said softly, breathlessly, "That's pretty—play it again!"

I commenced again at the beginning, with the conviction that I was playing for a critic, and one well worth pleasing. This feeling was intensified as I went on. The child's head swayed in time with the music, his lips parted, the wonderful hands moved restlessly in the air, and presently, as I neared the final movement, like one inspired, he began to direct me with masterly certainty, while my fascinated eyes never left his glowing face.

"Now the loud pedal—now the soft—both pedals now—no, softer, *softer*—*don't* play it so loud! *Now* come out louder—there, there, now softer—soft—soft, oh, very, *very* soft; *so*—up, *quick*,—higher, louder! There—stop *loud*! Take off your hands! . . . You played it *right* then."

There was a thrilled stillness in the now dusky room, all eyes were wide, and mine at least were brimming. I could only clasp the quiet little form and weep and wonder. "Out of the mouths of babes" again; but this wisdom seemed the most wonderful of all.



A YEAR IN FOREST RESERVATIONS

By W. C. BARTLETT

IN THE month of August 1898, I received a telegram from Washington asking if I would accept the office of Forest Supervisor of the Southern Sierra Forest Reservation. After some inquiry an affirmative answer was returned, and I entered upon duty in the same month, with headquarters at Porterville, in Tulare County.

The first step was to find the boundaries of the reservation. The Government had furnished no map. It had only defined a certain territory by townships. It was found that the reservation covered a little in excess of 4,090,000 acres, and included within these limits the sources of the four rivers,—Kern, Tule, Kaweah, and King's,—with one exception, the most important rivers flowing down to the great San Joaquin Valley.

As the reservation had just been set apart, this was the beginning of Federal supervision, except as to the military supervision of a sequoia grove of a few thousand acres within the exterior boundaries, and the small Tule River Indian Reservation, occupied by about a hundred Indians.

It was soon found that no one individual could exercise adequate supervision over such an immense territory. A special assignment was afterwards made to me of sixty-four townships—a territorial area of about fifty miles square, embracing parts of Tulare, Kern, and Inyo counties, and having in the background Mount Whitney and other of the most notable mountains of California.

The object of forming a reservation is to set apart a territory in the nature of a public park, with a special dedication as the patrimony of the whole people. In that defined territory all waste is prohibited, while the public has free ingress and egress. The forests are to be preserved. All the water sources are to be conserved—the most vital interest of all; in short, whatever interests make for waste, denudation, and destruction of any kind are, as far as possible, to be shut out, and whatever make for the care and increase of

forest growth, the preservation, increase, and utilization of the great water reservoirs of the mountains, come within the limits of special encouragement under this supervision.

The season of 1898 was a very dry one in Southern California. So little rain had fallen that there was little forage for cattle and sheep, and thousands upon thousands were on the border of starvation. The abandoned and desolate wheat-fields afforded little or no pasture. An appeal was therefore made to the Secretary of the Interior to suspend the rule prohibiting sheep from entering the reservation. It was an evil day when two hundred thousand sheep began to move into the reservation, before a small army of gypsy herders, Basques, Mexicans, Frenchmen, Italians, and Portuguese—a large per cent. without citizenship and without a country, except so much as they could misappropriate for their special use. Back of these people in many instances, were the money-lenders and usurers of some of the large cities, who had a financial interest in defeating the beneficent purpose of making a reservation.

If there was any incidental gain, it was in the opportunity to make personal observations of the spoliation and waste which these two hundred thousand sheep committed in that reservation. Wherever these sheep went there was the path of blight and desolation—there was nothing left. All the small shrubs were denuded, and to a large extent, killed; the bark of small trees like the manzanita was girdled; the glacial meadows—those sponges and underground reservoirs of the mountain streams—were tramped as hard as a rock; and even the fringing willows were destroyed. The evaporation was largely increased wherever the hot sun of a semi-tropical country could beat down on these denuded areas. The result was a diminution in the volume of these mountain streams which could be directly traced to the tramping down and destruction of the undergrowth.

On some of these mountain flanks where

the undergrowth had been thus destroyed by the grazing and tramping of sheep, possibly supplemented by fires, the subsequent erosion had been so complete that the entire surface soil had slid down into the valley, leaving hundreds of acres a barren waste with no prospect of recovery in a thousand years. Wherever sheep grazing is tolerated in any of these southern reservations, deforestation will surely follow. Besides the destruction of all young growths from cropping, destructive fires are sure to follow. Of all the fires that have come under my personal observation in two reservations, eighty per cent. of them could be directly traced to sheepherders. Many of these were willfully set to burn off the undergrowths, in order to improve the grazing for the next season. More resulted from the smoldering and neglected camp-fires of these nomads who literally blazed paths of destruction through these forests.

No pastoral industry has so many poetical associations as the shepherding of sheep. The shepherds of old looked up to the heavens and saw strange stars in the firmament. The modern shepherd is generally the man without a country and without patriotism. The majesty of the mountains, the glory of the firmament, the song of the fir-tree and the cedar in the midnight gale are no more to him than to the donkey which goes by his side and at night feeds upon greasy newspapers as a refreshing and elevating diet. It is these men and their backers who have despoiled forests, denuded soils, extinguished springs, reduced mountain streams to rivulets, so that fruits and cereals withered in the valley, and the very earth grew sterile under the blanching of a semi-tropical sun.

Wool-growing is an important industry, but far less so than the growing of fruits and cereals. But how long would these latter industries last if the producers insisted on confining production to lands which they did not own, having not so much as a color of title? Yet the sheep industry is prosecuted here largely by men who do not own a foot of land, and would not so long as they could overrun the public domain.

The Interior Department, a year later,

ruled that on account of the waste committed in the reservations, sheep-grazing there must be prohibited. Otherwise, there could be no reforestation, nor could rapid deforestation be arrested.

A protest went from the great valley to Washington that water for irrigation had failed in part, as a consequence of this waste in the great timber belts of the mountains. The four great rivers, once tributary to Lake Tulare—viz., Kern, Tule, Kaweah, and King's—had sent no water there for some years. In March, 1899, these mountain streams swelled to more than bank-full, yet none of this water reached within ten miles of the dry bed of the lake. There were cultivated farms where steamboats had formerly plied. The arid and gaping plains took up all the water, and were athirst for more. The climatic conditions will account in part for this shrinkage, and the denudation of the forests by fires, lumbering, and other waste, must account, probably, for as much more.

The climate of that great reservation is semi-tropical. The heat is great and the precipitation of moisture is light; the average rainfall along the bordering valley has hardly exceeded five inches for the last three years. In some places it did not exceed four inches, where it required not less than fourteen inches to produce full citrus crops. Water was the vital question. Every cubic foot of it coming down from the mountains was precious. What wonder that men who had toiled and looked out upon failing crops for years, saw with alarm this shrinkage of the mountain streams and associated it with the havoc which the sheep were making about the very sources of these streams! It was pitiful to see thousands of acres of wheat getting three inches above the ground and then going back—not even making pasture for dying cattle! Pitiful to see carloads of unclassified oranges thrown out as worthless because there had not been water enough to mature them! More pitiful to note the number of farmers who had paid cash rents for farms and had got nothing in return—not even so much grain as they had put into the ground! The conservation of forests, the protection of undergrowths, the pres-

ervation of glacial meadows as sources of fountains were reduced to practical questions going to the life and prosperity of these toilers in the valley.

Recently the theory has been aired more or less that the burning over of large areas of undergrowth in the forests might have a beneficent effect. So the sheep-herders thought when they burned over thousands of acres, involving the destruction of all the forest-trees, in order that there might be more pasture for the coming season. So the Indians thought when they fired the forest to drive out the game. A single deer was more to them than a million acres of forest going down under the fierce flame. The giant trees lying prone are evidence of that kind of beneficent work.

No forester ought ever to fall in with that kind of a fallacy. The firing of forests to prevent firing finds no favor among experts. In southern latitudes where the rainfall is light, a fire results in permanent deforesting. Where thousands of acres have been burned over on the flanks of the lower mountains, no coniferous trees have ever reappeared. The scrub white oak is the only substitute. The sugar-pine, although prolific in seed, does not reforest to any great extent in that reservation. Nor will the sequoia reforest anywhere save where the ground is spongy or there are open or blind rivulets near by. A group of sequoias is never found remote from such conditions. Had it not been for the Federal reservations not a group of the larger sequoia would be standing to-day. One mill has been for years cutting lumber from sequoia trees within the limits of this reservation at the rate of about one million feet a week for each open season. And many smaller mills have been increasing this waste.

Now, putting these facts together—sheep-grazing, with excessive cropping of undergrowths, fires, the small precipitation of moisture, the early melting of snow not retarded by undergrowths, the rapid evaporation in all the openings that have been made, the barbaric waste of the lumberman—and we have a concrete condition making for the rapid disappearance of these forests, the shrinkage of mountain streams, and an immense reduction of agricultural resources in the great border-

ing valley. It is this adverse condition which the Federal Government has tried to meet by the setting apart of these reservations. Private interests must give way to public interests. The citrus interest alone is of far greater importance than all the sheep interests which obtain support in the mountains. Wider still is the difference. For where the orange blossoms there are gardens and beautiful homes, a minute cultivation carried to the highest perfection—the transfiguration of a desert into a paradise, the color and the touch of taste, with all the refinements of social life.

When all has been said about the beauty of this pastoral life, it remains to be said that it has not improved in two thousand years. The nomad is still a nomad, and neither beauty nor order springs up in the paths that his flocks have made desolate. The deer never follows in the trail which the sheep-herder has made, and the little black and brown bears which one sometimes may meet will not stand up and fight, but sneak away on their empty stomachs. The carrion vulture hovers near the flock, the puma watches from the cleft of a rock, the flicker darts silently away, and only the note of the mourning-dove is heard borne on the tremulous atmosphere from some distant foothill.

The work of denudation goes on at a more rapid pace than ever before. Syndicates are formed on the other side of the country with immense resources of capital for the purpose of stripping the forests of the Pacific Coast. These vast lumber interests are all hostile to the whole scheme of forest reservations.

There never has been so much as ten acres of coniferous trees planted in this State. Occasionally a small eucalyptus grove may be found, of no value save for firewood; and here and there a border of locust and walnut has been set, less for timber than for wind-breaks.

Along the coast reforesting, especially in the redwood belt, would progress slowly if the fires could be kept down. The redwood (*semper-virens*) has such a strong vitality that it will send up shoots from the stump. But neither the *sequoia gigantea* nor the sugar-pine, nor hardly any other coniferous tree will renew in that way.

In the southern reservations the climatic conditions are not favorable to reforesting. Thus, for lack of sufficient moisture, no groups of sequoia can be found south of Deer Creek, in Tulare County; and there is, for some unknown reason, only one small group north of Alpine County. The lightnings blast, the fires consume, the lumbermen lay waste, the saw-fly and the beetle get in their work, and the wandering sheepmen put the finishing touches on the general devastation.

If once the forests were stripped which border on that great San Joaquin Valley, not a citrus orchard could survive the famine of water. From the little nooks and corners of that valley and the connecting ones more than fourteen thousand carloads of citrus fruits will be sent to market this year, and raisins and other deciduous fruits will fill half as many more.

First and foremost of all the industrial questions that concern the people of this State is the arrest of this forest denudation, or its equivalent in reforesting wherever the ax and the fire have wrought the greatest destruction. It takes the precedence of all questions of impounding flood-waters. Of what practical use would this device be if the mountains themselves were once denuded of all the original forest? The tree, says the proverb, is the mother of the fountain; and the fountain is the mother of agriculture. If water is becoming a vital question, back of it is the supreme one of balancing this forest denudation by intelligent methods of restoration. The primary means is the creation of a public interest which can grasp the whole question of forestry and deal with it as one of the most important industrial problems of the day.

Traversing the mountains and the bordering valleys one could hardly go amiss of some striking illustrations of the relation of forestry to agriculture. In Tulare County, about ten miles from Porterville, the owner of a prune orchard of about one hundred acres obtained water enough from a stream flowing down from the reservation, to irrigate the surface with sixteen inches. He estimated the prospective value of his prune crop at thirty thousand dollars. The owner of another prune orchard of nearly equal size, at no great

distance from the first, on account of the diminished flow, was only able to obtain eight inches for surface irrigation. His entire crop of young fruit fell to the ground, and he did not get back the cost of cultivation. Just beyond there were thousands of acres which were baking under a torrid sun where not even a grasshopper could live.

Yes, the tree is the mother of the fountain and when the vandal strikes the tree he has done his worst to extinguish the fountain. There is good ground for the opinion that in the four and a half million acres in the Southern Sierra Reservation, the depletion and waste in twenty-five years from mills, fires and overcropping has been equivalent to a hundred million feet, board measure, and that the natural restoration has not been more than ten per cent. of this loss.

Chief Geographer Gannett estimates that in a single year more than ten and a quarter million acres of land were burned over in this country, and mostly within the timber belts. For the year ending in June, 1899, fires burned over 29,175 acres in the forest reservations of California. These fires were extinguished at a cost of \$10,099—no less than 749 camp-fires were extinguished and the whole damage was little more than nominal. Whereas, in the previous year, a single fire, getting beyond control in the San Gabriel Reservation, was extinguished at a cost of about ten thousand dollars. These citations are made as illustrations of some of the ways in which a reservation is a method of safeguarding that part of the public domain which is specially set apart as the patrimony of the people. The timber destroyer cannot set up his mill, and the setting of a forest-fire becomes a criminal act.

While the duties assigned me gave me no time to ascend the great mountains in the background of the reservation, nor to trace every mountain stream to its source, nor to find the girth of the largest trees, there were compensations in a somewhat rough and primitive life. The majesty of the mountains enthroned in eternal white, the very uprightness of the great trees undefiled before God and men, the heavens with stars which seemed to hang so low at night, the stillness which was more than

silence, water medicated and gushing out of the rifted granite,—all these were ministries of renewal and gladness, and more than compensation for the few days of primitive life. If only we once have the gift of insight and interpretation, we shall know that there are no waste places in the earth. At some time there will come a gentle ministry making earth and air and sky and mountains and the sighing and solitude of the forest contribute to the fullness of life. This rudimentary vision is never so sharpened by books that the film is wholly taken off. Once we can get some clarified sight, the world under our feet may seem greater than the world above us. All savage features take on a friendly aspect. The thunder, the hail, the lightning that smite the mountain-top only transfigure it into greater beauty, and that is not more significant than the colors of the wild azalea and the blue gentian on the fringe of the forest.

"What thing did you see on your excursion to-day of greatest interest?" said the writer to a lady.

"O, most of all, a little tuft of wild phlox growing out of the cleft of a rock on the side of Mount Tallac."

Surely she had anointed eyes.

After about a year spent in the Southern Sierra Reservation I asked and obtained a transfer to the Tahoe Reservation which had just been set apart. This reservation, as at present defined, borders on Lake Tahoe for twelve miles and extends back eighteen miles, including a little less than seven townships. The reasons for making this reservation would have been equally good for making it more than five times the present area. There is now a project on foot to extend this reservation over all the townships bordering on the lake. Much of this contemplated area is included in private holdings, but might be turned over to the Government by way of exchange, for outside land. The Department would then control the shore-line of one of the most interesting navigable lakes in the world. This control would be at all times in the interest of the public.

The leading point of interest is the reforestation of this area under the protecting care of the Government. There has been

a denudation of nearly the entire original forest, so far as it had any commercial value, from the shore-line of the lake back for ten to fifteen miles. The Tahoe and Carson Lumber Company, in about twenty-five years, have taken from this area 600,000,000 feet of lumber and 1,500,000 cords of wood. The Truckee Lumber Company has cut over an area extending from that town along the Truckee River up to the margin of the lake, a territory something like two miles wide by about fifteen miles long. The amount of lumber made is probably 300,000,000 feet, or half as much as that taken by the Tahoe and Carson Lumber Company. Two or three pioneer mills, now extinct, have probably stripped the forest to the extent of 100,000,000 feet of lumber. The approximate estimate is that not less than 1,000,000,000 feet of lumber have been taken from what might be called the margin of Lake Tahoe, during the last twenty-five years.

The climatic conditions in the Tahoe Reservation are radically different from those of the Southern Sierra Reservation. There the rainfall is light, the heat and evaporation are great, and reforestation is slow, while over considerable areas there is none at all. All along the margin of Lake Tahoe, including the summits of the Sierra, snow or rain may be expected, including summer-showers, for nine months of the year. The grass in the glacial meadows is green through all the summer months. Wild flowers bloom as brightly in August as they do along the coast in the early spring. The question of irrigation, as to any tributary lake streams, cuts no figure at all. Reforestation is rapid wherever the fires can be kept down. All over the large areas once denuded of all the choice timber one will note the new growth of coniferous trees from ten feet to thirty feet in height; self-planted, they need no protection save from the carelessness of campers and the all-devouring fires.

During the month of August last a fire broke out about ten miles back from the lake. It looked as if the mountains themselves were belching flames. This fire was so close to the reservation's line that it was necessary to send out a force to circumscribe its ravages. But a thousand men could not have extinguished it. It is here

cited as a specimen fire. It was on a tract of a thousand acres where the lumbermen had cut all the larger trees and taken only those sections which would make clear lumber; all the rest was left as so much waste, which literally covered the ground. For ten days this fire flamed up the mountain side, dissolving snow-drifts, felling dry trees with a mighty roar, making the skies look like brass, and veiling in at night all the encircling mountains, and even the lake.

When the fire ceased the desolation was complete. There was a desert of ashes. All the young pines, some thirty feet high, that had begun to cover the ground were destroyed. Nature had done royally in the work of reforesting, and vandals had blasted all the work.

It was found that the tract on which this ruin was wrought was one of a thousand acres which the Regents of the University of California had sold to the lumbermen for the very purpose of denudation. One is tempted to inquire whether that plan of caring for forests, on the part of a great university, does not need a radical revolution. It will be a good day when, under better auspices, this great institution shall have made good this contributory waste by planting where it has incidentally destroyed.

In the year previous to this fire, one was started in Lake Valley Township, just beyond this University section. The conditions were about the same. The area ravaged was about two miles wide by eight miles long. The forest of young pines disappeared and there is now only a blackened waste. The heat from the burning of fallen timber is so great that it destroys not only the new growths, but the few isolated cone-bearing trees, as well as the seed which has already fallen to the ground. Slowly nature will replant. The birds will drop a few seeds and the winter blasts will bear along fresh cones, and finally all the scars will disappear by that process of eternal renewal which counts a thousand years as one day. Could any more beneficent plan be devised by the Government than that which stays this enormous waste, making it certain that not an ax shall be lifted up against some of the noblest trees

of the forest and not a fire shall devour, if human agency can prevent it?

Crossing and recrossing the summits of the Sierra at various points fourteen times last summer, we should have cared more for the companionship of a trained scientist for one day than for the association of a thousand tourists who flitted like butterflies along the margin of the lake and through the glens, having such diluted speech that even the magpies might have mocked them from bush and thicket. Perhaps he could tell what forces are at work for the decay and disintegration of the granite caps of Tallac, Freel's, and Job's peaks, so that a dry avalanche of comminuted rock is constantly moving down to the valley. In what age will these mountains, two of which are more than ten thousand feet high, become as mere hillocks on an uplifted plain? What was the cataclysm which made the lake recede on the southern side from the base of the Sierra, so that one entire township is only the dry bed of the Lake with a diminished surface of nearly twenty per cent?

What of that cluster of lakelets beyond Glen Alpine at an altitude of nearly 7,000 feet? Are they so many extinct craters, the fires and the fever cooled by the purest water, so that they now look up as so many blue eyes to the blue of the heavens?

And that greater lake over whose abysmal depths a swift mail steamer goes on its daily-summer route of sixty-five miles—in what geological age was it the crater of a stupendous volcano?—a sea of fire in the place of this new sea of glass which mirrors all the glory and the peace of the summer heavens. If there has been only a breaking-down of the crust to almost unsounded depths, why these mounds of igneous rock once red with telluric fire, now black as if in mourning for some part of a lost world?

Our scientist would have been useful one day as an arbitrator, when a woodman brought all his lore to confound the theory that the cutting away of the forest had a direct relation to the decrease by evaporation of mountain streams. Before he had cut away a certain forest, he said, the ground was so firm that a loaded team could be driven over it with safety. After

the forest had been stripped, the ground became so soft and springy that a team with an empty cart could not be driven over it. His explanation was that moisture which the trees had formerly taken up became so much surplus which came to the surface of the ground.

As that theory contravened all the personal observations made for more than a year, some other explanation was sought. Going to a near-by hamlet on the Nevada side of the lake, it was found that many of the chimneys were tilted and awry. A settler with a red nose said that "Natur' had had the delirium tremens." The smart shock of an earthquake had probably shaken up a blind spring and brought the underflow to the surface. But when I afterwards met the woodman and gave him what appeared to be the true solution, he only said, "Science and earthquakes be hanged!"

But even this man was, unconsciously, a beneficiary of that science which he berated; for it had been so well applied to the stocking of the lake with young trout that its apparent resources were more than doubled. He could take, in an hour, more than he could eat in a week. And he could note such an almost miraculous draft of fishes that, beyond all local consumption, a surplus of half a ton of trout was daily sent to distant markets.

Shall we think less of the beautiful story

of the feeding of the five thousand on the side of the mountain, if we note how science is represented by two men, in shirt-sleeves, with coarse hands and soiled garments, who from a little shack on an outlet of Fallen Leaf Lake were daily sending out so many young fry that at maturity they would feed more than five times five thousand men? Evermore, under the touch of the trained hand and eye, the less is becoming the greater.

Nor may one think lightly of the common incidents of a day's march—the coming of the dawn, the fading of the afterglow into the purple of twilight, the play of light and shadow on water and wooded slope, all color-tones and gradations, the miracle of color in brianthus and blushing azaleas, and the gold of the lilies on the marshes, the friendly nodding of pink and blue-bells in solitary places, the fluting of a thrush, and the shimmer of a distant waterfall. For all sights and sounds count for the cleansing and sweetening of life.

Beyond all these minor incidents there is to be the final appraisalment, when one forest after another has been stripped—that neither vineyard, nor orchard, nor carpeted meadow, nor the bloom of many gardens is more precious than the pine and the fir-tree and the cedar which may still remain as the crown and the glory of these majestic heights.



FENSWOOD AND THE GREAT AIR LENS

By ROBERT T. ROSS

MANY readers will remember that their morning newspapers several months ago gave distressing accounts of the awful and untimely death of the late Lord Fenswood (Horace Denton), and of the complete destruction by explosion and subsequent fire, of the laboratory, observatory, and the several other buildings of the associated group which constituted his scientific workshops on his estate near Taplow. Later issues related that his surviving widow, a bride of but a year, was in receipt, almost daily, of numberless telegrams, memorials, resolutions, etc.—the tributes of the entire world of science to this man's tireless labors, which have added such wonderful store to our knowledge, our manufacturing facilities, and even our daily convenience. Undoubtedly, the world will never fully realize the loss it sustained in the sad ending of this great mind.

The exact cause of the calamity was declared at the time to be unascertainable. It occurred after midnight; and when aid reached the spot, which was rather secluded, the scene, as all the accounts agreed, was so terrifying (owing to the great number of electric cables which had lately been laid there from every power-plant within many miles, and which then were scattered around in the wildest confusion, still charged with their deadly currents, and also to the yet continuing explosions of chemicals in the burning laboratory) that little could be done until word had been sent to shut off the currents.

It was known that Lord Fenswood had been carrying on extensive investigations necessitating the use of many powerful electrical currents, but he had given the world no definite information as to his aims or results, and his death, and the destruction of all records and notes, now apparently rendered his last labors useless, whatever they may have been.

The accounts detailed the finding of the only survivor of the disaster, Henry A. Wheatstone, Esq., Lord Fenswood's cousin and intimate friend, who had been with

him that night and who was discovered among the débris, badly burned and otherwise injured and in an unconscious condition, and finally of the discovery and identification of all that was mortal of Lord Fenswood. There had been no other fatalities, as investigation showed that no workmen or assistants had been required at the buildings on that night.

The present writer does not consider it necessary to record the strange combination of circumstances which enables him to give the following account to the public. It must suffice to state that Henry A. Wheatstone eventually recovered from the effects of the catastrophe and that the document here following is from his pen, and is now for the first time published.

NARRATION OF HENRY A. WHEATSTONE.

I, Henry A. Wheatstone, was the sole companion of Lord Fenswood on that terrible night when he met his tragic death. After due consideration, Lady Fenswood and I have decided that, owing to its scientific importance, it will be best for me to undertake, with her assistance, to write out an account, as fully as possible, of the events leading up to that catastrophe, and I now set myself to the task. With what painful emotions I turn my thoughts backward to the happy days which preceded the terrible event of which I must tell, the reader may imagine, but I nerve myself to the duty.

Lord Fenswood (then Horace Denton) and I were friends in boyhood, and had remained so through school, college, and all the years of early effort,—he in medicine, and I in my father's office,—when, by the death of an uncle, he came into a considerable income and the Fenswood estate, near Taplow. He immediately dropped active practice and devoted himself heart and soul to experimental science, with what results the world knows to its uttermost corner.

There was already on the estate an observatory containing a splendid twenty-inch refractor, our late uncle having been

an enthusiastic amateur astronomer, and we had early, when spending our boyhood vacations there, acquired a strong interest in the science. Taking the observatory as a nucleus, my cousin gradually built around and adjoining it many special buildings, wherein he pursued to his heart's content his daring and unconventional experiments.

His was a mind fit both to conceive and execute the most daring projects; and being unhampered financially his incessant activity in his chosen field naturally could not fail of result. He found himself at thirty-four on the highest pinnacle of scientific research and discovery, a peer, and his name a household word throughout the world—a veritable meteor in the world of science.

A year ago he married most happily. Lady Fenswood, while taking generally no especial part in his investigations, yet sympathized heartily with his ambitions, and being also in a way scientific,—she was an ardent entomologist,—their married life was perfect.

It was my habit to run down every Friday or Saturday to Fenswood, and on one such occasion, shortly after his marriage, I well remember that, dismissing the fly and making my way to the laboratory as usual, I found him there, reading in some scientific journal an article by some one briefly relating the writer's discovery, that an electrical or magnetic field had the power, under certain conditions, of refracting light. The discoverer, after a few vain experiments to find some law by which the refraction might be controlled, had apparently dropped the matter, and it seemed not to have attracted the editor's attention. My cousin's interest in the article was unmistakable. He leaned forward in his chair with an expression of disgust oddly mingled with the eagerness in his face.

"Imbecile!" he ejaculated roughly. "Do you know what that means?" He shook the paper at me as he spoke and continued without waiting for my reply. "There's work—work for a lifetime, if necessary, right there. Good heavens! see the possibilities! There would be practically no limit to the size of such a field. Once this problem is solved, a good

half of the most interesting and important questions which we ask would be answered us." He continued with increasing excitement: "What can be more intense than our desire for absolute knowledge of the universe? See how we strive,—we, I mean, who have minds above our daily bread! See our chemists, how they grub and grope among their atoms and their molecules; our astronomers, how laboriously they construct their incomplete theories from their few hard-earned facts; our biologists, how tediously they fit together decayed, fragmentary bones; and here, right here," he shook the paper at me again, "is the means to half of that we seek, and this imbecile sees not what he has discovered,—nor probably any one else," he ended more quietly, dropping back into his chair, for he had risen to his feet in his excitement. I had sat gazing at him in considerable astonishment throughout his rapid speech, and even yet failed to see the full reason for his vehemence and evident excitement.

"Why," I said at length, "I fear I don't quite follow you. Evidently it's an important matter," and looked at him expectantly. He leaned back in a reverie, seemingly following out in fancy the glowing possibilities of his imagination.

"Yes, yes," he responded absently; "you see, nearly all our knowledge of the universe at large has been gained through our discovery of the optical laws governing the refraction of light and by the employment of lenses—of glass, principally. But glass is a very unsatisfactory substance for this purpose, especially for large lenses, and although we have evidently just about reached the limit of our ability in its use for this purpose, our powers are as yet very, very feeble. Now, it is obvious that if we can but discover the laws by which mere air, in a state of electrical or magnetic disturbance or tension, can refract light, as we did discover them as regards glass, we shall be limited no longer to lenses of paltry inches, but can make them of practically unlimited size." He rose to his feet and began pacing about the room.

"Yes, the wonders of the universe shall be unfolded in absolute detail; no more theories! We shall examine the planets

as we would a valley from a hill-top; we shall *know* absolutely. And the stars, and the nebulae,—who can say what they will reveal? And ultimate space,—Good Heavens! what shall we see?" he asked, coming abruptly to a full stop and facing me with glowing countenance.

I was myself now stirred out of my usual equanimity; his words were so earnest, so luminous and convincing, that even my dull imagination was aflame. My faith in his ability was unbounded. For the moment the thing was done, and I soared with him in the wildest flights. He still grasped the paper in his hand.

"Now, let us go over this again," he said, and proceeded to read the article aloud, carefully noting all the scientific data, given in technical terms, as to the kind and strength of current used, the apparatus, etc. When he had finished he leaned back in deep thought. I sat in silence, watching the earnest face, now alight with enthusiasm, my thoughts still running in the unaccustomed channels into which they had been directed by his vehement words.

"Now, old man," he said at length, rising, "amuse yourself for a bit. I shall start in at once by reproducing the original experiment." And thereupon he busied himself with some apparatus at one of the benches.

So I searched the books and papers on the table for something likely to interest me, as I had often done before when he had engrossed himself too deeply for conversation. I soon found something, and, lighting a cigar, began to read comfortably.

A whirring sound shortly interrupted me, and, looking up, I saw that he had started a small dynamo.

"I fear I shall have to interrupt you," he observed, "as I must turn off the lights for a time in order to perform the experiment." Going over to the bench, I saw that he had arranged some electrical apparatus around an empty circular frame, in front of which, on a stand, stood a small stereopticon. He touched a button and we were in darkness save for the flickering of the dynamo's brushes, until he opened the slide of the stereopticon, from which a bright beam of light shot forth to the center of the frame.

I saw with surprise, however, that through this frame the beam did not pass, but instead there appeared beyond upon the floor and wall of the room an incessantly shifting play of the most brilliant colors, which changed places with such astonishing rapidity that it made me dizzy to look at them.

"The refraction is unmistakable," he cried, "as you can see for yourself. It is obvious that the unsteadiness is caused by the momentary variations of the current," and for an hour or more we stood there watching the play of the brilliantly colored light, while he, by many adjustments of the apparatus and changes in the current, produced endlessly beautiful effects. At length the lights were turned on again. He brought out the decanters, and we discussed over our cigars the probable difficulties of the task to which he had so enthusiastically set himself. He was of the opinion that the first difficulty was the unsteadiness of the current.

"You see," he said, "we are dealing with almost incomprehensible velocities and rates of vibration. The adjustment must be absolute; a change which would be imperceptible to our finest instruments is plainly sufficient to destroy the equilibrium which must exist in the refracting field. That shall be my first endeavor. When that is gained, I shall feel myself well on the road to success." As it was now late, and I was to return to town next morning, I shortly retired to the room reserved for my use in the wing of the laboratory, leaving him to his accustomed midnight vigil.

Needless to say, during the ensuing week I waited expectantly for news of progress or success, but none came, and on my next visit he had nothing to report save steady effort, and thus it went on for some weeks. He was devoting himself to the work with such assiduity that his health was suffering. This became plainer and plainer as the weeks wore on, and I finally asserted myself to such good purpose that, the time of year being early summer, I got him out for a week's fishing, which we spent at my father's place in Westmoreland. The change of daily scene and trend of thought straightened him up wonderfully; the color came back to his face and his old fire and vim returned to

him in full tide, and when at length I let him go he sped to his work as a lover to his mistress. For some time further he made no apparent progress, but one evening upon my arrival I found him jubilant.

"Come and see," he greeted me. So I followed as he walked rapidly to the laboratory. He turned off the lights as soon as I had entered, and drew the slide of the stereopticon. As before, the bright beam of light failed to pass the frame, but instead of the familiar feverishly shifting and formless play of colored light upon the floor and wall, there was now a veritable kaleidoscope of colors, mingled in utmost confusion, it is true, but steady as could be asked.

"Do you see!" he cried triumphantly. "Come, let us celebrate." He turned on the lights and produced the decanters and cigars.

"I am half through now, I think. It was hard work, but I have won."

"As you always do," I responded admiringly. "But what is the meaning of that wild confusion of colors?"

"Well," he answered slowly, "it means that the different parts of the field refract and disperse, each upon its own basis, as would a plate of glass of varying density or thickness, or, perhaps more correctly, as would a miscellaneous lot of prisms, if arranged irregularly in the field."

He now applied himself to the solution of the remaining difficulties with characteristic fervor, and one afternoon I received a message:—

Eureka! Don't fail to come to-morrow if possible. F.

I need scarcely say I did not wait for to-morrow, but at once hailed a cab, and was driven to Paddington with all speed, as it was then almost train-time.

I found him in the observatory, busy arranging a number of wires that had been laid to the building and which he was engaged in connecting with the object-glass end of the tube of the telescope, which had been reversed upon the standard until it was within convenient reach of the ground. The object-glass itself had, I noticed, been removed from its

place, and, carefully nested, was lying upon the floor beside the standard. He shook my hand heartily.

"You are prompt. I hoped you would come to-day, but feared you would not get my wire in time. I think I can get things ready to-night for a practical demonstration of my success."

"But how in the world did you do it?" I asked, curiously.

"I am afraid I cannot explain it clearly," he answered, "as it is quite an intricate matter. I have finally succeeded in so applying the current, or rather, in so adjusting the tension in the field, as to produce about such a refraction as the usual glass lens gives. The really bewildering thing about it is that it is perfectly achromatic. This, I must confess, is an absolute mystery to me, as I had expected the attainment of this result to prove the most difficult feature. But you may be sure I have most thankfully accepted this gift of the gods."

He shortly finished the adjustment of the wires and reversed the telescope so that it again pointed to the heavens. There being nothing further to be done at the observatory, we went to the residence, where, at dinner, we celebrated in advance, with the oldest wine in the Fenswood cellars, the final success of this his greatest effort. We awaited the night with impatience, and finally, as the shades of evening stole softly down, we started, a happy and expectant group, toward the observatory, for, as I need scarcely say, Lady Fenswood was one of us on this occasion.

The stars were just appearing as we arrived; and Jupiter, the evening star, was already well up, resplendent, in the eastern sky. As soon as we had entered Lord Fenswood switched on the current, opened one of the eastern slides, seated himself in the observing-chair, and, amid a silence broken only by the slow ticking of the clock-work mechanism, adjusted the focus.

"Now you can see for yourselves," he announced, quietly, quitting the chair.

"Come, Emily, you first," he said to Lady Fenswood, who thereupon placed herself in the chair.

"Now, tell us, if that is not just as clear and sharp as you have ever seen it."

"Why, it is, it is," she cried, after a few moments, "perfect in every respect; I see no difference whatever," and she left the chair slowly and silently. Eagerly I took her place, and there was the familiar planet and his magnificent system, as clearly defined as I had ever seen it. Indeed, it was a rare night,—the air was absolutely steady, and I could distinctly see the markings upon the moons. He removed the blind from the chart-lamp as I left the chair, so that we might see more clearly, and then, at once, the full force of this great mind's wondrous work came upon me, and I stood, gazing at him with solemn eyes, awed as by a miracle. Thus we stood in silence for some moments.

"Oh, come," he broke in, "this won't do. This is only one more of those inevitable advances which we make once in a while upon nature's frontier. What we must do now is to rush work with all speed upon a field, or lens rather, as I may call it, of sufficient power, so that we may at last," he finished with emphasis, "know something." But the impression made upon us was too deep for his words to lightly dispel, and he was himself quiet and preoccupied as we slowly wended our way back to the residence, a silent, thoughtful group.

Upon what wonderful, nay, incredible scenes, should we shortly gaze with wondering eyes! What entrancing knowledge should soon be ours, transcending all the highest hopes of mankind! Aye, who in all this world could say? It was too much. I felt a sense of suffocation at the vista opened out before even my slow imagination, and involuntarily straightened my shoulders and drew a deep breath of the cool evening air. The action did not escape notice, for Lady Fenswood immediately followed my example.

"That is just the way I feel," she said; "the thought of it is simply overpowering." That relieved the tension, and we fell to eagerly discussing the probable length of time necessary for the completion of a field, or lens, as my cousin now termed it, of sufficient size to give conclusive results. On arrival at the house, he began immediate calculations as to the

necessary electrical power which would be required for varying sizes, and finally announced his opinion that it would be best to construct one first fifteen feet in diameter.

"This will be of ample power," he said, "to show us the actual physical conditions on the planets, and it will be sufficiently large so that when, in its construction, I shall have overcome certain difficulties which I foresee in the control of the current over so large a surface, the methods which shall prove necessary will apply to any larger size." As may be imagined we spent a joyous evening, and it was late ere we retired.

We enthusiastically gave what assistance we could in drawing up plans for the necessary mechanical appliances, and at length the orders and specifications were sent out to the different firms for the tube, standard, and even the observatory itself, which he decided to locate adjoining the laboratory. Arrangements were also made with every power-house within available distance for cables to be laid to the site of the observatory that was to be, for, as my cousin explained to us, the power needed for a field even fifteen feet in diameter was simply enormous. He devoted himself meantime, to preparing such of the necessary apparatus as could be constructed in the workshops on the premises.

The work went on apace by night and day, and the scene was a busy one. The observatory was soon up in its appointed location, and the standard and tube in place, but a delay in the construction of some of the minor but still essential mechanism, due to a misunderstanding of the order, nearly drove him, and us as well, frantic, for I could not resist the contagious excitement under which my cousin and Lady Fenswood labored during this time of preparation, and sadly neglected my duties at the office in my desire to be on the ground and of what assistance I could. Meantime the cables had been duly laid as ordered, until the group of buildings was the center of a very spider's-web of heavy wires and he himself had fully perfected the appliances for governing their currents, so that we now only waited for the belated mechanism.

At this stage our active and enthusiastic assistant, Lady Fenswood, was compelled to leave us, her sister having sent an urgent request for her presence in a sudden illness which had befallen her. It was with double regret that she left the scene, first exacting from us the promise of frequent bulletins, and it was upon the very day of her departure, as night was falling, that the anxiously expected package arrived, being delivered by messenger, in obedience to Lord Fenswood's orders. After dispatching a message to that effect to Lady Fenswood, we hurried with the precious package to the observatory, with what intense excitement and expectancy the reader may vainly try to realize. On our arrival Lord Fenswood at once turned on the current, and, Jupiter being already in good position, announced, in a voice which trembled with the emotion he could not control, that he would direct the telescope to the great planet, for this, the first fruition of the most wonderful and astounding achievement that science has yet attained.

I watched with bated breath, my heart beating like a trip-hammer, as he seated himself in the observing-chair of that Titanic mass of mechanism.

What would he see? What deepest of Nature's secrets might not bare themselves for this, the first time, to human eye? This mighty engine of science, what amazing knowledge might it bring us from those far-distant realms of space?

The great mystery was now to be solved, and answered fully. While these thoughts were running through my mind he was still occupied with the adjustment of the focus, and I could no longer restrain my impatience.

"What is it? What is the matter?" I asked, impetuously. "Is anything wrong?"

"I cannot get a focus," he replied; "there is something wrong—I know not what." He left the chair and examined different parts of the electrical mechanism but could find nothing wrong, and then began a careful and systematic overhauling of all the apparatus.

Every few moments he went to the telescope, but each time was met with disap-

pointment. The hours passed. We were almost in despair. Everything had been carefully examined, and was seemingly in perfect order.

"I cannot understand it at all," he exclaimed at length passionately, and turned back once again to the apparatus he had devised for governing the current.

"Ah, thank God! here it is," he suddenly exclaimed.

"What is it?" I asked at his elbow.

"Never mind, I won't waste time explaining," he answered, and proceeded to quickly make some adjustments in the mechanism he had been examining.

"Now, thank Heaven, everything is right." He hurried to the telescope.

But by this time, for it was now past midnight, Jupiter was almost at the zenith, and, for the time, beyond reach of the giant tube. Mars, however, had risen in the mean time, and was now in fair view through the slide already open. Lord Fenswood at once directed the tube toward the brightly shining planet, quickly seated himself, and, with trembling hand adjusted the focus. I involuntarily held my breath.

That old, old world, where all our problems must ages ago have worked themselves out to their inevitable ends,—where, if there be any truth whatsoever in evolution, must be intelligence as vastly exceeding ours as ours exceeds that of the lowliest mundane organism—Oh Heavens, *what* would he see? A moment of silence, and a cry of astonishment, almost of fear, broke from his lips.

"My God," he muttered, "can it be true? I cannot doubt! It is true!"

"For God's sake," I cried, utterly unable longer to restrain myself, "tell me something! What do you see? Tell me, for Heaven's sake!"

He scarcely listened, so absorbed was he in the glorious vision set before him. At length he began absently, in an almost inaudible voice, "I see,—yes, I do see truly. What incredible works!" he broke off abruptly, "what master-minds! what stupendous intelligence! I cannot believe my own eyes."

I listened with such trembling eagerness as is not to be described, to these disjointed

utterances, scarce audible or intelligible. He was deaf to all my entreaties, frantic though they were, oblivious to my presence, to my existence, even, of the world, of everything, save that marvelous scene outspread before his astonished eyes.

Suddenly he cried out sharply, "What is the matter? Something is wrong! It is out of focus!"

At this moment I heard a sharp crackling behind where I stood, and as I turned quickly toward the sound there came such a blinding flash of light as made me stagger back, my hands before my eyes. I dimly saw him spring from the chair and rush toward the apparatus regulating the current, but before he could reach it the building became in a second, such a living, blazing, hissing hell, as may not be imagined in its awfulness, and such as I shall never see again and live. The awful power of near a thousand cables had suddenly, through some terrible accident, been let loose in all its hideous strength, in that fearful place.

Blinded, dazed, bewildered, all but unconscious, with the suddenness and terror of it all, I staggered somehow through that dreadful place, felt the night air upon my face, and fell unconscious. How

long I lay I know not, but when I weakly struggled to my feet the observatory was but a heap of tangled ruins and the whole group of buildings was blazing fiercely.

I staggered past them toward the residence, scarce knowing what I did, when, as I passed the blazing laboratory, there came a terrible explosion from within it. I had a glimpse of its walls opening in jagged rents, with the red flames shooting through, and knew no more.

My task is ended; I have little more to say. Lady Fenswood and I have, since my recovery, thoroughly searched all the papers in Lord Fenswood's study at the residence, and have now got together quite a mass of notes, calculations, memoranda, and general data, relating to the great problem which he so successfully solved, but, alas, at such terrible cost to himself, to us, and to the world. His principal notes, however, were kept in the laboratory study, and these are now, of course, utterly destroyed. However, let us hope that what we have found may be sufficient to enable science to take up this great problem anew, and that, although the mastermind be gone, in time may once again come success.

MY SWEETHEART

"IS she pretty?" How can I
Critically judge of her?

"What her height?" Close to my heart,—

So much I can swear of her.

"What the color of her eyes?"

"What the tinting of her hair?"

How may I her charms appraise?

I cannot take stock of her.

She's my sweetheart; understand,

In my eyes none can surpass her.

She has all perfections,—but

Words are cold; they can't describe her.

Frances Anne Cowles.

THROUGH THE EMERALD ISLE—II

By ADELAIDE S. HALL

THE most attractive objects in a foreign city are generally its churches, and Christ Church, Dublin, is no exception. The site upon which the present structure rises was once a pagan rath, or fortification, which commanded a pass over the Liffey River near a spot called the "Dark Pool," or, in Gaelic, "Dubh-linn," hence the city's name. It was in this locality that the venerable King Brian Boru fell, cleaved from crown to chin by the ax of the Vi-

According to the legend, when St. Patrick arrived within a short distance of Dublin, a crowd of people went out to greet him. Alphinous, King of Dublin, was mourning the death of his two children. One had died in its bed and the other had been drowned while bathing in the river. The bodies had been prepared for burial when the news of St. Patrick's coming reached the town. The king caused the saint to be brought before him, and promised if he would restore his children to life that he



The Ladies' Fan, Giant's Causeway

king Brodar. The church was founded in the eleventh century, though the present structure (in the Transition style) is principally sixteenth and seventeenth century work. A tower containing a chime of eighteen bells, which play twenty-eight airs automatically, is one of the distinctive features.

Leaving this edifice we passed through a very uninviting section of the city, which is probably the part referred to by Robert Burns as "Hades," and found ourselves before the Cathedral of St. Patrick.

and all his people would become Christians. The miracle was performed and the monarch and subjects were baptized in a well near the site of St. Patrick's Cathedral.

The present building was erected by Archbishop Comyn in the twelfth century. The roof is lofty, and is supported by richly decorated columns. Five lancet windows admit a soft radiance over the dark oak of the stalls, and the swords and gilded helmets of the Illustrious Order of the Knights of St. Patrick. The vener-

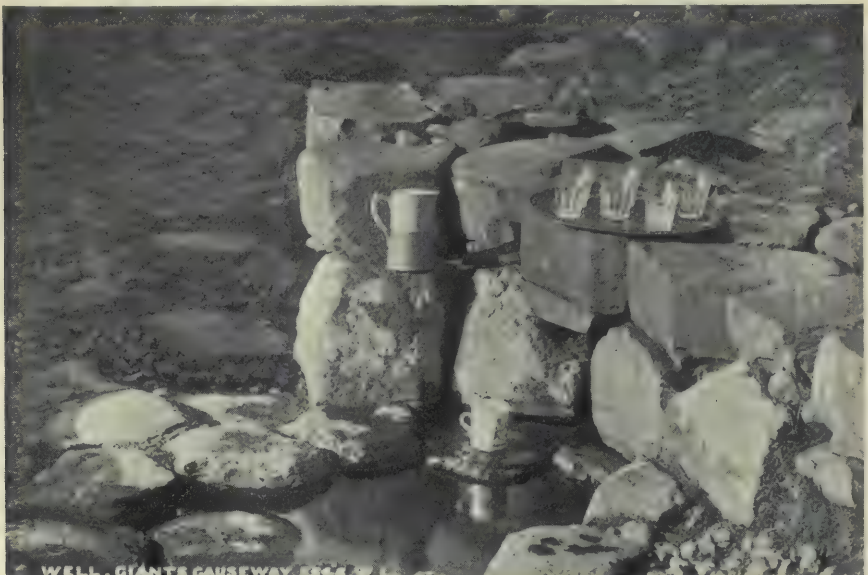


The Wishing Chair, Giant's Causeway

able walls have frowned upon many a strife, the most important of which was in 1572, when the arrows were found sticking in the ceiling, and there remained for many years. Cromwell quartered his cavalry here, and here, through an aperture in a massive door, the great Earls of Ormonde and Desmond publicly shook

hands, as ordered by the Government, for they were possessed with such hatred of each other that it was not thought advisable for them to come into closer contact. Among the most important monuments is that of Jonathan Swift, once Dean of St. Patrick's.

While in Dublin, we attended the open-



Well, Giant's Causeway

ing performance of "A Modern Don Quixote," and had the pleasure of seeing Lady Cadogan, the wife of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and her suite. She was patroness of the performance, and her box was supplied with huge bouquets and white satin programmes. There was a display of Irish beauty and costumes in the house, and we had the opportunity of studying the characteristics of both. Though all the women of Great Britain have more or less color in their faces, none have such a pronounced tint as the Irishwomen. It is like a crimson splash from Nature's paint brush, and is not diffused over the cheeks.

A word in regard to some common customs. Americans are apt to feel a bit awkward when walking in Irish cities, as all the vehicles as well as the pedestrians turn to the left instead of the right. Every one takes tea at four o'clock, and no matter how busy the man or woman or in what rank of life, when the hour arrives time is always found to drink the cheering cup.

Trinity College, of world-wide reputation, faces College Green, and was opened to students in 1593. Flanking its chief portal are the statue of Edmund Burke, the brilliant statesman and orator, and that of Oliver Goldsmith. A figure representing Grattan, who "bound the bar and senate with his spell," adorns the center of the Green.

In connection with the names of these great Irishmen, it will not be amiss to note the fact that an astonishing number of executive offices in different countries are held by Irishmen at the present time. The great British Generals—Lords Kitchener, Wolseley, and Roberts, Sir George Doan, Sir Henry Gough, and Sir Richard Kelly (the last two of Lucknow fame), Sir George White, Rear-Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, and Chief Justice Russell, are Irish born. There have been Irish Governors of Newfoundland and New South Wales, and an Irish Minister to China. No more distinguished soldier lives to-day in Russia than a certain aide-de-camp, General

Obrutscheff, whose family name was thus changed from O'Bryan, they being Irish born. Count O'Gorman is Private Chamberlain to the Pope, and Viscount Taaffe is Privy Councillor to the Emperor of Austria. Our own list of brilliant statesmen and Generals, we all know, contains many Irish names. In my journey I passed within three miles of the ancestral home of President McKinley, which is near Ballymoney.



Chimney Tops, Giant's Causeway

A view of the tomb of Daniel O'Connell is worth the trip to Glasnevin Cemetery. The "Liberator" sleeps beneath a reproduction of the famous Round Tower, a relic of feudal times which is to be seen in different parts of Ireland.

Three distinct counties can be seen from the undulating surface of Phoenix Park, Dublin. Here, in a secluded spot, the

Irish Secretaries were murdered in the year 1882.

On the journey from Dublin to Belfast we stopped at the quaint old town of Drogheda, with its viaduct over the Boyne River. Engaging a jaunting-car at the White Horse Hotel, we drove under the giant gate of St. Lawrence and out upon the finely kept roads of County Meath, to the pagan tumulus at New Grange. An immense cairn, or hill of stones, rises to

enormous size. These are chiseled in spirals, coils, lozenges, and other ancient designs. In each arm, or recess, a large sacrificial bowl of granite still rests. This tomb construction is contemporary with that of the pyramids of Sakaria, and the principle of construction is the same as the tomb of Agamemnon at Mycenæ.

Although we searched for the wild shamrock since we had landed on Irish soil, the first that we had found was near the



Dunkerry Cave, Giant's Causeway

a height of seventy feet, and covers about two acres. Trees grow upon this cairn, which contains a series of chambers within. We entered a small aperture at its base, led by a female guide with candles. At a distance of five feet we were obliged to get down on "all fours" and crawl ten feet farther until we reached the main passage where we could again stand upright. If we had not known that the huge slabs which lined the passage had been in the same half-fallen condition for centuries, we should not have had the courage to enter. The great sepulchral chamber in the center, supposed now to have been the tomb of some prehistoric king or kings, is cruciform in shape and twenty-five feet in height.

The walls and ceiling are composed of upright or overlapping slabs of granite of

mouth of this tumulus at New Grange. A number of different plants pass for the shamrock. The genuine is gathered by the people and shipped to America, where there is a ready market.

A pleasant drive from New Grange brought us to Monasterboice, where may be seen one of the ancient Round Towers. Its conical roof has long since been destroyed, as has been the abbey near by. Of all the ancient memorial crosses, these in the little cemetery are the most remarkable. The largest is twenty-three feet in height. The smallest, erected in 924, is the best preserved. The sculptured designs are Scriptural. One section shows St. Michael weighing a soul in a pair of scales, while Satan crouches beneath and endeavors to turn the beam so as to cheat the saint.

On the way back to Drogheda we visited Mellifont Abbey, and also a wayside cabin where dwelt a tiny old lady over eighty years of age, a friend of our driver. This quaint Mother Hubbard, who was sitting near her little cupboard, seemed very happy to receive visitors from America, and immediately asked if we knew her daughter who went to "Ameriky" twenty-nine years ago to service, and seemed quite heartbroken when we were unable to reply in the affirmative.

The cabin was freshly whitewashed, and the brick floor was neat, despite the fact that the denizens of the poultry-yard were stalking about in the most familiar way. Some cups and plates were in a rack beside the old clock, and a big arm-chair was drawn close to the little stove, where no doubt the owner had been watching the contents of the soup-kettle, the odor of which was most appetizing.

As we drove through the Balfour demesne, with its trim blackthorn hedge, we noticed again that County Meath is used principally for grazing, and that nearly all the fertile ground is owned by rich men, leaving nothing for the poor farmer, thus compelling emigration.

We had to literally tear ourselves away from Drogheda, the White Horse Hotel, and especially the head-waiter, who seemed to combine the qualities of proprietor, protector, adviser-in-general, and servant. He "never slept," or at least never seemed to be absent from his station directly under the figure of the White Horse that capped the lintel of the front door. There, arrayed in full-dress suit, with a napkin not over-clean across his arm, he welcomed the coming but did *not* speed the parting guests. Rather he did his best to detain them (and incidentally their shekels) by alluring tales of excursions which they ought not to miss.

As one travels in the north of Ireland, one is impressed by the difference in style and temperament of the people when compared with those in the south. All sloth and indifference disappears, and in

Belfast one finds a clean, active, up-to-date metropolis, full of enterprise and originality. The shops are attractive and the hotels provide excellent beds and appetizing food.

The River Lagan, which skirts the town, is crossed by five bridges. From any of these one can see the Albert Memorial in the center of the city. Belfast is the seat of the linen industry, and its linen warehouses and halls are most interesting places to visit. As we steamed out of the city, on the way to the North Coast, we passed the meadows, or greens, where great stretches of linen were bleaching on the grass.



Rope Bridge, Carrick-a-rede

At Antrim we saw the best preserved of the Round Towers, ninety-five feet in height. The conical roof is in perfect condition. There is a cross cut in low relief over the lintel of the doorway. Thither

the priests fled with the church treasures in time of war.

At Portrush there is a fine golf clubhouse, and on this journey one travels for hours through the various golf-links that seem literally to pepper the surface of County Antrim.

An electric tramway conducts passengers from Portrush to the Giant's Causeway on the coast. A short stop was made at Coleraine on the Bann River—a town

Although fully three miles of the North Coast is designated as the Giant's Causeway, the causeway proper consists of a tongue of basaltic rock three hundred and fifty feet across, jutting into the sea, which undoubtedly in prehistoric times was connected with the opposite mainland in Scotland. At Staffa the same geological structure is to be found; and as it is always visible from the Causeway, one can easily believe the decision of scientists that the



Dunluce Castle, County Antrim

noted for its fine whisky as well as its comely maidens. You remember doubtless the old song, "Kitty of Coleraine":—

"Her blue eyes appear
Like the starlight that's glowing
In the sedgy-edged Bann
When no stormy wind's blowing."

A special brand of the Coleraine whisky has been furnished the Houses of Parliament for over forty years. A local bard warbles:—

"Cleopatra once gave a great banquet,
And sint for her wines off to Spain,
But knowing Marc Antony's wakeness
She got in a cask of Coleraine."

"Thin, hurrah! for the trim little borough,
And the Bann as it runs through the plain
Its waters, they banish all sorrow
Whin mixed with a drap of Coleraine."

countries were once united. The Causeway is a bit of the North Coast, composed of 3,700 columns of basalt which form irregular polygons with from three to nine sides.

The Keystone is the only octagon. The surface of the Causeway is irregular, owing to the varying height of the columns. Each pillar is a separate crystallization, and can be separated. With headlands to the right and headlands to the left, with the black mouths of caverns and the lashing of the sea against the rocks, it is small wonder that the seamen and fisher-folks, by nature superstitious, should believe the legends of the giants, the greyman, and the banshee. Even a cool-headed Chicagoan imagined that she felt the frosty breath of the giant as he filled the pipes of his great organ, or cut with a mighty

chisel new pentagons or hexagons, or a fan for his wife.

Away back in the past, so runs the legend, Fin, the Irish giant, invited the Scotch giant to a fight, and that he might not "wet the sole of his foot," built a bridge across the sea. The invitation was accepted, and Fin set to work to prepare an amphitheater (which is plainly visible) for the entertainment. However, when the day arrived the Scotch giant started across the bridge. When Fin perceived him, he was so overcome by his height that he confided to his wife that he was sure of being whipped, and asked her advice. She told him to get into the cradle, which he did. When the Scotch giant rapped upon the door the wife opened it and bade him enter, saying that her husband would be in presently. The giant amused himself while waiting by inspecting the contents of the cabin, and perceiving a supposed child in the cradle put his finger in its mouth to see if its teeth had come, whereupon the infant, who was no other than the Irish giant, bit it off. So the Scotchman went back to Staffa saying that if the children were so strong he had no mind to try the men. Fin slaked his thirst at The Well, a spring of fresh water close to the ocean's edge, forming one of nature's surprises.

Above the little Bay of Portna-Spania rise the "chimney-tops," which were so natural that they were mistaken for those of a castle and were fired upon by a number of the Spanish Armada. The ships were wrecked, and we are told that an organ which was washed ashore is now in the Museum at Dublin College.

Of the numerous caves that pierce the cliffs, Port Coon is the finest, with a cathedral-like interior. Here can be found needle-spar, feldspar, ocher, red bole, jasper, and onyx. Some of the stones which line the entrance peel at certain seasons of the year like an onion, and are so named.

We met a garrulous old peasant woman near by whose speech was the queerest imaginable mixture of Scotch and Irish. While she was chatting with my daughter I took notes unobserved, and will attempt to reproduce some of her harangue.

"Oi have jist been t' the coast t' see me

hoosband's shister off for Scotland, Oi have. She had trooble in her oi; the wather kep' a-droppin' and wudna stoph. Instid o' going t' Glasgo' t' the oi dochter, sure she wint and let the common dochter lance the inflammation, she did, an' it got worsen. So Oi am after sinding her to Col'rane to be threatened be me dochter, that has been curing t'ousands of ois, he has. Sure he tould her to clap a bit of a bag wid a koind of flour in it to her oi, and glory be! he gave her great comfort, he did. D' ye know, Miss, of a mon named Murphy in a town called Phillydelfy? T' be sure, ye don't. I never could find a person who knew that mon. He was me coosin. A safe journey t' ye."

Carrick-a-rede is one of the sights a short distance from the Causeway. The word "Carrick-a-rede" means a rock in the road, and refers to a crag of basalt which rises in the path or road which interrupts the passage of the salmon to the open sea. A flying rope bridge is thrown by the fishers from the crag to the mainland across a chasm eighty-four feet in depth and sixty feet across. Although this swinging footpath is very dangerous footing for the tourist, the fishermen and boys cross it fearlessly, carrying great baskets on their backs.

We leave Ireland here on the Antrim coast, having traveled from the extreme south to the north, and for a farewell glance we cannot present a more interesting picture than the glorious ruins of the feudal castle of Dunluce. The date of erection of this fortress is not known. The towers are Norman in style, but the less important buildings are of the sixteenth century or later. The outer walls inclosed not only the castle but the little town as well, which was once the stronghold of the Clan M'Quillan. This family were ousted from their lands by the MacDonnells, who in later years became the Earls of Antrim and Viscounts Dunluce. In the seventeenth century, during a Christmas entertainment, a portion of the castle gave away and was precipitated into the sea through a cavern which was formed beneath the rock on which the castle was built. This so terrified the inmates that they abandoned the castle, and it gradually fell into decay. In a room of

one tower the banshee sweeps nightly with her ghostly broom, and wails mournfully before the death of one of the descendants of the MacDonnells.

From the ruins one's eyes rove from the long stretch of rocks called "the Skerries," across the sea to Bonny Scotland. At one's feet the waves lash the still grayer walls of Dunluce. What tales they could tell, these voiceless stones!—tales of fierce warfare, of riotous gaiety, of love, and of hate, and, alas! through some of its chieftains, of piracy.

"Lords of the Skerries cruel rocks,
Masters of sea and shore;

Marauders with their clinking mail
Ride from thy gates—no more.
To-day, from all thy ruined walls,
The flowers wave flags of truce.
For Time has proved thy Conqueror,
And tamed thy strength, Dunluce."

So let us hope that the flowers of Loyalty and Industry shall bloom with renewed vigor on this Emerald Isle of the Sea; that its great men shall not henceforth give their talent and strength to alien lands; that they shall not give their hearts to other than Irish hearts, which, no matter what the impulsive and sometimes improvident mind directs, always beat with divine affection for their own.

EL CIGARRITO

AT the golden dusk
My Manuelita
In her hammock swings;
From the silken husk,
Rolls cigarritos,
Rolls and pats and sings.

Chorus.

Life is but a cigarrito,
A pinch of tobacco—a pouf of breath,
As it grows shorter, we find it sweeter.
"But Love is the Life that outlives Death,"
"Yes, Love is the Life that outlives Death!"

In the smoky blue,
Star cigarritos
Shine with beckonings,
Love lives, if Love's true,
And Life's the sweeter
When true Love sings.

Chorus.

Life is but a cigarrito,
A pinch of tobacco—a pouf of breath,
As it grows shorter, we find it sweeter.
"But Love is the Life that outlives Death."
"Yes, Love is the Life that outlives Death!"

Isaac Jenkinson-Frazee.

IN GUATEMALA—II

By N. H. CASTLE

AMONG the novel sights in Quezaltenango were the religious processions—one very like another but all interesting. One in particular was held on the occasion of the removal of the sacred emblems from the old church previously referred to. Women carried handsome silk and velvet banners inscribed with the names of venerated saints, and canopies covered the numerous handsome effigies. All the participants carried lighted candles, and the crowd of Indians knelt as the more sacred images passed them while the other spectators stood with bowed heads. The solemnity was somewhat marred by the brass-band that followed immediately after the image of Christ and wound up the procession.

In connection with this particular cele-

bration a rather interesting thing occurred. It seems that for many years the authorities had considered the church unsafe, but had always given way to the petitions of the Indians, who especially venerated this particular place of worship. At last, the structure becoming so dangerous that further delay was impossible, a native official was instructed to summon or invite his countrymen (the Indians) to participate in the ceremonial of removing the contents. This officer so far fulfilled his commission as to announce by beat of drums that the church was to be torn down by the Government in order that the officials might lay their sacrilegious hands on the fabulous treasure said to be hidden within its walls. The ignorant, superstitious, and suspicious people who had



Ruins, Guirigua

sullenly acquiesced in the contemplated demolition, now angered at what they believed to be the duplicity of the authorities, assembled in numbers, and a serious revolt was expected. The soldiery was called out, companies placed at intervals along the line of march, and all preparations made for an outbreak; but as no demonstration was made, better counsel must have prevailed. It is satisfactory to know that the untrustworthy messenger was safely and speedily lodged in jail, where, for aught I know, he still languishes.

Another religious procession was that

mention should be made of the popular and national instrument, the marimba. This antedates the conquest, and its origin is lost in antiquity. It resembles our xylophone in the shape of the key-board, which is composed of strips of wood regularly arranged in the form of a truncated triangle, the larger piece forming the base, the shorter the treble clef. These receive their tone from hollow wooden tubing below resembling the pipes of a small organ. The instrument is generally about six feet in length, and is manipulated by two, three, or even four, players, who tap the keys with little leather-covered ham-



Ox Teams

celebrating the festal day of the Conception. This occurred at night; the Indian women wearing a white hood with a round opening for the face, the *ladinas* their black shawls, all carrying lighted candles, lining both sides of the streets, while the figure of the Virgin Mary, life-size, was carried also by women between the adorning lines. But here, too, a band of ill-assorted instruments, playing what seemed to be, as far as the discords permitted recognition, popular airs rather than sacred music, decidedly detracted from the effect.

While upon this subject of music,

mers; the players occupying the middle register use two of these hammers in each hand, so arranged as to strike consonant notes at the same time. The dexterity displayed by skillful performers is very interesting to the eye, and, when the instrument is a good one, the result is extremely musical and pleasing. In processions the performers follow the marimba, playing as they walk, the instrument itself being supported by bearers, one at each end. On public feasts or holidays, the Government hires instruments and players, and each marimba is the center of a captivated native audience. They are

an essential element of almost every christening, baptism, wedding, or merry-making.

Speaking of weddings calls to mind an amusing scene that I witnessed shortly after my arrival. The high contracting parties were of the *élite*. The bridal cortège, at eleven in the morning, after the church ceremony, marched solemnly up the street, the bride in white satin slippers, veil, and elaborate toilette, especially dedicated to such occasions, the groom in evening dress, and the friends in a variety of costumes from evening dress to business negligé. The procession continued its way on foot through the streets followed by their empty carriages. Wedding festivities last several days and are frequently uproarious.

An Indian wedding is a curious affair. The happy couple hold open house. Feasting, dancing, but mainly drinking are the order of the day, and few of the participants recover for many days from the debauch. An Indian funeral is another excuse for a drunken revel. The mourners are preceded by a piper and a violinist, and followed by those carrying the corpse, which is swathed in clothes. Next follows a train of weeping, yelling female mourners, in various stages of inebriety. On these occasions mourners are hired for their strength of voice, wailing powers, and ability to consume liquor.

It is an interesting sight to see the Indians carrying their burdens from pueblo to pueblo; a flat board with a base projecting outward contains the load, which is built up from this base to almost the height of the carrier, secured on the sides with reeds, and bound around with leather straps. This being carefully adjusted to the back, it is supported by a strap, through which the man thrusts his head, bearing almost

the entire weight on his forehead, against which the strap presses. A modern writer ventures the theory that the pressure of the forehead band for generations has had a noticeable effect on the cerebral functions of the race.

I have mentioned my first impression of the roads, but upon better acquaintance I found many quite excellent, at least in the dry season. The surroundings of Quezaltenango afford much of interest, and numerous places are accessible in a day's ride. There is Zunil, seven miles away, near which is located the electric works, moved by the power of the River Samalar and supplying the city's light and power. I chanced to be there on a feast day, and, with closed eyes, could have



Santa Maria Mule Train

believed myself in the midst of a Fourth of July celebration, so great was the din of bombs and firecrackers. There was, too, a striking similarity in the effect of the set pieces, which fizzled out in a thoroughly

reminiscent manner. The firecrackers, rockets, etc., are of native manufacture, and are remarkable for their noise. Every saint's day (which occurs about six days of each seven) is celebrated by a similar demonstration.

At this *fiesta* at Zunil, I witnessed some

but presumably bearing some subtle distinguishing marks). So far as I could gather, the dance represented the Spanish forces moving in a solemn circle with drawn swords, occasionally carving the air with their blades. To them descend the royal family, who walk around in an inner



Antigua Ruins

native dances, one in particular commemorative of the Spanish conquest—strange perpetuation of a national calamity! On two stages raised ten feet or more above the ground were Indians gorgeously clad in regimentals of the last century,—cocked hats, clanking sabers, and much tawdry gold lace. Though all the participants were male, and all the costumes were masculine, one stage represented the female, the other the male members of the reigning family. Grotesque masks lent a peculiar hideousness to the costumes. On *terra firma* were grouped the *conquistadores* (not to be distinguished by the stranger,

circle, ultimately mingling indiscriminately with their foes, and enjoying together the *aguardiente* supplied by the admiring spectators.

The "bull dance," another terpsichorean effort was indulged in by four performers, whose costume, bearing the rude resemblance to the animal whence the dance derives its name, consisted of a bull's hide and tail on the back, a bull's skin in front, and a pair of decorated horns adorning the forehead. Occupying respectively four corners of the square, the performers waltz or polka (I could not quite describe the step) forward and back,

which performance was repeated *ad infinitum*, with no reference to time or concerted movement. This continues until the dancers are overcome by the liquor with which they are bountifully supplied by the audience.

At Cantel, a distance of six or seven miles along a very pretty road, is situated a large cotton-mill fitted up with modern English appliances, and supervised by English machinists and cotton experts, employing the native men and women, and turning out a very fair grade of cotton cloth.

San Cristobal, Totonicapan, San Francisco del Alto, San Martin, and a host of other pueblos having saintly designations or unpronounceable native names, differ

historical interest. After the famous battle of Olentipeque, town after town fell almost unresistingly into the hands of the victorious Don Pedro de Alvarado, hero of the *Noche Triste* of Mexican legend, and his handful of Spanish soldiers and Mexican allies. In their triumphant progress they reached the pueblo known in the Quiche tongue as Tzakahá (now corrupted to Salcajá), a flourishing town situated in a region abounding in a bird of brilliant plumage called the "quetzal" (since honored by adoption as the national bird of freedom and appearing upon the national coat of arms), now practically extinct. To this town, from the circumstance above named, the Mexicans gave the name of Quetzal-tenango (the place of the quet-



Ruins of Antigua

from one another only in elevation, native costume, and name, and are all accessible by fair roads abounding in picturesque scenery.

The pueblo of Salcajá, some twelve miles from Quezaltenango offers a peculiar

zal). About four years thereafter (1528), the conquerors removed to what appeared a more satisfactory abiding-place, a distance of about four leagues, carrying with them to their new location the name with which they had endowed the abandoned

site, which resumed its ancient appellation or its corruption.

By the Indians Quezaltenango is still called Xelahu, which was actually the title of another pueblo whose inhabitants removed to the newer and more thriving place. Quezaltenango has the honor of being the first Spanish settlement in point of time, and was for a long period the largest in point of population, containing at a

cance. In one room are the utensils of artisans, in another are articles of Indian wearing-apparel; here is the "silver" room, there again the safes containing jewelry and precious stones. And practically everything is for sale. A month's delinquency, and the article is at the mercy of the public. To all appearances, the entire community must be in pawn. With difficulty could I limit my purchases



Cathedral, Guatemala

period shortly subsequent to the conquest one thousand Spaniards, six thousand of the mixed race, and fifty thousand Indians.

An institution peculiar to Quezaltenango, or at least seen there to especial advantage, is the pawn-shop. It is not the little aggregation of articles to which we are accustomed, but a large stock of everything conceivable, segregated and housed in large buildings. Here you will find a room devoted to firearms, another to military accouterments, another to the effigies of saints and articles of religious signifi-

to the size of my purse and tear myself away from this museum of all that was interesting in the national life.

And the *zopilotes*, the carrion crows, the unpaid scavengers of the streets,—how can I fail to refer to these? Black as ink, of size and shape of a small turkey, they live on the filth and putrified matter, and throng the entire city. There are more *zopilotes* than inhabitants. Accustomed to the vicinity of man, of whom they have not the slightest fear, they patrol the roofs of the houses and swoop down singly or in flocks on any appetizing morsel that may

appear in the streets or courtyards. It is by no means an attractive spectacle that these bald-headed, bald-necked birds afford with their seemingly slothful motions and their irritating boldness, but in view of the wretched sewerage, the national filth and carelessness, they are sufficiently useful. It is well said by a writer, "Woe to Guatemala, were she not, high and low, under the patronage of the *zopilote!*"

of a stage-coach offers still greater opportunities. But for a comprehensive view of things and people, commend me to the hurricane-deck of a good mule. In such wise I made the forty-odd leagues from Quezaltenango to the capital, enjoying the intelligent companionship of a fellow traveler better versed in the ways and means of Central American travel than myself.



Theater, Guatemala

And then the packs of yelping, quarreling dogs that infest the streets in every phase of manginess and deformity! They howl and yelp and fight, get under foot, under horses' heels, snap and bark at passing vehicles, infest every open place, even thrust themselves into the hotel dining-rooms, and supplement in the streets the work of the *zopilotes* until they themselves become a prey to their winged coadjutors.

From a car-window a fair idea of the country traversed may be gained. The top

I will digress to say that having once overtaken my pack-mule and its driver (which cortège started some hours ahead of me), I never saw them again till some twenty-four hours after I reached my destination.

Leaving Quezaltenango for the first stage of our Anabasis, we traversed the fruitful valley that has been under cultivation for at least a period of three hundred and seventy years, and possibly for centuries before that time, and which still yields an abundant harvest of corn. The methods

of cultivation are of the rudest. The only means adopted for fertilizing are movable sheep-pens, which give the ground in many places the appearance of a huge chess-board. Even in the hills the thrift of the Indian holders of small patches produces a fair harvest from the most unpromising soil.

They are a curious race, these Indians. Their origin is purely speculative and is surrounded by myth and fable. Some state that they are the descendants of Chinese who were driven south in their junks; and it is a curious fact that the Chinese make themselves understood, and in turn understand the natives almost from the first.

There are few monuments and ruins from which any archaeological deductions can be made, and these are situated on or near the Atlantic Coast. The Indian population comprised in 1893 (and the figures have remained practically the same) nearly a million of the entire population of about 1,300,000 of the republic, the balance being made up of *ladinos* (the mixed race) and foreigners. The number of creoles, or direct descendants from the pure Spanish stock, is infinitesimal, and was greatly reduced by the policy of President Rufino Barrios, who was very inimical to this class. The Indians, who form the bone and sinew of the country and who are practically the only agricultural laborers, are an inferior and servile race. Divided into numerous tribes and comprising over thirty idioms (Quiche, Cakchiquel, Pokoman, Pipil, Choste, Alaguilac, Nahault, Man, Zutohil, Xuixa, Huhulca, Pakomchi, etc.), they have no tribal organization, no chief or headman. While native writers paint in glowing colors the ancient splendors of the race, research does not bear out the assertions.

Alvarado with three hundred infantry, one hundred and twenty cavalry, and three hundred Mexican allies, leaving the City of Mexico on December 6, 1523, in a few months practically conquered the entire country. The few subsequent abortive uprisings were easily quelled and the native population relapsed into a condition of drudgery and degradation hardly paralleled in the history of even Spanish colonization.

Quoting and translating from a recent writer, "One meets poor remnants of modest constructions, in no way to be compared with the ruins of the Incas or the Aztecs, or even with those their progenitors, the Toltecs, erected in Mexico prior to their expulsion by the Aztecs."

Many tribes hold rich lands in common, and there are many individual Indians who have acquired considerable property and money. Except for living in a larger hut, some additional changes of raiment for the women, and a few inconsiderable differences, they are noticeable in no way from the common herd. Occasionally an Indian rises to wealth and importance; but in such cases he separates himself entirely from the race and unites himself or his family to the mixed race, of which he thereafter becomes a part.

The besetting sin of the Indian is drunkenness. In this condition he is prone to every excess, though otherwise, as a rule, he is quiet and inoffensive. It is rare to see a woman of fifteen unmarried, and the reproductiveness of the race is enormous.

As to the *ladino* (a term used to soften the ever-opprobrious name *mestizo*), he was originally the result of clandestine intercourse between the original Spaniard and the aborigine, and is of very low caste. Among them there is no aristocracy, no pride of birth. Comparative affluence raises them above their fellows, and thence again by increased wealth to the so-called higher circles. They are the governing class, and the less said of their social characteristics the better.

Having unduly digressed, I now resume the relation of my overland journey.

Passing through the valley adjacent to Quezaltenango, a sharp rise carried us a thousand feet up. Hence we skirted the mountains, obtaining views of valleys and mountains, dotted with towns, of which the most prominent object was always church, invariably white, and reflecting the sun's rays from its Moorish dome.

The native population is, if not exactly religious, intensely bigoted, superstitious, and outwardly observant of the requirements of the predominant faith. Indian priests in very unclerical garb conduct the

services. The churches are adorned with costly images, and are in the main of considerable antiquity. The dominant race is politically divided into the church and anti-church parties, as seems to be the case in most of the Spanish-American countries; and while the anti-churchites have now the upper hand, the other is biding its time under the control of some of the ablest minds of the republic.

Our first stopping-place was a native pueblo, which afforded no tavern or hotel, and where we contracted for our lunch of coffee, eggs, beans, and tortillas with a native vender, and sat on the ground in the public plaza to watch the culinary operations and partake of our not too appetizing meal. Thence up, up, up,—often driving our animals ahead or dragging them after us where the road was too precipitous for riding, through lands devoted to sheep-grazing, the culture of onions, potatoes and tomatoes, which thrive in this high altitude, slaking our thirst from ice-cold springs that gushed from the walls of rock, and enjoying scenic effects that surpassed anything previously known to my experience.

It seemed that the original engineer of that particular road had been imbued with one single desire, to-wit,—the attainment of the absolute summit of every peak. There was no skirting of ravines, no taking advantage of natural courses; it was straight up and down or zigzagging by short and precipitous grades. It was a safe bet that given the summit of a mountain in the direction of our journey, we would reach that point. These mountains are mainly separated by valleys or ravines, and rise in solitary magnificence to a point, not, as in the Sierra or Rockies, mass piled on mass in undefined contour.

And so our journey continued, until well on towards evening we caught our first view of Lake Amatitlan, and anchored for the night in the large pueblo of Sololá, where a fair meal and a cot awaited us and whence at five the following morning we proceeded in a southwesterly direction on our refreshed animals.

Our first experience was a sheer descent of three miles by a road in which I counted seventy-two sharp turns, and down which

almost to the borders of the lake we drove our animals ahead of us. Thence up a long steep incline, and Amatitlan lay exposed at our feet, a magnificent sheet of water surrounded by lofty cones, here and there a village dotting its shores, or peeping out from some promontory. In the exuberance of our spirits, fed by the fresh morning mountain air, we emptied our pistols at some ducks, mere specks on the surface of the water far below us, and yelled as if we were the first discoverers of the lake instead of being travelers after three hundred and seventy-five years on a road which was the original highway between the City of Mexico and the later Spanish conquests to the South.

Our road carried us till midday within sight of the lake, and at our lunch halt a characteristic of the people was brought prominently before us. It was a wayside inn and we were decidedly hungry. Seating ourselves on a bench, after attending the needs of our animals (which was always our first consideration), we were delighted to see carried into what was evidently the dining-room platters of meat, tamales, tortillas, sweets, all the dainties known to a native feast. We smacked our lips in joyful anticipation.

"Bring us meat," we said to a native maiden as she passed.

"No hay" (there is none), was the answer.

"But we smell it,—we see it; there it goes in very substance; it is no airy dream."

"No hay."

And so with dogged persistence it was "No hay" to everything. We discovered that some family reunion or feast was in progress. No money could buy what they would not give. I suggested an assault at arms and pointed out a plan of campaign. One of us was to cover the company with his gun while the other went in and satisfied his hunger, then to alternate, and, this accomplished, to back away together, mount our steeds, and fly. This alluring programme was vetoed, and we were forced to content ourselves with some stale native cheese, dry bread, and villainous coffee. We departed from that inhospitable hostelry sad and unsatisfied men.

Pushing our way through the euphoni-ously named pueblos of Panajachél, Patzun, Patzizia, and Zaragoza, over a less precipitous road, after a day's journey of fifty miles, we reached the large town of Chimaltenango about eight o'clock, tired and hungry and stiff, and were glad of the poor meal and hard bed that the hotel offered us.

The balance of our journey was over a mainly level country through many villages of which the only points of interest were the ox-trains and the public washing-places. Every pueblo, however small, is possessed of one or more of these washing *pilas*, circular in shape, fed from a fountain in the center and divided by segments of a circle into numerous individual compartments. For my part, after watching the operation for a short time, I had recourse to a celestial who was eking out a slender living by the exercise of his profession, claiming San Francisco as his erstwhile domicile.

A thing that must strike the observing traveler is the facility offered man and beast both in the towns and on the highways for obtaining water. Stone circular basins fed by a constant stream are met with at not widely separated points, and while the small villages may possess only one, the larger places have many of these public watering-places maintained by the municipality.

I was never tired of watching the ease with which the drivers guided, turned, stopped, and started their awkward teams of oxen, drawing their loads entirely from the yokes attached to the horns. A long slim stick and a shrill, sibilant sound seemed all that was necessary,—no goad or whip. With heads bowed, the mild-eyed beasts of burden seemed to obey implicitly. But when, once in a while, a recalcitrant animal displayed a perverseness proportionate to its bulk, it was a revelation to listen to the blood-curdling blasphemy that poured forth in an unremitting stream from the driver's lips. Never in my life have I imagined or understood what cursing was until I heard it from a native ox-driver.

And then the mule and donkey trains running through the streets obedient to that same sifle,—it seemed almost impos-

sible that they could be so easily guided and none should go astray, but so it was.

At last Guatemala is sighted, far in the distance, a glistening cluster of white on the plain backed by a landscape of surpassing beauty, giving the promise of a civilization previously inexperienced in this land. We approach over a broad avenue adorned with statues that would do credit to a European capital, passing the *artilleria*, or barracks, still unfinished, but an artistic monument to the reckless extravagance of Barrios, who indeed adorned the city and its approaches, but did so at the cost of the financial credit of the nation, which he left plunged in an almost hopeless bankruptcy. We see the Exposition buildings, the ruins of which remain a monument to the ambition of the same President; and finally we find ourselves at the main hostelry of the city as begrimed a couple of wayfarers as it is possible to imagine, for the last few hours of our journey were compassed in a storm of dust that penetrated every pore, and mingling with the perspiration (the day being warm) formed a mask of sufficient thickness to render recognition nearly impossible, a fact for which I can vouch, as, seeing a friend on the sidewalk, I hailed him from my saddle and was afterwards informed that he "wondered who was the disreputable-looking guy" that ventured to address him.

The city of Guatemala is credited with 50,000 people, but numbers probably less, and is the only city in the republic where the aborigine is in the numerical inferiority, for here the *ladinos* and foreigners largely outnumber the Indians. It is the largest city north of South America and south of the City of Mexico and from that fact, and from the character of many of its buildings, monuments, churches, parks, and avenues, has some title to its designation as the "Paris of Central America."

The first thing that strikes the observer is its military appearance—soldiers lounging at their barracks, drilling or marching in the streets, guarding government buildings, or lining the entrances of the government offices and presidential residence. All betoken what in fact exists, a government of force, ever on the *qui vive* for the necessity of employing the same.

One can hardly help remarking the disproportionately large number of officers of all grades and their consequential appearance. It is said that the only government servants who receive their pay are the officers, the nation's debt to its civilian officials being of long standing and enormous in amount. To this delinquency may be largely attributed the prevailing dishonesty of the employees in the government service; they cannot get their salaries, cannot discount the vouchers they receive, hence have no recourse but that of misappropriation. Judges, collectors of internal revenue, customs officials,—all with impunity adopt this means of evening themselves up with their employer.

Historically, the city of Guatemala, or, more properly speaking, Santiago de Guatemala, or still again Guatemala la Nueva, is of comparatively recent date, the capital of the province being removed there from Old Guatemala (Antigua) about the middle of the last century, subsequent to the destruction of that city by earthquake. The original capital, destroyed by an eruption of hot water seventeen years after its foundation, was Ciudad Vieja, or Almalonga. The ruins of Antigua are said to be stupendous, and from photographs I have seen I can well believe it.

Besides the cathedral (a very handsome edifice, built, it is said, of blocks of stone hauled from Antigua, where they had served in the cathedral of that place demolished by the great earthquake) churches abound, and many hold priceless art treasures, dating from those times when the Church controlled all that was valuable in the country.

Among the buildings worthy of mention are the palace, the theater and the market. The plazas are broad, attractive, and well kept, and a very excellent military band of eighty pieces attracts all classes to its open-air concerts several times a week. It is a musical people on the whole, and attracts a very fair opera to its really handsome theater.

I was fortunate enough to be a spectator of the pre-Lenten festivities, and saw at the theater a wild scene that almost beggared description. It is arranged in tiers of boxes, the pit being entirely occu-

pied by men. All had armed themselves with bags of finely chopped paper of various hues, and with a missile of paper called a *serpent*, which unwinds itself when thrown into a long streamer of variegated colors. In a few minutes the stage, the boxes, the chandeliers were adorned with these streamers. The boxes were literally bombarded, the performers driven from the stage, friend and stranger alike were inundated with showers of paper, and all in the best of humor, the only discord being occasioned by one particularly boisterous individual, who threw a chair on the stage and was promptly ejected by the police.

A very similar scene was enacted at the band concert in the plaza the following evening, and it was amusing to watch the game of give and take performed with such absolute disregard of consequences. To empty a handful of paper over a lady's hat, to receive one or to have it rubbed into one's own hair, to wind a string of paper around an officer's legs, or to have one entangle one's own, were experiences at once novel and amusing. I was told that in previous years less innocent pranks were indulged in, which ruined dresses, clothes, and tempers to such an extent that a law was passed prohibiting certain forms of attack.

It is a picturesque city and a picturesque population. The mantilla is not as much in evidence as one would expect, but the male Guatemalteco wears the ample cape in the approved Spanish fashion, showing at times only the tip of the nose and the lighted point of the cigarette, the mantle being gathered to one side, as if it took that particular pleat by chance, but with certain folds and undulations which give it a grace and dignity all its own.

Another picturesque figure to be seen on the streets is the Mexican with his tall peaked *sombrero* of felt elaborately braided, his short jacket, tight pantaloons, and spurred heels.

A visit to Guatemala would be imperfect without viewing the cemetery which contains many magnificent tombs, the most elaborate being that of Rufino Barrios, consisting of an heroic statue and a vault, the latter being open to the inspection of the public on certain days.

The city is said to be honeycombed with underground passages, but I believe the statement is exaggerated. Certainly underground passages exist, leading from and to sites of old religious houses, now demolished and their places built up with stores and residences.

The elder Barrios (Rufino) espoused the cause of the anti-clerical party and sequestered much of the church property. It is said that in order to perfect the government title to the same, he requested of the Pope a release of all the rights of the Church thereto, a request that was denied; and in consequence not only are titles to this property in a very uncertain condition, but it is said that stores located thereon suffer in patronage, as the most bitter partisans of the Church refuse to trade with the unhallowed usurpers of sacred grounds.

Time forbade a visit to Antigua, and having obtained the necessary permission to leave the country, I took train for San José de Guatemala (the port of entry to the capital), and rode through the rich coffee and sugar lands on the picturesque shores of Lake Atitlan, catching a hasty view of the volcanoes of Fuego and Agua that wrought such havoc in the early days of the province, passing through Escuintla (the junction of two railroads) and, after a seven hours' trip, I reached the port, homeward bound. My business in the country had brought me more or less in conflict with the government, and I believe I had the honor of being a *persona non grata* to the powers; so it was with something akin to doubt that I presented my credentials to the *comandante* of the port and requested my permission to embark. I was informed that my name would be telegraphed back to the capital, and that in a few hours I might call again and receive my answer. It is said that time and tide wait for no man, but an exception must be made in favor of the officials of the Government of the republic of Guatemala, on whose pleasure the Pacific Mail waits with more or less good grace, independent of time or tide.

Hours passed, and still no word from headquarters. Impatience was succeeded by annoyance, annoyance by rage, rage by resignation to the inevitable, and finally

even the almost limitless patience of the factor of the steamship company giving out, a firm demand was made that I be permitted to leave and a reluctant permission was given, subject to the condition that if a message was received prior to the ship's sailing forbidding my departure, I should be subject to the orders of the *comandante*.

But evidently no such order was received; for I was not further interfered with.

Such a proceeding is a fair example of the practically limitless powers of the President, who is superior to all law. I do not mean to say that his powers are not defined by the constitution; but so far as he is concerned the constitutional limitations are a dead letter. Quoting from a recent writer on Guatemala, "The President of the republic is omnipotent as to all measures, for all render obedience to his irresistible authority." And again, "The President does anything he wishes, and that is the unalloyed truth." (Cavaino's "Guatemala.") It is a common thing for him to summon an official, or even a private individual, from some locality, no matter how remote, to the capital, and if he is recalcitrant to have him forcibly brought by the subservient soldiery, and the outrage has gone to the extent of halting him from a distant part of the republic on foot. Once in the capital, he is at the mercy of the executive, and may be delayed or retained indefinitely, his business or profession suffering without the least hope of reimbursement or redress. I have personally known of physicians and lawyers so summoned kept waiting indefinitely the pleasure of their master, who seemed to take an unholy glee in the inconvenience he occasioned and the misery he inflicted. And when it came to the discipline to be inflicted, his authority was again supreme. It is no uncommon thing to order an individual to some petty town, in practical exile, far from his business and friends and family, under the pretense of appointing him to some official position, and all to gratify some personal spite, remove some political opponent, or punish some act not approved by his omnipotence. So much for freedom in Guatemala.

And now, before closing, a few words on

the national finances and the reasons for the present financial conditions. Guatemala is inherently a remarkably rich country capable of producing for its home consumption and for export sufficient to establish it among the opulent governments of the world. Its foreign debt is comparatively small—about \$70,000,000 I believe,—but the interest thereon is always far behind. The dishonesty of the officials, collectors of internal revenue, customs officers and others insures the result that only a very small proportion of the receipts reach their proper destination. Imbued with the ever false but ever popular idea that by stamping a bit of paper with a dollar-mark money can be created which will have the value assigned to it, the government has issued from time to time so-called paper money backed by absolutely nothing, which, in the ordinary course of events and following the undeniable law of supply and demand, has retrograded in value till recently a dollar of our money would buy ten Guatemalan paper *pesos*. Silver, the staple coin of the country, is hoarded and its place usurped by private issues of metal tokens which pass for their face-value according to the known condition of solvency of the company, firm, or individual issuing them. This system has the advantage of allowing every one to be his own mint, but the disadvantages are obvious. The banks are nearly all seriously involved, with large issues of bills and small reserves and subject to frequent demands from the government for loans which they dare not refuse and which are never repaid. The banking features are too complicated to more than briefly refer to in this article.

Then again, the labor question is one that materially concerns the country's prosperity. The present system of Mozo labor is directly derived from Spanish customs, notoriously inefficient for modern requirements. The *finquero*, or planter, makes advances to the Indian laborers, and secures a hold upon them, increasing as their debt to him increases, and he is permitted by the law to follow, arrest and bring back any indebted laborer seeking by flight his freedom from this practical serfdom. Once in debt, the Indian can

never escape, and the landlord is esteemed the most fortunate who is the heaviest creditor of his own plantation. Comment is unnecessary to point out the viciousness of such a system.

Coffee, the staple product of the country, has depreciated enormously from various causes, among which may be cited the tremendous increase in the Brazilian yield, the increased consumption of cheaper grades, in the production of which Guatemala cannot compete, owing to numerous causes; hence the planter who regarded his income a few years ago as absolutely assured for all time, proceeded to discount it by lavish and extravagant expenditures, and in the majority of cases (I speak advisedly) mortgaged his plantation to procure the means of immediate enjoyment which almost invariably included a large gambling fund. This necessitated a heavy rate of interest, and then, the inflated valuation of the land coming down, crops bringing smaller prices, and interest accumulating, came foreclosure and ruin. The Germans loaned the largest amounts, and hence have become the heaviest holders of landed estates, their interests it is estimated now exceeding \$50,000,000 on securities that would not bring a quarter of that sum and on which the revenue derived has shrunk in even greater proportion.

Back of all these causes is the insecurity of the government, which is at any moment liable to be overthrown. But, first and foremost, the primary cause of all the misfortunes that have overtaken this unhappy land is its people. Unstable, devoid of business integrity, treacherous, turbulent, uniting the worst traits of the low-class Spaniard and the Indian race from which they trace their descent, they are unfitted for the great responsibility of self-government to which they have fallen heir. The remark is attributed to the third Napoleon (with how much truth I cannot state), when speaking of this country, which he had never seen: "It is a paradise. There is nothing it cannot produce." Then, after a pause, "What a pity it is inhabited!" And so with these but too true words I leave the country of "*Manana*" and "*No hay*."

THE IMPOSSIBILITY OF WAR

By JACK LONDON

"THE Future of War," by M. Bloch, the great Polish economist, throws some edifying light upon the events now transpiring in the Transvaal. The ease with which the Boers have held back the British has called forth universal surprise and comment, and further emphasized the practical impossibility of frontal attacks on intrenched troops and the seeming impossibility of successful enveloping or flanking. In the stubbornly contested advance of General Buller to the relief of Ladysmith may be noted much evidence in favor of M. Bloch's affirmation that war is no longer possible,—not between the first-class soldiers of first-class powers. In Europe, as he points out, it is conceded to be impossible for the minor states to go to war, except by leave and license of the great powers. They in turn are almost equally matched as to possession of the machinery of war, and in the event of hostilities can mobilize their great armies upon their own frontiers before invasion by the enemy.

In such a case, the Polish writer holds, a deadlock will occur, and the side that advances, advances to extermination. With forces approximately equal, all military writers are agreed that frontal attack is suicidal, and, for the same reason, flank attack unwise and impossible.

French statisticians inform us that an attacking body, in order that it shall not be inferior to the defenders when it has got within thirty-five and a half yards (the distance at which it will be able to rush upon the enemy), for each hundred men of the defenders must have six hundred and thirty-seven men; while if it wishes to reach the actual position of the defenders not numerically inferior, it must have eight times as many men.

From the statistics of General Skugarevski we learn that a body of troops double the strength of the defenders, beginning an attack from eight hundred paces, by the time they have advanced three hundred paces will have less than half their strength available against the defense. With equal forces, the defenders

may allow the enemy to approach to within a distance of two hundred and twenty yards, when they will only need to discharge the six cartridges in their magazines in order to annihilate the attacking force.

The celebrated Prussian authority, General Müller, declares that in order to avoid total extermination soldiers will be compelled, in scattered formation, and as much as possible unobserved by the enemy, to creep forward, hiding behind irregularities in the field, and burying themselves in the earth like moles.

It is the technical development of the machinery of warfare that has invested the attack with such fatality. Rapidity of fire, greater range, greater precision, and smokeless powder may be accounted the four factors which have brought about this apparently absurd state of affairs. In the last thirty years the soldier's rapidity of fire has been increased twelve times. With the new self-charging rifle of the Mauser pattern (the six-millimeter gun) a soldier can fire from six to seven times per second. But on account of reloading the magazine, he can fire only seventy-eight unaimed, or sixty aimed, shots per minute. However, this is not so bad. These improved weapons will inevitably demand the rearmament of the armies of Germany, Austria, Italy, France, and Russia, at an estimated cost of not less than \$754,000,000, a sum which will tax the wits of the parliaments to wring from the groaning workers.

Better explosives and the reduction of calibers have given greater range, and by the leveling of the trajectory of the bullet, greater penetration. At half a mile a bullet will go as easily through a file of men as through the body of one. The Indians in our late trouble in Minnesota, used to the traditional method of fighting from shelter, discovered that even the solid diameter of a tree no longer afforded protection and threw down their guns in disgust. Only a fool would fight under such conditions.

The modern rifle has a range of from

two to three miles; for the first mile and a half it is deadly. Because of this, attacks must be made in loose formation, and hence with great armies the line of battle will be extended over an enormous front. No longer is it possible to fight men in masses, nor can battles be opened up at close range; and if an attack be insisted upon, the increase in casualties will be frightful. During the time a body of men are attacking a modern battery across a distance of a mile and a half it is estimated that that single battery would fire fourteen hundred and fifty rounds of shell, scattering 275,000 fragments of death among the soldiers of the assaulting party.

The advantage of smokeless powder has been sufficiently demonstrated in Cuba and the Philippines, but one great disadvantage has been ignored: the battles of the future must be fought without the merciful screen of smoke, which in the past hid the shock of the charges, the wavering and indecision, the ghastly carnage. But in the future, whether it be one man shot down or a division destroyed, it will be open to the eyes of all men. In the old-time battle no private knew how the day went, nor knew, mayhap, that they were snatching victory from the maw of defeat. But in the modern battle, where he may see the play like a chessboard, the effect of even temporary disaster upon the *morale* of the army may well be imagined.

Armies can no longer come into close contact. The bayonet and cavalry charge are obsolete. Cold steel is no longer possible. Since infantry can no longer drive infantry from a fortified position, the artillery has come to be greatly relied upon. Competent military experts hold that the French artillery has increased its deadliness in the last thirty years one hundred and sixteen times. This has been made possible by the use of range-finders, chemical instead of mechanical mixtures of powder, high explosives, increase of range, and rapid fire. But no infantry will be expected to occupy fortified positions without a good backing of artillery. The Boers instance this admirably. Therefore the infantry will remain quiet while an artillery duel takes place, in which the chances are large for the mutual extermination of guns and gunners. With this accomplished the deadlock would still re-

main unbroken. The zone of rifle-fire, eleven hundred yards wide, a literal belt of death, would preclude either infantry from attacking. Should the artillery on one side be silenced, a gradual entrenched retreat would be in order, the eleven-hundred-yard zone of fire in the mean time preventing the delivery of a crushing blow by the victors. This withdrawal from the artillery range would permit a breathing-spell in which the temporarily vanquished could again fortify itself; but the position would be unchanged. The consideration of these facts has brought military experts to the belief that the decisive battle is no longer possible, and that it is highly improbable that the apparently victorious army can ever by force of arms wrest the spoils of war from the vanquished army.

As regards this question of attack, the written opinions of the great military authorities of the militant nations will bear illuminating inspection. No two agree. For every proposition in the line of attack a counter proposition is put forth for the defense. Every plausible method of attack is honeycombed by hopeless contradictions. Simmered down and summed up, they can only agree upon a successful assault taking place when the defense has become helpless, panic-stricken, and disorganized. The French expert, Captain Nigote, has drawn a picture of the kind of attack to be expected in future warfare:—

The distance is 6,600 yards from the enemy. The artillery is in position and the command has been passed along the batteries to "give fire." The enemy's artillery replies. Shells tear up the soil and burst; in a short time the crew of every gun has ascertained the distance of the enemy. Then every projectile discharged bursts in the air over the heads of the enemy, raining down hundreds of fragments and bullets on his position. Men and horses are overwhelmed under this rain of lead and iron. Guns destroy one another, batteries are mutually annihilated, ammunition cases are emptied. In the midst of this fire the battalions will advance.

Now they are but 2,200 yards away. Already the rifle-bullets whistle around and kill, each not only finding a victim, but penetrating files, ricocheting, and striking again. Volley succeeds volley, bullets in great handfuls, constant as hail and swift as lightning, deluge the field of battle.

The artillery, having silenced the enemy, is now free to deal with the enemy's battalions. On his infantry, however loosely it may be formed, the guns direct thick iron rain, and

soon in the positions of the enemy the earth is reddened with blood.

The firing-lines will advance one after the other, battalions will march after battalions; finally, the reserves will follow. Yet with all this movement in the two armies there will be a belt a thousand paces wide, separating them as if neutral territory, swept by the fire of both sides, a belt in which no living being can stand for a moment.

The ammunition will be almost exhausted, millions of cartridges, thousand of shells, will cover the soil. But the fire will continue until the empty ammunition-cases are replaced with full ones.

Melinite bombs will turn farmhouses, villages, and hamlets to dust, destroying everything that might be used as cover, obstacle, or refuge.

The moment will approach when half the combatants will be mowed down. Dead and wounded will lie in parallel rows, separated one from the other by that belt of a thousand paces swept by a cross-fire of shells which no living being can pass.

The battle will continue with ferocity. But still those thousand paces unchangingly separate the foes.

Which will have gained the victory? Neither.

From the consideration of the technical aspect of modern warfare, M. Bloch is led irresistibly to the conclusion that when the nations in their harness go up against each other a condition of deadlock will inevitably result. Neither army may attack; both will play for strategic gains. If one should be smaller than the other, and if it should be on the defensive, it will prevent outflanking by maneuvering on an inner and smaller circle. Clouds of invisible sharpshooters, using smokeless powder, will pick off at from half a mile to a mile the reconnoitering parties of the enemy, and by so doing, constantly veil a constantly changing position. Feeling the enemy's position by skirmish-lines and by driving in the outposts, presents unsurmountable obstacles. The zone of fire prevents rushing and learning whether the opposing force is a hundred or ten thousand soldiers strong; that is, rushing cannot be accomplished except by means of immensely superior numbers. Such an attack requires time to develop, and gives time for the defense on the inner circle to hurry up re-enforcements. In any case the embattled armies will both be stalemated. Neither can develop a general attack and escape extermination; and it is

safe to predict that neither will be very apt to advance to suicide.

This leads to the economic aspect of future warfare. The maintenance of modern armies means enormous expenditure of money. The expenditure of life would correspond should they be unwise enough to even venture partial attacks in isolated portions of the field. Therefore, the question arises: How long will the working populations which are represented by these armies be able and willing to feed them, to furnish them with the munitions of war, and to replete the ranks of the soldiers from the ranks of the producers? It is inevitable, supposing the home political situation to remain unchanged, that the nation with the greater and more available resources, coupled with the tougher and more tenacious population, will be the victor. Famine, not force, will decide the issue.

Future wars must be long. No more open fields; no more decisive victories; but a succession of sieges fought over and through successive lines of wide-extending fortifications. Nothing will be accomplished quickly. The defeated army—supposing that it can be defeated—will retire slowly, intrenching itself step by step, and most likely with steam-intrenching machines. Every retrogressive movement would be protected by the invisible sharpshooters and by the zone of fire, precluding any possibility of rout through a general advance of the victorious army.

In a war between the Triple and Dual Alliance, ten millions of men would be under arms. To feed and keep them going would require \$20,000,000 per day, or \$7,300,000,000 per year. How long may such prodigality endure? The increase in the costliness of modern warfare may be best instanced from the navy. The cost of a first-class line-of-battle sailing-ship was \$500,000; of the first English iron-clad *Warrior*, in 1860, \$1,850,000; of the German ironclad *Koenig Wilhelm*, in 1868, \$2,500,000; of the Italian *Duilio*, in 1876, \$3,500,000; and of the *Italia*, in 1886, \$5,000,000. Taking the engines, boilers, and coal-bunkers from out a modern cruiser, and filling the empty space with water, a frigate of the old time, guns and all, could be floated within, and room

would still remain in which to steer a pinnacle completely around her. In 1896, Austria spent four and a half times more on her army and navy than on education; Italy in the same year, eight times more; France, five times more; and Russia, twelve times more. Eloquent figures for the intellectual and moral culture of the enlightened nations!

M. Bloch, for 1893, has given the following table of the aggregate expenditures of the six European powers on armies and fleets:—

Austria-Hungary	\$ 72,146,000
Germany	168,737,800
Italy	68,858,000
Russia	249,949,200
France	178,041,800
Great Britain.....	158,406,400
Grand Total.....	\$896,139,200

The civil population will decide the future war by its capacity for enduring all the privations consequent upon a state of semi-famine when the whole industrial system is thrown out of joint, and by its power and willingness to fill the mouths of the million non-producing soldiers and to furnish them with the sinews of war. At the front will be the chess-game; at home the workers feeding the players. All will depend upon the stamina of the civil population.

And the civil population will have need for all its stamina. Conditions have changed. Modern complex civilization, with its intricate systems of production and distribution, cannot sow and harvest the crops and fight between times. It is very easily thrown out of gear. When M. Burdeau was in the French Ministry an attempt was made to ascertain how the social organism would continue to carry on its functions in time of war,—how, from day to day, the population was to receive its bread. But the military authorities protested and the inquiry was shelved. With dislocation and stagnation of industry, the rise of breadstuffs, and the anxiety for friends and relatives at the front, the population must needs be a very patient one, or else the authorities will find much trouble on their hands.

In the event of such a war, securities, which are now held largely by the middle

classes, would go tumbling and crashing, rendering it difficult for the government to float loans on a disrupted and frightened market. The disastrous effect to-day of a war rumor on any seat of exchange, is common knowledge. If paper money were issued under such conditions, its depreciation would be instant and great. The rise of the necessities of life will tend to do this and to set into motion the remorseless pendulum of action and reaction. The countries in which more live by trade than by agriculture—the wheat-importing countries—will feel the pinch of famine quickly and bitterly. In the time of the Crimean war, wheat rose in England eighty per cent. The *Alabama*, decades ago, demonstrated how precarious was the sea for carrying. She, a single cruiser, caused a perceptible rise in the price of wheat. The very fear of this, on the sensitive capitalistic system, even with danger afar off, is bound to make the market panicky and to send prices skyward. And under such circumstances speculation is sure to exact its exorbitant penalty. The ravages of the commercial crisis in time of peace are too well known to make necessary further comment on what they would be in time of war.

The interruption of the operation of the productive forces, and the difficulty in satisfying the vital needs of the population, lead up to the political aspect of future warfare. Are the peoples, especially of the European countries, homogeneous enough in their political beliefs to stand the strain? Labor troubles, bread riots, and rebellion are factors, subversive all, which must be taken into account. The mobilization of a whole working population may lead to unpleasant results, conscription to revolution. There are strong tendencies threatening the present social order which cannot be lightly passed over. Also, a strong anti-military propaganda has grown up. The small protesting voices of the past have merged into the roar of the peoples. The world has lifted itself to a higher morality. The aim of the human is to alleviate the ills of the human. Among all classes the opposition to war is keen and growing. In Germany, one anti-military factor alone is the Socialists. What may be expected of them, three millions strong, when the nation puts

on its harness? In the same country, in 1893, those who opposed the new military project received 1,097,000 more votes than did its supporters. Between 1887 and 1893 the opposition to militarism increased seven times. In France, in 1893, the Socialist vote (utterly opposed to militarism), was 600,000; three years later it was 1,000,000. It must not be forgotten that such bodies of men are thoroughly and centrally organized. The discontented rabbles which would inevitably follow their lead swell the numbers

to such vast proportions that a Continental nation may well pause and consider before it rushes into war.

Such, in short, is a rapid and incomplete *resumé* of the facts which have led M. Bloch to predicate the impossibility of future war. From the technical standpoint, the improvement in the mechanism of war has made war impossible. Economics, and not force of arms, will decide; not battles, but famine. And behind all, ready and anxious to say the last word, looms the ominous figure of Revolution.

ETC.

THE adequate word has at last been said about Abraham Lincoln. Pains-taking biographers, eloquent orators, and brilliant essayists have been travelling to utter that word ever since April 15, 1865. In the endeavor they have given to the world a profusion of printed pages and have multiplied books. But the perfect utterance, brief, yet all sufficient, simple, yet of plenary sense and force, awaited the last year of the century.

It was left to Edwin Markham to say this at once ample and exact word. Mr. Markham must excuse some of his friends if they are frank enough to say that, in view of much of his work since "The Man with the Hoe," they had begun to fear his inspiration was only a passing breath. But they are as free to say that if he will annually give us one such poem as this one on Abraham Lincoln, we will forgive and forget all the shortcomings of uninspired days, even though they may be three hundred and sixty-four out of each year. This poem, "The Man with the Hoe," and perhaps a few others, rise amidst the common levels of Markham's work like mountains out of a plain.

There are three master-strokes, or series of strokes, in this picture of Lincoln which will give it immortality. The first is the prescience and purpose of the Norn-Mother in providing for a world-emergency,—

"To make a man to meet the mortal need."

But for this, though she "bend the strenuous Heavens and comes down," she does not fetch her material from above or from afar. It is not the miracle of a god descended, but the marvel of a man arising, made of world-stuff and of what is essentially human:—

"She took the tried clay of the common road—

Clay warm yet with the genial heat of earth,

Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy:
Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff."

And the result:—

"It was a stuff to wear for centuries,
A man that matched the mountains and compelled
The stars to look our way and honor us."

The second series of master-strokes is in the following superbly poetical lines expressing the characteristics of the great captain in nature-terms:—

"The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;

The tang and odor of the primal things;
The rectitude and patience of the rocks;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;

The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The justice of the rain that loves all leaves;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The loving-kindness of the wayside well;
The tolerance and equity of light,
That gives as freely to the shrinking weed
As to the great oak flaring to the wind—
To the grave's low hill as to the Matter-horn

That shoulders out the sky."

Then comes, as a third element in the perfect balance of this perfect poem, the indication of the ideal that "led our chieftain on":—

"For evermore he burned to do his deed
With the fine stroke and gesture of a king.
He built the rail pile as he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through
every blow,
The conscience of him testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man."

And here, finally, should be added, as a line of special force and insight, this, showing the moral power of Lincoln's purpose, unswerved amidst the contending passions of the Whirlwind Hour,—how he

"Held on through blame and faltered not at praise."

Americans may well be content to let this poem go into the world as the accredited expression of their thought about Abraham Lincoln.

THIS question of the Sequoia and the Sawmill has certain very interesting tangles in it.

One, forsooth, is psychological. It is competent to inquire how it happens that there are different points of view from which to contemplate the big trees and the possibilities of service in them to human need. The tourist circles about a sequoia giant, measures it with his tape-line, makes himself prone at its foot and looks up along its columnar rise, speculates as to its age, lets loose his imagination to picture this tree as witnessing the historic events of a score or more of centuries, and then he is ready, and ever afterwards, to denounce as a wickedness and an abomination the vandalism which should strip these splendid growths from the hillsides—that is, from the hillsides which happen to lie along the tourist's wandering pathway.

But whence does the tourist derive the income which enables him to travel and take in the extraordinary sights of the world? It comes certainly from some economic source, and we may reasonably assume an instance in which it comes from a lumber company which profits—at a twenty-five-per-cent. rate, say—from the application of the ax and the saw to the virgin forests. Now then, the question may become a bit complicated.

"Trees are very fine to look at," reflects the tourist-capitalist,—“sometimes, as in the case of the sequoias, wonderful for size and beautiful in form. But then, also, trees are of great practical service to man, and so of commercial value. And further, whereas trees of exceptional size appeal strongly to the marveling and esthetic sentiments, it is also true that the bigger the tree the greater is its economic or monetary value.” This two-sidedness of the question breeds hesitation, and the man being helplessly double-minded about it all, is in doubt whether to hold up his hands in deprecation of the vandal lumberman or to thrust them into his pockets and count up his coin, to see how much he is in need of new dividends from the sawmill. The sawmill, in such a case, is nine times in ten the winner.

The San Francisco artist has been up into the Calaveras Grove and put the splendid spectacle of the big trees upon canvas, and he is loud in protest against the destruction of a single tree until Nature herself lays them low. But if the artist had been bred as a wood-chopper or a shingle-maker, he would see an entirely different light playing among the shadows of the great grove. And since there are many more who are engaged in the common industries than there are artists, the industrial idea more often triumphs. It is a mighty power—this industrial idea, this sense of economic value. It discounts and overrides again and again all esthetic considerations. Who does not know that if it were believed that El Capitan holds in its heart a mass of gold with a value of a billion dollars, that magnificent granite mountain would be blown into fragments within a year? So also, if it were found possible to clap a huge tube on a star of the first magnitude and divert its rays to a Yankee city for illuminating purposes, there would soon be not a big star left in the sky unclipped by some light company's exploiting appliances.

Our esteemed contributor, W. C. Bartlett, whose pen added force and charm to the very first number of the *OVERLAND*, and who is ever welcomed in these pages, makes a plea in the present number for the great forest reservations, for the extension of their boundaries and for their more careful preservation. But we note that even his appeal is based principally on economic grounds.

This, we apprehend, is because he realizes that the appeal to the love of beauty and to an appreciation of Nature's virgin works has comparatively little force in a time and a civilization so distinctly materialistic as our own. Therefore, he skillfully pits against the industries and economic interests that are exploiting the forests for their own gain other industrial interests that are thereby suffering great losses. That is right; indeed, it is the necessary way. The only motive that can stop a sawmill is the same motive that sets the sawmill running, with a counter application. It is a certain passion of human nature that threatens the forests and tree-monarchs of California. Salvation for them will turn on the possibility of enlisting that same passion, under a stronger inducement, or as it works in a larger body of people, to resist the exploitation of the forests.

The time will come, doubtless, somewhere in the future ages of development, when the language and lesson of nature to the spirit of man will weigh in the balances at least evenly with economic gains. But the hour is not yet.

"Things are in the saddle
And ride mankind."

WHATEVER can have become of the plan advanced by President Hadley, of Yale, for the discipline of trust promoters by social ostracism?

To Down the Trusts
It was one of the most extraordinary propositions ever advanced in America as to method in social economy. It came from a high source and had the tone of sober sincerity. But not having noticed any subsequent discussion of it by the press, we judge that it is "marked for the grave," to join the host of deceased suggestions for the relief of the suffering public from between the millstones of our economic system. Before we Latinize our grief, however, with the customary and approved *hic jacet*, we desire to hint at the reasons why the proposition really had to die even before it had achieved, or attempted to achieve, the least service in behalf of hard-pressed mankind.

No reformer is chargeable with a more simple and innocent Utopianism than that of the President of Yale College, if indeed

he is in earnest about this scheme. The successful working of it would call for very different social conditions from those that exist to-day. Probably the Yale scholar had been too busy with his professorial or official duties to forecast carefully the difficulties involved in his plan. Take a concrete example for an assumed application of the Hadley penalty: It is alleged that Mr. Rockefeller has recently taken further advantage of the trust principle to push upward the price of coal-oil, so that half the households in the land are now paying an increased tribute into his treasury. But the Rockefeller treasury has a generous hole in it somewhere and is constantly leaking large sums of money into the treasuries of Brown and Chicago universities. Now, suppose Mr. Rockefeller to have a home in Providence or in Chicago, or homes in both places, or a home in any other university town in the country. How, in the name of common sense,—that is, a non-Utopian sense,—can this trust promoter be kept out of the social circle of the "university set"? Is there such a phenomenon as a college president, even in Connecticut, who will say to him, "I will not exchange dinner invitations with you, sir; nor can I welcome your footsteps on my threshold"? Why, man, this would do more to hurt the cause of college endowments than would the appointment of Professor Harron to lectureships in half a dozen leading American universities!

But possibly President Hadley had in mind the "four hundred" groups, the elect and numerically limited social sovereigns whose authority and prerogative are recognized in every great city, and would look to them to execute social vengeance against all the rascally nourishers of the trust evil. These reprobate offenders, after a certain agreed date, shall be left wretchedly invitationless whenever the swell set is rolled in carriages to parties and receptions. But, alack and alas! the trust architect when he reads in the morning paper, at the breakfast-table, that the Reform League or the Good Government Club of his city has approved this terrible punitive and chastening device and has named him as a fit subject, will only smile a wide smile. And then he will turn to his wife and say, "Well, well, well! here is a lot of fools who are going to shut me out of the *four hundred* as a trust-promoter,

and you and the girls along with me, I suppose. Now, don't they know that the *four hundred* is principally made up of trust men? To be sure, there are a few clergymen, and a few physicians, and a few journalists, and a few artists, and so on, but the majority are capitalists, and the capitalists are all catching on about this matter of trusts and are thronging our trust offices every day to get blocks of our stock. Turn us out indeed! Why, they might as well talk of turning the Czar out of Russia, or of getting the peers of England to snub Queen Victoria!"

The only recourse left is to the common people. Let them try a hand in this fine game of social ostracism. If the village blacksmith is outraged by rising quotations in iron and steel, let him see that his daughter sends no invitation to Carnegie for her birthday party. If the fruit-grower discovers that a railroad trust is raising his shipping rates, he must certainly not ask Mr. Huntington in to dinner. And in all similar instances of trust aggression, let all the common people, the craftsmen, the tradesmen, the day-laborers, and John Doe and Richard Roe, and Tom and Dick and Harry, and the rest of us, be very careful not to countenance or encourage the promoters of these economic and commercial villainies by any courteous attentions of the social life or genialities of manner when we chance to meet them. If we are persistently and consistently icy toward all such, we may convince them that the social temperature of America is making very cold weather for trusts.

But now, if none of these suggestions are deemed practicable, we move to refer the whole matter back to President Hadley, to see if he still thinks that this is a society question rather than an economic and political problem.

IN OUR November number we commented on the martial inspirations which the Muse seemed to be breathing into the nostrils of the poets on both sides of the Atlantic, in view of the South African war. We quoted from Joaquin Miller's strong verses, beginning:—

"The sword of Gideon, sword of God."

The Whitaker & Ray Company, of San

Francisco, have now gathered and published the series of ten or twelve poems in which our California poet has sturdily championed the Boer cause and challenged England to render account before the conscience of the world. It is to be noted, however, that the poet adopts that old device of the theologians who proclaimed that retributive wrath is aimed against the sin rather than against the sinner. In the preface we are given assurance thus:—

Find here not one ill word for brave old England; my first, best friends were English. But for her policy, her politicians, her speculators, what man with a heart in him can but hate and abhor them? England's best friends to-day are those who deplore this assault on the farmer Boers, so like ourselves a century back. Could any man be found strong enough to stay her hand with sword or pen in this mad hour, that man would deserve her lasting gratitude.

It will probably be somewhat difficult for the average Englishman to accept Mr. Miller's discriminate analysis of his own feelings; but undoubtedly a good many Americans are disposed to make the same distinction between the policy and procedure of composite and national England and the general spirit and character of her common people. Indeed, it is unquestionably true that a nation, in its corporate action, will often do that which hardly one of its citizens, if acting separately, would do or approve; and this, not as a mob will go furiously to its unmeditated deed, but deliberately. Deliberation, in fact, or at least discussion, the sophistic argument and special pleading, often prepare the way for questionable and much questioned national policies. We even have a species of moral philosophy which explains, with all the force and speciousness of the Socratic academy, how different a national conscience is and must ever be from an individual conscience, and how God himself—*forsooth!*—discriminates in his judgment between state action and personal action. Salisbury and Chamberlain, then, if dealing for themselves with half a dozen Boer farmers, might feel themselves amenable to a principle of right which they need not or cannot regard as leaders of England. President McKinley also, and Secretary Hay, according to this moral theory, may be doing and may be justified in doing very differently with the Filipinos from what they would do as individuals.

Thus the consideration of big and little is made to play a part all the world over in determining questions of public justice and international or racial rectitude. And the principle is far-reaching, and may be widely applied. In the case of the nation, in the case of the trust, in the case of the corporation, in the case of the business firm,—in all alike we must be prepared for similar discrimination between what is right action for the individual man and what is right action for a group or aggregate of men.

But, before any one rests in trustful ease under such a moral philosophy, it is best to ponder it *in the blaze of a white light*.

A QUAIN humor of Joaquin Miller is to the front in the poems of the collection referred to in the preceding paragraph. A characteristic instance is found in the two "Usland" poems. What the poet means by "Usland" is explained in a foot-note, as follows:—

It is a waste of ink and energy to write "United States of America" always. All our property is marked "Us." Then why not Usland? And why should we always say "American"? The Canadian, the Mexican, the Brazilian, and so on, are as entirely entitled to the name "American" as we. Why not say "Usman," as Frenchman, German, and so on?

This note is in explanation of the title "Usland to the Boers," under which the first verse runs thus:—

And where lies Usland, Land of Us?

Where Freedom lives, there Usland lies!
Fling down that map and measure thus
Or argent seas or sapphire skies:
To north the North Pole, south as far
As ever eagle cleaved his way;
To east the blazing morning star,
And west? West to the Judgment Day!

There is no doubt that the average citizen of this country carries in his breast a patriotic temper for which the designation "Usland" would be a fitting and relieving expression. But our average citizen would hardly use this name with the large meaning

which it carries in the poem quoted above. It there stands for an idea that breaks over all national boundaries and continental shores, even all lines of latitude and longitude, and makes usland the everywhere land that gives home to the free. This is a good lesson for us all; but it is not so easily learned, not so natural and spontaneous, indeed, as the idea which the poet expresses in the following verses, entitled "That Ussian of Usland," written, as the author states, "anent the boundary-line":—

"I am an Ussian true," he said;
"Keep off the grass there, Mister Bull!
For if you don't I'll bang your head
And bang your belly-full.

"Now mark, my burly jingo-man,
So prone to muss and fuss and cuss,
I am an Ussian, spick and span,
From out the land of Us!"

The stout man smole a frosty smile—
"An Ussian! Russian, Rusk, or Russ?"
"No, no! an Ussian, every while;
My land the land of Us."

"Aw! Usland, Uitland? or, maybe,
Some Venezuela I'd forgot.
Hand out your map and let me see
Where Usland is and what."

The lean man leaned and spread his map
And shewed the land and shewed,
Then eyed and eyed that paunchy chap,
And pulled his chin and chewed.

"What do you want?" A face grew red,
And red chop whiskers redder grew.
"I want the earth," the Ussian said,
"And all Alaska, too.

"My stars swim up yon seas of blue;
No Shina am I, Boer, Turk, or Russ.
I am an Ussian—Ussian true;
My land the land of Us.

"My triple North Star lights me on,
My Southern Cross leads ever thus;
My sun scarce sets till burst of dawn.
Hands off the Land of Us!"

Here we have Yankee Doodle, Anglophobia, the Monroe Doctrine, Expansion, and Manifest Destiny all in one fine song. One may feel that it is not the song which expresses the best that is in us, yet he cannot regret that the song has been written.



BOOK REVIEWS

FOR FULL TITLES, PUBLISHERS, ETC., SEE LIST UNDER HEADING OF "BOOKS RECEIVED"

Campaigning in the Philippines

THE Hicks-Judd Publishing Company, of San Francisco, are to be congratulated upon the timely publication of their handsome and elaborate volume bearing the above title. They are to be credited with exceptional enterprise in that they sent representatives to Manila to gather material on the ground for an accurate history of both the war with Spain and the war with the Filipinos. Their agents were at hand in every engagement, and have also had access to the official records for verification of their own observations. The result is a history of these remarkable wars which is exceptionally complete while it is presumably far more accurate than most that has been put forth thus far upon the subject.

The volume is profusely illustrated with some three hundred pictures of the troops in action and of scenes about Manila Bay and elsewhere in the islands. The customs of the people are also abundantly illustrated.

Special editions of the book have been prepared for different sections of the country, giving a complete and official history of each volunteer regiment sent out from the various States. In the California edition nearly a hundred pages are devoted to the California regiments giving a complete roster in which every member's name may be found, with his rank, postoffice address, and occupation, together with lists of those killed in action or wounded, of deaths by disease, and of promotions and discharges, with date and cause.

The book will thus not only meet the general demand of the people for accurate knowledge concerning the war, but will have a special and particular interest for each soldier who participated in these campaigns, and for his circle of friends.

Myths and the Bible

REV. OLOF A. TOFFTEEN, rector of St. Ansgarius's Church, Minneapolis, attempts to establish, in *Myths and the Bible*, what he holds to be a new theory. This is that the

oldest Scandinavian myths "are history, told in this picturesque manner, a history with genuine organic development, and not a collection of stories, true or false;" furthermore "that these myths describe a religion that stands highest and first of all heathen religions, and its gods and heroes represent the patriarchs of the primeval age." It follows "that this religion, or at least, its historic tales must stand in close relation to the history of the true religion, our Holy Writ, and it may be expected that these two records may touch each other in their tales of the ancient ages. The object of these researches is to produce a comparison between these two fountains of historic knowledge, myths and Bible."

The author maintains that the results of his studies are such as to strengthen rather than diminish faith in the Bible.

The Golden Horseshoe

THIS book is one of a sort likely to be greatly multiplied in the immediate future, considering the unabated popular interest in the Spanish war and the new destiny opened thereby to the United States. The volume presents a number of letters written during the active campaigns by two officers (whose names are disguised) of the United States Army. They deal with the stirring events of the war, with incidents and adventures in the campaigns and naval expeditions, with the conditions existing in the islands and among the peoples recently made subject to the authority of the United States, and with the political and international questions which the results of the war involve. The editor of these letters, Mr. Stephen Bonsal, regards them as illuminating in an exceptionally clear way "the meaning of the political panorama which the east coast of Asia, with its civilization in decay, its tottering thrones and vanishing races, and the flourishing colonies of the European powers, with their promise of growth and expansion, presents to the observer to-day." Both sides of the great question of "expansion" are presented in these letters. But their chief

value would seem to lie in the liveliness of their narration of events and in the vivid pictures presented of scenes and peoples along the great Asiatic Coast.

Russian Statistics

THE *Russian Journal of Financial Statistics*, of which we have in hand the first number, is a handsome and elaborate quarterly published at St. Petersburg, but in the English language. A unique special reason is given for its existence. It appears that English and American statistical publications dealing with the financial and economic affairs of Russia are emphatically unsatisfactory to the Russian mind. This is the way in which the new journal characterizes American and English methods of obtaining statistics:—

There are, as you know, two ways of drawing from the source of statistics. The first, that of the *Russian Journal*, consists in plunging like a diver into the official publications, in looking there for the figures one has need of, in examining whether these figures agree or conflict, in discovering the reason of the real or apparent contradictions which have been observed, in correcting the typographical errors, which are always numerous, and, lastly, in classifying the figures in systematic order. The second way of forming statistics is much the simpler one. It is also, doubtless, much superior to the first, for the majority of statisticians end by adopting it, if they did not adopt it from the beginning. This second way requires only a little industry and a good supply of letter paper.

When statistics relating to Russia are given in English, they have been obtained by English or American authorities by the worst possible process, viz: that of filling up of special forms and lists of questions. The same questions are sent to all the countries of the world. Both the Hague and St. Petersburg, for instance, will receive a copy of the same blank form with a request to insert in the columns headed "Meteorology" the mean annual temperature of the country. The mean temperature of the Russian Empire, between the 1st of January and the 31st of December, is rather a large order!

Moreover, the official statisticians in no way trouble themselves about the accuracy of the figures given by them in *foreign statistics*. They say, as it were: You want Russian statistics—well, here is all the information we have been able to obtain or manage to scrape together from the daily, weekly and monthly periodicals, including 'ladies' journals; we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors, contradictions, or even absurdities, that you may come across in them.

The *Russian Journal* takes up the mission, therefore, of furnishing the English-speaking

world with reliable financial and economic statistics—"authentic figures exempt from error;"—from the empire of the Czar. The first number presents elaborated statistical accounts of the production of gold in Russia; the revenue on spirits and the liquor reform; Russian weights, measures, and monetary system; profits of Russian joint-stock companies; the national debt of Russia; the budget of the empire for 1898,—estimates and fulfillment; and the Russian state as a proprietor, capitalist, creditor, and debtor.

The Corn Trade and Options Market

THE author of this small treatise is strongly convinced that "one of the most important economical problems of the day" may be found in the solution of the following questions:—

Whether or not Options in Cereals are advantageous.

Are transactions in Options the cause of the depreciation of the price of Cereals, and of the unfavorable economic situation resulting therefrom; or do they form the necessary factors in the ordinary course of international trade?

Are they to be taken as indications of improvement in the trade, or does their influence tend to show that a false step has been taken?

Would their suppression be for the welfare of the public, or would such a proceeding be a danger, threatening the freedom of commercial life?

The author regards the options trade as a parasitic abomination, and calls for its suppression.

Books Received

Campaigning in the Philippines. By Karl Irving Faust. Illustrated. San Francisco: The Hicks-Judd Company. \$3.50.

Myths and Bible. By Olof A. Toffteen, Rector of St. Ansgarius's Church, Minneapolis Minn.

The Golden Horseshoe. Edited by Stephen Bonsal. New York: Macmillan & Co. \$1.50.

The Russian Journal of Financial Statistics. St. Petersburg. Printed by W. Kirshbaum.

The Corn-Trade and Options-Market, Considered in Relation to Social and Economic Problems. By F. Hammesfahr. New York: Gustav E. Stechert. 50 cts.

Charter of the City and County of San Francisco. San Francisco: The Star Press.

Chants for the Boer. By Joaquin Miller. San Francisco: The Whitaker & Ray Company.



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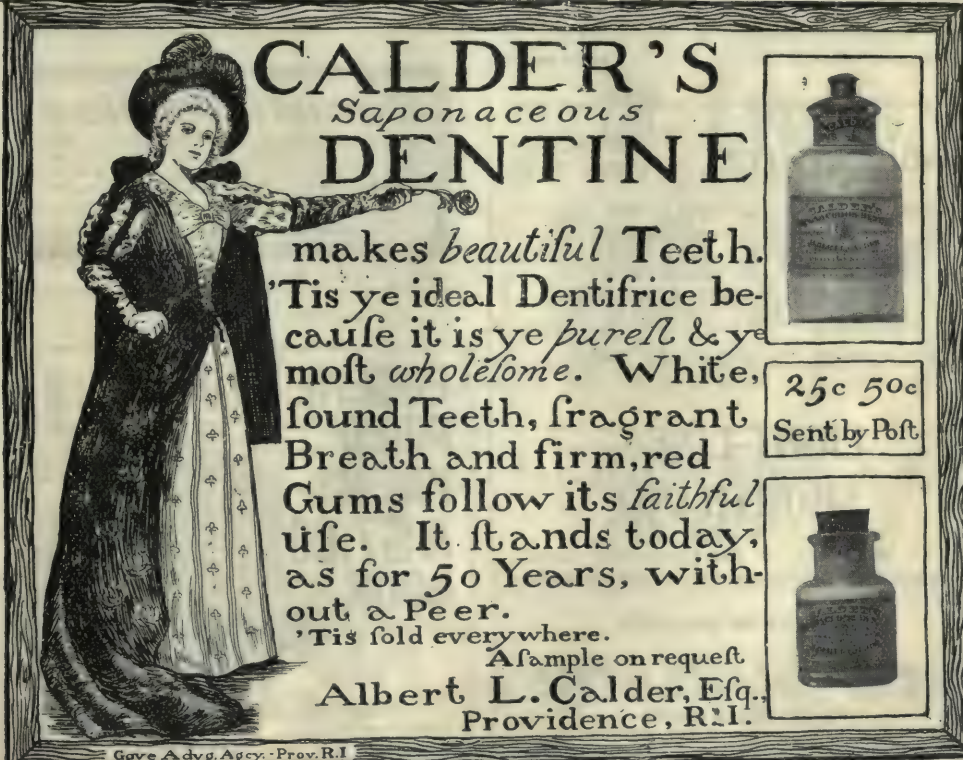
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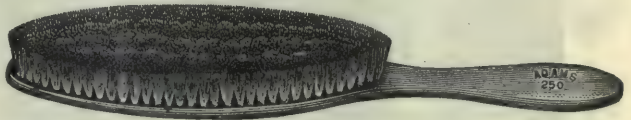


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—:O:—

One Who Took Things Easy.—"There goes a fellow who always takes things easy." "Is that so? Who is he?" "A pickpocket."—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

—:O:—

ANY one interested in elevating and conveying work should write to JNO. D. EBY, No. 17 and 19 Main Street, San Francisco, for illustrated catalogue on "Modern Methods." This is one of his specialties.

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How He Carried the Baby.—"My husband has a great advantage over most men." "Indeed?" "Yes; he walks in his sleep." "I don't see what advantage that can be to a person." "Why, he can carry the baby all night long and still get his natural rest."—*Exchange*.

FREE Illustrated Catalogue of rare old violins on application to Kohler & Chase, San Francisco.

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Monotonous.—Bray—"Metempsychosis? No, sir; I think it's a horrid belief. Fancy my becoming a donkey in my next incarnation!"

Funnel—"Monotonous, eh?"—*Life*.

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They Were Doing the Right Thing.—"My two boys were kicking about the presents I gave them all Christmas morning." "What did you give them?" "Footballs."—*Harvard Lampoon*.

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Heartless.—“Will you love me when I’m old, dear?” “I can tell better when I see you.”—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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Standard Telegraphic and Cipher Codes in full stock at 306 California Street, San Francisco.

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“Mamma, I saw a dog to-day that had only three legs.” “Were n’t you awfully sorry for him?” “No; he had one more leg than I have.”—*Tid Bits.*

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“Who was the scientist who made the discovery that baldness is a sign of intellect?” “I don’t know his name. All I know is that he was bald.”—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—:0:—

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—:0:—

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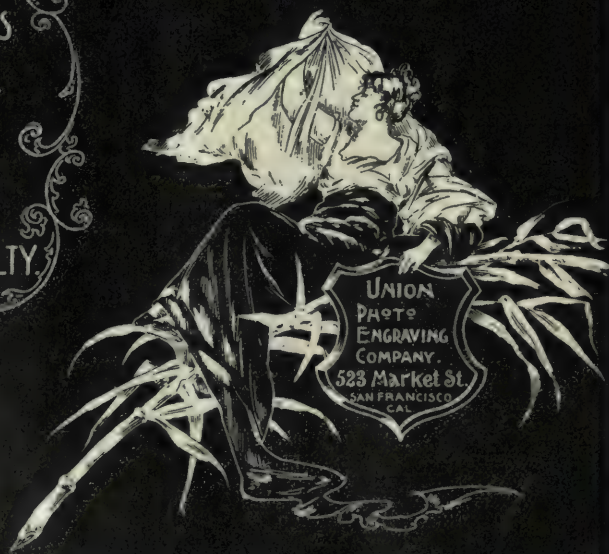
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ASSETS

Real Estate	\$2,049,222 72
Cash on hand and in Bank	1,810,269 96
Loans on bonds and mort. real estate	5,981,842 52
Interest accrued but not due	245,943 39
Loans on collateral security	1,497,175 51
Loans on this Company's Policies	1,305,307 27
Deferred Life Premiums	340,997 04
Prem. due and unreported on Life Policies	259,449 36
Government Bonds	789,016 96
County and municipal bonds	3,114,997 64
Railroad stocks and bonds	7,819,225 19
Bank stocks	1,258,674 00
Other stocks and bonds	1,288,350 00

Total Assets **\$27,760,511 56**

LIABILITIES

Reserve, 3½ per cent., Life Department ..	\$20,406,734 00
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accident Department ..	1,500,369 22
Present value Installment Life Policies ..	783,193 00
Reserve for Claims against Employers ..	586,520 26
Losses in process of adjustment	219,833 02
Life Premiums paid in advance	33,178 11
Special Reserve for unpaid taxes, rents, etc.	110,000 00
Special Reserve, Liability Department ..	100,000 00

Total Liabilities **\$23,739,827 61**Excess Security to Policy-holders **\$ 4,020,683 95**Surplus **\$ 3,020,683 95**

STATISTICS TO DATE

LIFE DEPARTMENT

Life Insurance in force	\$100,334,554 00
New Life Insurance written in 1899	17,165,686 00
<i>Insurance on installment plan at commuted value</i>	
Returned to Policy-holders in 1899	\$1,522,417 06
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864 ..	16,039,380 95

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT

Number Accident Claims paid in 1899 ..	15,386
Whole number Accident Claims paid.	339,636
Returned to Policy-holders in 1899.	\$ 1,227,977 34
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864.	23,695,539 94

TOTALS

Returned to Policy-holders in 1899	\$ 2,750,394 40
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864.	39,734,920 89

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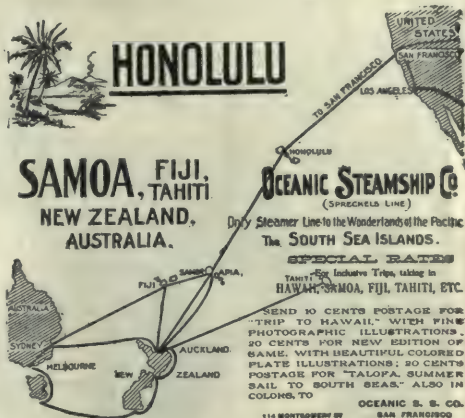
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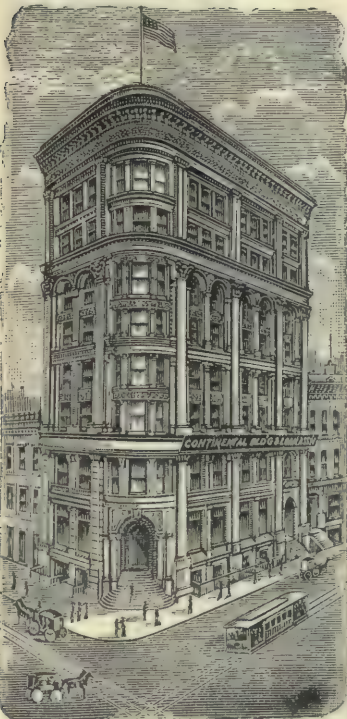
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- Chap. IX. **What Not to Wear.** A protest against disease-breeding skirts and strong colors.

Vol. III.—Household Management

- Chap. I. **Housekeeping Made Easy.** What makes it hard in American homes, and the practical remedy for it.
- Chap. II. **Ways and Ways of Work.** How the brains may save the heels and find time for all things.
- Chap. III. **Beds and Bed-making.** The way to make sleeping a foretaste of heaven.
- Chap. IV. **How to Save Time.** Little things that help tired hands and feet in the routine of housekeeping.
- Chap. V. **Fine Art in "Drudgery."** How peeling potatoes and washing dishes may be made a pleasure.
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- Chap. VII. **Wanted—A Change.** Why servants do not stay, and why mistresses are not satisfied with them.
- Chap. VIII. **Where the Shoe Pinches.** How it depends upon the head of the house what the servants will be.
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- Chap. III. **Diet and Homes.** Good temper requires good digestion and this knowledge of food.
- Chap. IV. **The Ladies' Luncheon.** Why every housekeeper should give them, and go to them.
- Chap. V. **The Invariable Potato.** Its common use due to superstition and not to its popularity.
- Chap. VI. **Between Seasons.** The possibilities in canned goods and how they can be utilized.
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—:O:—

MYSTIFIED.

"Mamma, my birthday comes this year on Monday, does n't it?"

"Yes, dear."

"And last year it was on Sunday, was n't it?"

"Yes, dear."

"Did it come on Saturday the year before last?"

"Yes, dear."

"Mamma, how many days in the week was I born on?"—[Chicago Tribune.

—:O:—

SOME KAFFIR CHARACTERISTICS.

The Zulu custom of disemboweling fallen foes is now pretty generally known. Few are aware, however, that such mutilation is not practiced on account of innate cruelty, but in order to liberate the spirits of the deceased warriors. It is maintained that if the slayer inadvertently omit to perform this last act of charity he will be haunted and eventually driven into his grave by the insulted ghost of his victim.

The following is a quaint custom: After a

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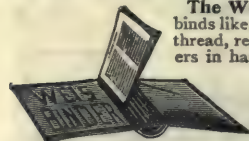
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battle all the surviving warriors are care-
fully dosed with *muti* (medicine) brewed
from herbs by the witch-doctors of the tribe.
This is to purify and fortify them against
any sinister designs on their welfare that
may be entertained by the spirits of their
slain enemies.

A pleasing feature in the character of the
Zulu is his generosity and willingness to
share with his immediate friends and com-
panions any of the good things of life that
may happen to come his way. Frequently
the writer, in order to test the disposition
of various natives, has purposely chosen one
Kaffir out of a number, and without permit-
ting the remainder to observe, has presented
the favored individual with some article of
confectionery, such as a piece of cake, a few
chocolates, or a handful of biscuits. Never
once, however, has he noticed a Kaffir
secrete his treasures from his comrades,
although every opportunity for so doing was
given. No; the recipient, in every case,
after profuse expressions of thanks, invari-
ably shared whatever edibles he had ob-
tained equally with all his companions, in
many cases leaving the merest "bite" for
his own delectation.

But this excellent principle of share and
share alike is sometimes extended beyond
its proper limits, and often sadly overdone,
as housekeepers in the colonies know to
their cost. Unless all eatables are kept un-
der lock and key, a mistress soon discovers
that her particular kitchen Kaffir is re-
galing all his chums and relations with the
best the house provides; and when accused
of giving away what does not belong to
him, he does not seem to think he has been
guilty of any very serious misdemeanor; in
fact, he feels aggrieved at exception having
been taken to so minute a detail. It must
be borne in mind that it is only where *skoff*,
as all food is called by the natives, is con-
cerned that he is unable to distinguish be-
tween *meum* and *tuum*; otherwise he is, as a
rule, honesty personified.

One word in conclusion. Many people
seem to think that the Zulus have no reli-
gious belief whatsoever. This is a mistake,
for there is no doubt that some form of a
future state is implicitly believed in, al-
though the natives do not themselves appear
very clear about the matter. Nevertheless,
the existence of a good and an evil spirit is
acknowledged by every one of these merry,
good-natured, and intelligent members of
the human family.—[Chambers's Journal.

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HOUSEHOLD TOPICS.

Every housekeeper should have an emergency shelf well-filled with canned food of all kinds to guard against a possible and unfortunate surprise in the way of company. There is a sort of fatality about it, that the unexpected company generally arrives when the larder is not well filled. But the emergency shelf has proved a success and a boon on many such occasions. There is an endless list of the dishes that may be prepared from canned goods. Scalloped tomatoes and corn, for instance, make a palatable and simple dish. Begin by covering the bottom of a deep baking dish with bread-crumbs. Over these place a layer of canned tomatoes and season with salt, pepper and small pieces of butter. Then add a layer of finely chopped canned corn. Alternate the layers of tomatoes and corn, seasoned, until the dish is full. Finish with the crumbs. Bake for half an hour covered, then remove the cover and brown.—[New York Sun.

—:O:—

There are Others.—Dolly Swift—"He is very fond of golf, isn't he?" Sally Gay.—"I do not think he is as fond of golf as he is fond of being thought to be fond of golf."—[Puck.

—:O:—

TRANSVAAL DIAMONDS.

It is not generally known that the diamond-producing region of South Africa is not confined to Kimberley. The United States Consul at Pretoria recently reported that the output of diamonds in the Pretoria district during the year 1898 was valued at nearly nine thousand pounds, the largest stone found having a weight of thirty-eight carats. Although the industry has not developed with any astonishing rapidity, it must be remembered that the first stone was discovered at Reitfontein only in August, 1897. The value per carat of the Pretoria stones is 16s., against 26s. of those found at Kimberley, and 34s. per carat for the diamonds from Jagersfontein, in the Orange Free State. The total quantity of diamonds found in the Transvaal in 1898 was 22,843 carats, valued at £43,730. The stones found at the alluvial diggings are of finer quality than those found, as at Kimberley, in volcanic "pipes." A pure white stone is sometimes of twelve times the value of a straw-colored stone of identical weight. Unfortunately, the war has caused a diamond

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crisis, and hundreds of diamond-cutters in Antwerp and Amsterdam have been thrown idle.—[Chambers's Journal.]

—:0:—

Little Willie—"The Bible says there will be no marrying in heaven. I wonder why?" Little Emma—"I don't know, unless it's because there won't be enough men to go round."—[Chicago News.]

—:0:—

SOMETHING NEW IN CHESTNUTS.

They stood on the floor in a long, shallow basket that morning when I went to market—great golden-brown beauties in burr jackets. Some way I found them very attractive.

It was probably because of their air of distinction. I can pass those ordinary big Spanish chestnuts, all huddled together, without so much as yearning for a bite. But these prickly things, cultivated in Jersey and brought into the shop with their natural wrappings about them, were different.

"How can I work them into my luncheon?" I caught myself asking. Without the burrs they were nothing; with the burrs they were—yes, they were the very thing I wanted, after all. I bought some, two for a quarter, and went back home in glee.

When they came I took the chestnuts carefully out, and set the burrs by until they were needed. Then I proceeded to boil the nuts and make marrons glacés by dipping them into melted sugar. By a judicious choice of materials and careful manipulation, I succeeded in giving them a dark coat until they were almost the brown color of the chestnut shell.

My luncheon table was trimmed with autumn leaves, and I set the chestnut-burrs among them instead of bonbon dishes. In them I heaped up the glacés as nearly as possible in their original position. And then I stood off and nodded my head and smiled with satisfaction.

The idea was new to the guests, and it won many plaudits from them. One girl asked me for the loan of my burrs when I had finished with them, as she had instantly decided that she would like to use them for novel bonbonnières. They were very pretty at her dinner, filled with different colored candies, and decidedly odd. But I could not help feeling that my way was more appropriate.

CLEVELAND



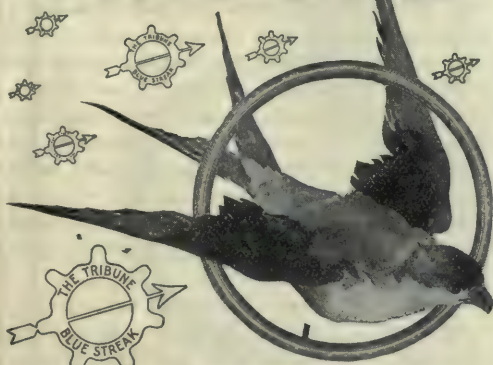
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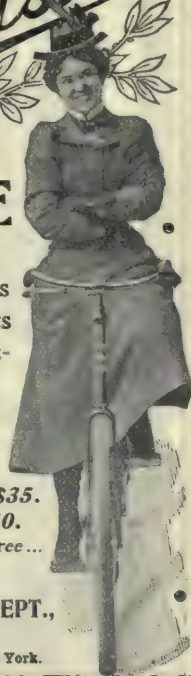
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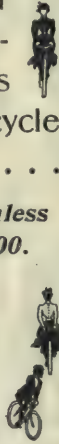
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Our own children are always best.—
[Nancy L. McClelland, in What to Eat.

—:O:—

She Turned the Hose.—“My mother found my little brother putting his stockings on wrong side out this morning.” “Yes. What did she do?” “Turned the hose on him.”
—Harvard Lampoon.

—:O:—

A WOMAN'S PLUCK.

At a dinner party in town last summer somebody proposed a coaching trip for the next day. Everybody was having a good time and the plan to continue it in the morning was merrily applauded by all except one woman. She had been the jolliest of the diners, and when her face fell the other people turned upon her with inquiries and jests. Why would n't she join them?

“Because I ought to go home,” she said. She was living at her country house on Long Island and her town house was closed. “And I'm a lone widow,” she added, laughing. The others laughed, too, and some of them said things that stirred her spirit.

“All right,” she said. “I'll stay. I'll go to my house and spend the night there.”

When she spoke with such decision, almost everybody tried to dissuade her. All jesting was put aside. There were no servants in her house; it would be cold, lonesome, dangerous. She called her maid and told her to go out to the Long Island house in the last train. And the maid went. Then two or three of the other women asked the widow to go to their houses. These invitations she refused firmly, and the matter was dropped till the hour came for breaking up to separate. Then the remonstrances were renewed. One of the men, the one who had spoken the gibe that set the woman's mind on staying in town, did not join in the general chorus of warning.

“Your diamonds!” the crowd said at last.

“I'll see you home,” he said, “and it'll be all right. I live around the corner from you.”

“You shall not see me home,” she said. “I take a carriage and am there. I have a key, and that is all there is about it. This fuss is foolish.”

A few minutes later she came out with her wraps about her, and she went up to the waiting carriage. The man was standing beside it. She drew back, angrily, but he held the door, smiled, then laughed lightly,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE XVIII.)

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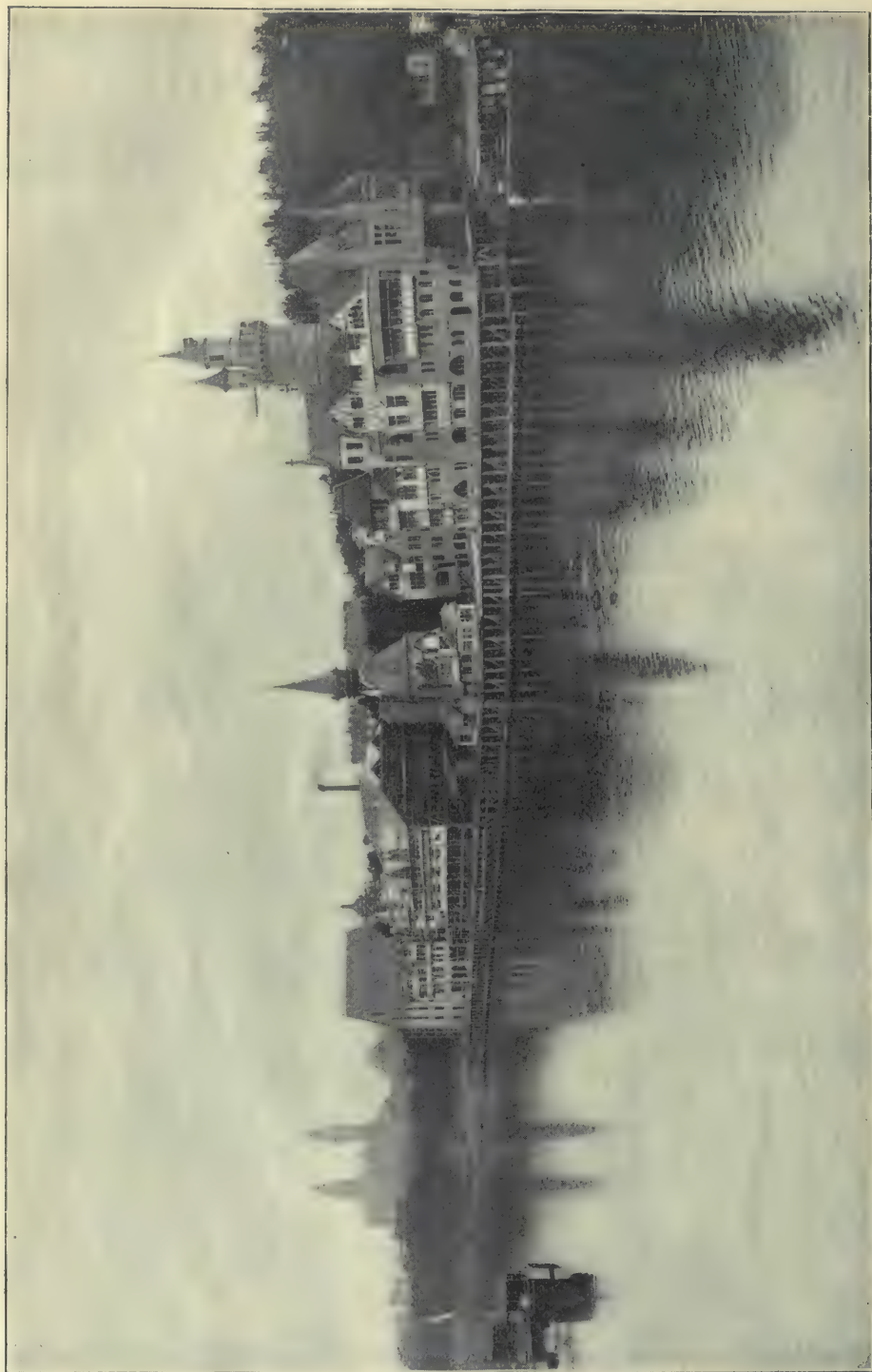
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"DO YOU WANT YOUR WHEEL?"



A View of "Old Paris" from the Seine

edge thus acquired, the clever plans were constructed which have resulted in this the most charming bit to be found in the whole Exposition, now almost ready to open. Here we find such houses as the old corner from which swung the sign of "Le Grand Coq," where Parliament prepared itself for the agitations of the "Fronde," and under whose carved roof and highly decorated balcony passed in and out every day the pioneer journalist of France, the

ed façades, all of which are historically correct, and most of them associated with the memories of distinguished men.

The highly ornamented house with the gaily-painted carved monkeys climbing up and down the corner pipe, throwing oranges and otherwise showing their mischievous nature, was the house from which a proud little upholsterer stepped into the Rue St. Honoré, one bright January day, with his infant son in his arms. After nine



Entrance, Porte St. Michel

man who founded in 1631 the *Gazette of France*. The old house remained intact until the time of the Revolution. Around it in the street which in old Paris is called the "Street of the Old Schools"—a section of the old Latin Quarter now so rapidly being destroyed by the march of progress and the widening of the old streets and passages—is a conglomeration of bits of quaint architecture, delicate towers, carved windows, and highly paint-

years of married life, he was bearing to the baptismal font his first-born, and when the happy Poquelin loudly proclaimed the name Jean Marie he little thought that he was rejoicing in a son who, under the name of Molière (which was taken later, upon his becoming an actor), was to become one of the great men of France. Here is also the house of the Estiennes, the most illustrious typographers of the time of Francis the First, and the

dwelling of Flammel the alchemist who gave the whole top of his house to the poor on condition they should pray for him, and wrote an inscription begging prayers and pardons for his sins.

Old Paris stretches along for a distance of two hundred and sixty meters on the river front, a long file of monuments and edifices, a thorough little city, divided into three principal quarters, pierced by streets, and cut up into squares, reflecting in the river a profusion of towers and little turrets and roofs from which spring storied belfries. Instead of closely copying this or that quarter of a bygone Paris, the architects found it preferable to choose and extract from old documents certain points which are really important and interesting to the student of antiquity. Therefore, the principal groups of old Paris divide themselves as follows: First comes the ancient Latin Quarter, which is near the entrance. Then winding streets,

naissance, the "Chamber of Comptes" of the sixteenth century, which was burned down in 1737. Near this is a vast court, which will be called the Cour de Paris, constructed of the remains of the most beautiful private dwellings and palaces, dating from that same period. Here there will be a concert-hall; and it is safe to say that never was a theater more curiously installed. Another quarter will be devoted to a bridge of the olden time, with curious houses and shops on either side, out of which we pass under the tower of the Grand Châtelet to find before us a bit of the old palace of St. Louis and a corner of the sixteenth century in the street of St. Laurence of the Fair. Here ends our little town with a rampart over the river and the tower of the ancient Archbishop's palace. This is, without entering into detail, what we can see after we have entered the Porte St. Michel, leaving behind the modern atmosphere of new Paris,



Le Grand Coq, Pont de Change

which lead to the place where the tower of the old Louvre and the Church of St. Julian the Minstrel, patron of musicians and jugglers, is to be found. Thence the streets wander on to the spot where stands the most celebrated building of the Re-

with its automobiles and everything else which we call "*fin de siècle*." What should we say now? Probably the French with their wit will begin to call all that is weird and novel "*nouveau siècle*."

This reproduction of old Paris, in brick

and stone and mortar and beams that look as though they had come to remain forever and delight all future generations, will not be the only spectacle of the kind at the Exposition. This is beautifully located on the river front, having on one side the towers of Notre Dame, under whose pro-

of Isabel of Bavaria and her husband, King Charles VI. For this gay young queen was married to her pleasure-loving husband when she was but fourteen and he sixteen years old, and so impatient was he to be united to his lovely princess that he could not wait for the ceremony which



House of Molière (apes carved on the corner)—To right, Flammel House

tecting shadows the originals of these queer houses formerly clustered, and on the other side a view of the hills of Sèvres, recalling triumphs and disasters to every lover of French history.

But another bit of the Paris of bygone days is to be seen on the other side of the Exposition grounds on the Avenue de Suffren, where the Paris of 1400 has been copied to delight the lover of Victor Hugo and his famous story of Notre Dame. Here the Court of Miracles, where the tournaments took place and the beggar fraternity of Paris held its meetings, is duplicated, with its queer low buildings and dingy lanes surrounding it. One of the most ancient churches in French history, the Church des Filles Dieu, some old hostleries, and little shops and time-worn buildings surround the Cour des Miracles. Here all last summer, in preparation for the Exposition, a performance was given by people in costume representing the doings of the Parisians in the time

had been planned at Arras, but, putting her into a gorgeous coach with silver wheels, drove to the cathedral of Amiens and married her. When he brought her to Paris he instituted the fêtes and tourneys in the Cour des Miracles which are here being reproduced. It was toward the end of the fourteenth century, and here in the little church of the Filles Dieu the coronation took place. Little did the proud dames of the court of Charles VI foresee, as they tripped along in their jeweled high headgear and veils, with long brocaded trains falling from their shoulders, that madness would overcome the wretched young king, and that the lovely queen would live to be a scourge to France, through her immorality and tyranny. Within fifty years after the day of Isabel this Cour des Miracles became the haunt of beggars and thieves, the narrow streets surrounding it were lairs in which they watched for victims, and Victor Hugo has most ably described the entrance made by



Tournament in the "Cour des Miracles," Time of Charles VI. and Isabel

Gringoire into the Beggars' Court by means of these same tortuous ways. The reproduction seen here on the Avenue de Suffren of the ill-smelling byways is most remarkable, showing the little two-storied houses with sloping roofs, all leaning one upon the other, and the shops which are filled with old wares and served by quaintly-dressed shop-tenders. The queer inn of the "Trois Pichets," with its places for guests of first, second, or third class, really looks within as if its walls had been marked and the floor worn by the footsteps and general use of four centuries. Even the band of musicians which escorts the royal party uses instruments now obsolete and plays the quaint airs of the fourteenth century, while the trim servants seem to have stepped out of Violet-le-Duc's volumes, in their parti-colored dress. There is no shabbiness about the affair. Costumes, houses, streets, and all the accessories will

bear the closest inspection, and the *dramatis personae* act their parts as if they had just awakened from a Rip Van Winkle sleep. This has all been in perfect running order since last May so that the visitor in Paris who had not the good fortune to see the more artistic buildings of the old Paris on the river front could still get a taste to delight his antiquarian soul in the little Paris of 1400 to be found on the Avenue de Suffren. The modern amusements at the Paris Exposition are so original as to be in direct contrast to the antiquities here described.

At many previous expositions there have been attempts at the reproduction of old styles of architecture and historical reminiscences, but never has anything so complete as the work done for this present exposition in imitating ancient structures been attempted at any time in any country.



ON LONELY SHORE.

On lonely shore, death-sweet and full of calm,
Where strong sea waves made diapason true;
I heard the low, slow swelling of a psalm,
And, turning, looked through tear-wet lids at you.

All your brown hair blown backward from your face,
All your true heart within your pulsing eyes,
All your great soul in atmosphere of grace,
It shine with splendor born of sacrifice.

Prone at your feet I fell, - and from the sod
Cried: "Thou hast suffered! Give, O, give to me
The secret of thy triumph. Where is God,
That I must die in life's Bethsemane?"

And, smiling then, you answered, bending low, -
Dear child, that mindest things of little worth, -
Bethsemanes are gardens where we grow,
And what seems death may be diviner birth.

"Not what we bear, but how, makes weak or strong;
From Love's lone grove immortal faith shall spring
Who walks with God, enduring direst wrong.
Hath surely right to triumph and to sing.

You passed, and peace I could not understand
O'er all my grief like golden glory lay,
And so! with blessed Comfort, hand in hand,
I, too, went singing up the homeward way.

Hester A. Benedict.

VESTA MARIE

By LUCY VAN TRESS

THE stars looked down on a cold, white world; some sorrowfully, into the homes of penury and heart-ache, some sparkling with joy, into little cottage homes which held more pure heart happiness than many a stately mansion.

One star, particularly bright and sparkling, looked boldly into the window of a humble cottage where the feeble, wailing cry of a new-born baby was heard. All through the night it watched protectingly, like a bright sentinel, the cottage and the new life which had just entered into it,

and when the early morning dawned it turned reluctantly away as if regretting to leave the little one.

Each night it appeared and threw its sparkling light into the window where the baby lay sleeping, all unconscious of the bright eyes that watched its dreamless slumbers. But the pale mother saw the bright star watching over her child, and in her heart she at once christened the tiny girl Vesta—Vesta Marie.

I had been to call on the baby's mama, and as I sat by my fire in the evening my



"As I sat by my fire in the evening."

thoughts went back to the little one. I thought of my own life. So quiet and uneventful it seemed to a casual observer, and even to some of my own people who could not see the "hidden springs," it seemed altogether simple and commonplace; but to me it was full of disappointment and weariness and heartache.

I hoped that little Vesta's life would be a happy one, and, out of the bright coals of the maple-wood fire in my grate I built a castle for her where she reigned happy in her own little kingdom, that of her husband's heart and home.

I wondered if all the leaves of her life would be clean, pure pages that all might read, or if there would be soiled edges and tear-blots, and leaves folded down and fastened with a seal of undying remorse; and then, I thought, I with the star will watch this new life as each petal unfolds, until it bursts into full flower.

Vesta's babyhood was much like that of other babies, and she soon slipped gently into a beautiful world known only to children.

Then I saw that she was very pretty, and that she had a little "singing-bird" in her throat. She played and romped as all children do, but she had serious moods not often found in one so young. Her eyes were large and dreamy, and had a far-away look in them, as if she were walking on heights where the feet of her young companions could not climb.

From the blue walls of its home the bright eyes of the star still watched her, and she grew to love it even more than she did her young friends. She found in its silent companionship something that suited all her moods, and it became the sharer of all her joys and sorrows.

And now, seven times more the spring budded and bloomed into summer, autumn took the emerald wreath from her brow and with magical touch changed it to gold and topaz and ruby; then came the winter with ermine diamond-studded robes, and brought to Vesta her seventeenth birthday. I watched her as she hung the Christmas wreaths, and thought I had seldom seen a fairer picture.

A soul pure and guileless looked out from the deep blue of her eyes; golden lights were in the soft plaits of her abun-

dant hair; the white of the lily was on her low, broad brow, the pink of the wild rose on her cheeks, and her every movement was full of willowy grace.

This December also brought to Vesta an aunt to spend the holidays. She was very wealthy, and she begged to take Vesta home with her to the city where she could have the advantage of the best instructors in voice-culture. Her mother hesitated to consent. She knew the allurements of life in the city, and although Vesta had been reared in the church of her mother's faith, she had always felt a little troubled because her child's religious views were not in perfect unison with her own. She believed in a God whose nature was a strange mixture of love and vengeance, while Vesta's God was all love and tender pity. She was very reticent on the subject of her religion, but lived it every day in a quiet womanly way, and in the fair-faced flowers, in the little running brooks, in the golden sunshine, everywhere, she found "footprints of the Creator."

Three years passed by, and Vesta was still with her aunt, and I began to feel that she had slipped out of my life altogether, when a voice seemed to say to me, "Why not go to the city?" So one day I found myself, as if by magic, cozily established in the city, where Vesta came to see me each day.

Then she told me what I already knew—that she was singing in public. She had had some difficulty in overcoming her aunt's prejudice against her appearing on the stage; but it being a very select company with which she wished to engage, she at last gave a reluctant consent; for as Vesta said to me, "Why did God put in my throat a little singing-bird if He did not intend to awaken glad echoes?" So she shared this Heaven-sent gift with others.

Every day she visited the Hospital of St. Luke, and many a weary life drifted down the "River" to the sweet music of her voice, and in humble cottage homes, with voice low and divinely sweet, she hushed pale sufferers into refreshing, life-giving sleep.

At her request I went one night to hear her sing. Shall I ever forget the fair picture that greeted my eyes as she came



"Shall I ever forget the fair picture?"

upon the stage, fair and pure as the white gown she wore? In her hair was fastened a star of aquamarines, over her bare white shoulders and rounded arms was thrown a lace shawl of silvery whiteness, of a pattern as delicate as the tracery of frost that we find on our window-panes in winter. Round her white throat was a fine silver chain, from which was suspended a mandolin. Like a pure white lily she looked, as she softly touched the strings of her mandolin and sang like one inspired. The purity, love, and tenderness in her heart, all found vent in her song, and as she sang on in that low, rich contralto voice, I found myself walking in a garden of fragrant flowers, pure and white as those upon the "field of Ardath." Clear, white moonlight flooded all the garden, bright-winged birds flitted around me, and there was a sound of softly rippling water; then the song ceased, and Vesta stood smiling in a shower of roses.

In one respect Vesta was not unlike other girls. She had a lover—a large, handsome man, very wealthy, but who had chosen the profession of a physician, solely with a desire to alleviate suffering generally and the needs of the poor in particular. They were engaged, and would wed in the early autumn. How happy they were, drifting on a fair sea, in the golden sunshine of love! But suddenly a little cloud appeared in the blue of their sky, and a wave drove their boat ashore.

The manager of the concert company had planned a trip across the ocean, and Vesta engaged to go with them. They would spend four months in Europe, then she would return in the autumn, and her voice would make sweet music in the home of the young doctor.

It had been the dream of her life to visit the Old World, to walk under the sunny skies of France, and along the hedgerows of England, to sit and dream fair dreams under Italy's blue sky; and out of the deep blue of the sky and the gold of the sunshine, of flowering hedgerow and down and barrow, she would blend a fair picture that would hang forever in the picture-gallery of her memory. When the preparations for her journey were almost completed, she one day received a letter from her mother, begging her to come

home—a letter full of pathos and heart-hunger and longing for her child. Vesta had been accustomed to making little sacrifices every day for those she loved. But now she must put aside the happiness of a lifetime, or so it seemed to her; for she must give up her lover also. She could not ask him to wait for years to claim his bride; neither could she expect him to give up his field of love and labor to follow her.

She did not hesitate in her decision, but only asked for courage and cheerfulness to do His will. At night when the stars came out in the blue she sought her own particular star, and thought she had never before seen it look so clear and bright and glittering, when down from its sparkling height shot a ray of dazzling light and the soft voice of the night-wind whispered, "Keep your eyes fixed on the stars, but do not forget to light the household candles by the way." So the dream was ended, and Vesta went back to the humble home of her childhood.

She put aside her own sorrow and lived only to make her mother happy, and as I looked at her sweet, fair face, and listened to her tender voice, I thought, "Is this be the end of the young life I have watched?" and then a voice asked, "What nobler, grander life could you ask, than one bright with a reflection of scattered sunbeams, a brave sacrifice made from pure, tender love for a mother? And this that you call the end is only the beginning; the tender, perfect beauty of her life you have not yet seen, a life pure and chaste as that of the virgin goddess of the Romans, whose name she bears."

As the eyes of the mother are quick to read the heart of her child, Vesta's mother read and understood. With her own heart she held communion, and of herself she asked, "If my child could willingly lay down all the bright threads of her life for my sake, can not I for her pick them up again, and weave them into a chain of happiness that shall bind three lives? What is my fondness for my home compared with my love for the child I have watched and tended? I will go with my child to the life she has chosen, and she shall have her heart's desire."

And so a little messenger flew to Vesta's

lover and whispered a secret, and then Vesta came to me with her blue eyes shining with happiness, and told me that they were going away.

Then I asked her to sing, knowing intuitively that I should never hear her voice again in song. The song she chose was a tender ballad, and her whole soul poured

forth in that voice of pure, inexpressible sweetness. And as the last rich, sweet notes died away, I awoke. My maple-wood fire had died down to white ashes. It was far into the night; baby Vesta was asleep in her crib, and the soft silvery light of the star fell on her fair little face like a sweet benediction.



THE MASTER.

THERE was a ruler born. Ere he had grown
 To man's estate his playmates felt his power;
 And when there came to him the supreme hour
 That he could claim and call his will his own,
 He had the strength to meet the world alone.
 Kings paled at his command and gave their dower;
 Love failed to win him to her rosy bower,
 But bowed a slave before his regal throne.

When jealous passion sought to cloud his fame
 And curb the might he wielded far and wide,
 By his stern will the hand of strife was stayed,
 And men were awed at mention of his name,
 Until one day Death calmly walked aside
 And beckoned him, when meekly he obeyed!

Edward William Dutcher.

THE MUMMY AND THE MOTH

By AGNES WARNER McCLELLAND

WE of the nineteenth century are apt to scoff at aught that involves the supernatural. We doubt the miracles of the Bible, we hoot at the manifestations of modern spiritualism, and we decry the occultism of the East by terming it mere sleight of hand. We explain all phenomena as the results of nature's operations under fixed law, and yet we find ourselves obliged to admit our ignorance of many of the simplest of her processes.

I, John Lee, a plain man of the people, a stern believer in material things, with a deep-rooted prejudice and disgust for all things claiming to be supernatural, have passed through an experience so peculiar, that except for certain undeniable facts I should be forced to believe myself the victim of a hallucination. Yet, there are moments in which I should be almost glad if that were true, feeling that even an incipient insanity would be preferable to this awful contact with a supernatural world.

Hoping some man of science, some seer into the heart of things, may be able to explain the experience through which I have passed and give back to me my materialism, which was to me dearer than life, I have decided to lay my story before the public as briefly and simply as possible; believing that by so doing, it may come under the eye of some one who can explain it to his own and to my satisfaction.

In the year 1893, my friend Philip Morris, a writer and traveler of some note, returned to America to visit the World's Fair. Coming directly from Egypt, and knowing of my private museum, of which I am justly proud, he brought me a mummy and a quantity of Egyptian pottery which had been discovered in an ancient tomb some distance from Thebes upon the banks of the Nile.

The mummy was supposed to be that of a young girl, and, from the richness of the case in which it was inclosed, of no less rank than that of a princess. I was de-

lighted, and was deeply grateful to my friend Morris for this unique present, and so gave my little princess the place of honor upon a dais that was reached by three steps, at the very end of the long room.

Morris had purposely brought me the mummy wrapped, so that I might have the pleasure of divesting it of the interminable linen bands. It was therefore with satisfaction, though also with a certain sense of suspense bordering closely upon awe, that I, accompanied by my friends Morris and Dr. Janes, ascended to the museum one rainy evening in May for the purpose of unwinding my little princess.

When at length she lay before us, it was with the utmost astonishment and delight that we gazed upon her. The delicate features were perfectly preserved, and save for the brown parchment-like skin she was as beautiful as when, upon that day so long ago, she was laid away with mourning by those who loved her. The plaited tress upon her left temple proclaimed her of the royal house; while heavy ornaments of gold clasped about the slender throat and arms told of the wealth and honor that must have been hers, and in the tiny, claw-like right hand was clasped an unbroken chrysalis.

"How wonderful it would be," said the doctor, as we were carefully examining the chrysalis under the microscope, "if there should be life here after all these years."

"So wonderful as to be entirely impossible," declared Morris. "I am at a loss to understand the presence of the chrysalis here. It is something unheard of so far as I know, although the Egyptians did associate the butterfly with the immortal soul. Perhaps some one who loved the little maid laid it in the tiny hand simply as a beautiful thought of the future life."

"A tradition to which the world still clings," I replied scornfully, and yet even as I spoke I put the chrysalis back in the little open hand.

The next evening found me alone in the museum, busily employed with my glass in examining the hieroglyphics upon some of the pottery tablets Morris had brought me. I was at the very end of the room farthest from the dais, and the student's lamp upon the table by which I sat cast but a dim and shadowy light about the large room.

I was entirely absorbed by my work when there floated into the range of my vision the largest and most beautiful white moth I had ever seen. I was startled for the moment, wondering where the lovely creature had come from. The windows were closed I knew, for the day had been damp and chilly.

As I watched it floating to and fro, now over the man in armor, now above the great carved cabinet, and then again fluttering toward me, I noticed the delicate loveliness of its wings, which seemed slightly phosphorescent in the shadow.

Then, having made several circuits of the room, it flew directly to the dais, floated softly above, and at last settled slowly down upon the lips of the mummy. Resting there, its wings gently vibrant, the strange phosphorescent glow grew distinctly brighter and seemed to throw an uncanny bluish light over the whole figure of the mummy, the face taking on a wan unearthly beauty.

As yet, I am certain, I had no thought of fear, no sense of the supernatural, only an absorbing interest in this hitherto unknown species of the luminous moth, and, strange as it may seem, I had altogether forgotten the chrysalis in the hand of the mummy.

As I put my hands upon the arms of my chair to arise, that I might go nearer and observe more closely the peculiar insect, I received an electric shock so severe as to throw me back in my chair with some violence, at the same time the lamp by my side flared up, as with a slight explosion, and then went out.

Instinctively I closed my eyes as I sank back from the shock, and when I opened them again, in what seemed but a moment, the whole room was pulsating with an unearthly bluish light.

The moth clung, now like the very embodiment of gleaming beauty, upon the

mouth of the mummy, and with each vibration of those lovely wings the light in the room moved with them, ebbing and flowing like the tide. Above the mummy I perceived a faint mist, now appearing, now disappearing, and I also noticed an odor, sweet, penetrating, yet utterly unlike any perfume with which I am familiar. At each new appearance of the mist the odor became stronger, while the mist itself became more silvery, more definite in outline.

The moth, as the mist expanded, floated slowly upward, now poised aloft, now fluttering downward, but the wings vibrated always rhythmically, the light moving with them.

Suddenly the moth darted upward, and behind it rose the mist streaming slowly higher and higher, when from the very midst of that silvery veil—*appeared a face!*

I swear that save myself no man on earth has seen such a face. It is useless to attempt to describe it, but so wondrously, radiantly beautiful was it that since that hour the loveliest mortal face has seemed to me but the shadow of beauty.

Gently the mist rolled backward, and before me I saw the spirit of the Egyptian princess, with the moth, so brilliant now as to pain the eye that looked upon it, floating above her head.

Stronger and more suffocating grew the perfume, more and more radiant the vision. I tried to close my eyes, I strove to rise, in vain. My brain reeled—my heart seemed bursting! It was more than mortal could endure, and with one mighty effort I threw myself forward.

"He will be all right in a moment."

The words came to me thick and muffled.

"He is coming out of it beautifully."

"Lee is the last fellow in the world to swoon, but that incense was simply overpowering."

"What is the matter?" I asked, trying to rise upon my elbow. I was lying upon the couch in the museum, the cold night air from the open window blowing directly upon me.

"Lie still, old fellow," said the doctor. "Morris and I found you lying upon the floor in a little faint, evidently overcome by some incense you had been using. The odor was almost suffocating when we found you."

"Is she gone?" I asked, lying back sick and faint as the whole scene through which I had passed flashed back upon me.

"Whom do you mean?" inquired Morris in surprise.

"The Egyptian princess."

At this the doctor looked grave and again felt my pulse.

"You are wandering, my dear Lee," said Morris gently.

"No such thing," I replied testily. "I

tell you the moth from the chrysalis brought back her spirit, and it was as I saw her that the strange perfume, which you yourselves have noticed, overcame me."

They thought me mad. I saw it in their faces.

"Come and look at her," I commanded.

"Humor him," said the doctor softly. "In his nervous condition it is the only thing to do."

So with their help I made my way to the dais.

A few handfuls of dust was all that was left of the little princess, and on the floor beside the mummy case we found the broken chrysalis.

A MEMORY

A GENTLE voice the sweet refrain was singing:
 "I love my Love, because my Love loves me!"
 And tender echoes in my heart are ringing,
 While to my eyes the tears rise silently.

Not tears of pain—ah no! but tears of longing.
 To hear *one* voice, *one* loving face to see,
 While eager memories come quietly thronging
 And in my eyes look mute and wistfully.

Dear phantoms, must your slender hands out-reaching
 My secret shrine unlock with magic key,
 Wherein through years of sorrow's sternest teaching
 I hid my heart's one secret carefully?

Ah, friend of mine! I pray you, cease your singing.
 I *said* it once, because my Love loved me!
 Ah well, who knows? the future may be bringing
 My wanderer back, if I wait patiently.

Rebecca Effing.

A HOLE IN THE GROUND

By G. SHERIDAN DOWELL

I WAS waiting rather anxiously in our cozy little flat in New York, for Jack was a whole hour later than he had promised me he would be. Visions of various accidents floated through my brain. Possibly I was spoiled, for he was always so punctual and careful of what he called my "erratic imagination." Once more I arranged his slippers in the fender, once again I turned his smoking-jacket; then just as I was going to the window for the twentieth time, I heard the well-known grate of his latch-key, then his cheery voice as he seemed to take the stairs in three jumps, "Late, little wife,—a whole hour late. But it was business, and I could not help it."

"Never mind, dear, so long as you're safe," said I, tugging at his overcoat. "But I was beginning to —"

"Of course, you were," said he laughing. "Own up that you began three quarters of an hour ago."

Finally I got him into his warm slippers, jacket, and big chair, sniffing with masculine contentment his evening cigar.

"What do you think I've been doing, child?" said he.

"Give it up," said I.

"Well, something I very seldom do these days. I went myself to interview a California friend of yours."

I was immediately interested.

"Jack, who was it? Tell me quick."

"The same man you interviewed, young one, in San Francisco about five years ago. I went, as you did, to find out if the wonderful new strike in his mine, which report says is turning 'Frisco crazy, was true. I went myself, because I wanted to see if he would impress me as he did you."

"Well, Jack, did he? I should like very much to know."

"Well, yes and no. He is our accepted type of a forty-niner, a tender-hearted, emotional, lovable man, I should say, but drifting, too much absorbed in himself without being what is generally understood as selfish. With all his wealth he should do some big thing. Heaven knows a man can

see plenty of places to put money when he has none. Why do thirty millions make him blind? If you can judge from his conversation,—and we had quite a long one together on various subjects,—he just sloshes along in an aimless kind of way. I think if anything was brought under his notice, he would probably do it; he might even be glad of the opportunity. But he is not looking for some desirable way to spend the money he cannot use, nor his one son after him, and that one son is all he has on his mind in this big world," said Jack half sadly.

"Do you know, dear," said I, "that the Christmas Eve I went to interview him, he gave me all the information that I required about his mine, in ten minutes? Then sitting by the fire in his office, waiting for the rain to cease, one sentence lead to another, until he had told me the story of his life and how half 'The Eureka' became his. I remember I was so interested in what he told me that on returning to the office, I carefully wrote it out. I still have it somewhere; I will find it and read it to you. I think it will explain why he seems to *drift*."

"Go ahead, little wife," said dear, companionable Jack. "Nothing will please me better, for I could not help being interested in the fellow; he has such a graceful, magnetic, attractive way about him. I asked him if he remembered you and told him whose wife you were these days. He said he remembered you well. He sails to-morrow for Europe, to be away two years, or he would come and call on you. Asked me to give you his kind regards, and to tell you what a lucky girl you were to get me."

"He meant the other way, you con-ceited boy," said I laughing as I ran upstairs for my old typewritten interview. I found it after looking through three drawers full of manuscripts. As I carried it downstairs, an idea struck me.

"Jack," said I, "it's nearly five years since Mr. Burns told me the story I am going to read to you. I did not publish it

then; I felt it was too sacred, somehow. Not that he is the kind of man to mind the truth at any time; but all the same, I put it away. Now, however, I think it would be of general interest, especially in connection with this present big strike. So, if you like, I will give it to you for your Sunday edition."

"Bravo, little wife! I am sure nothing you could ever write would pain any man to see in print."

So on a bundle of pillows, sitting at Jack's knee, I began my story of

A HOLE IN THE GROUND.

The rain poured in torrents, splashing against the windows as the wind in spiteful humor drove it spasmodically along. From my little office-window under the roof of a San Francisco sky-scraper, I looked down upon the hurrying crowd on Market Street; umbrellas bobbing up and down like black mushrooms, as their owners in urgent haste jumped pools to catch their cars. Delicious! We Californians enjoy this sort of weather. "Raining millions!" say the ranchers, rubbing their hands gleefully; for they know all our great State needs is water, and plenty of it, to return tenfold to the sower and bless him with the bounty of her hand. Christmas Eve, and a glad one! for the danger-mark was passed—enough rain had already fallen to insure a prosperous year, and more, still more, was soaking into the thirsty earth. A great content was in the heart of man, and naturally the magnetic vibration had rebounded to the heart of woman. So, gaily I pulled on my overshoes and, umbrella in hand, sallied buoyantly out. Drip—splash—how happy I felt! Youth is a peculiar thing, and this sense of exhilaration pervading everything was very infectious. Mine was the kind of curly hair that improved in this sort of weather,—a consolation never underestimated by a woman,—so I stopped at the corner and bought some great red roses, tenderly pinning them as close under my nose as I could get them; then coming face to face with a clock, I realized I must hasten on if I intended to keep my appointment punctually with my millionaire.

"The ninth floor, if you please," said I,

stepping into the elevator. I took off my wraps in the ante-room; my blessed hair had tossed itself all right; so with pencils and book in hand I was shown into a large and luxurious room, with soft carpets, numberless pictures, and a blazing wood fire flickering on brass andirons and glinting here and there in the semi-darkness on the gilt picture-frames. A tall, naturally graceful man, slight, and still lithe of limb, rose and cordially shook hands with me.

"Sorry you had to come out in this rain," said he kindly in his pleasant, half-drawling way of speaking. "Feet not wet, I hope. Come closer to the fire."

This assuredly was no pompous, condescending person made self-conscious by eight figures. As he stood by the fire I could look at him without being observed. He had a long delicate face, broad forehead and waving hair, real blue eyes, and a straight nose with delicate, sensitive nostrils. His mouth and chin were unfortunately hidden by a pointed iron-gray beard and mustache. He was dressed in a sort of pepper-and-salt sack suit that fitted him charmingly. As he stood there clipping a cigar, his lean brown hands had a fascination in them that few hands possess. Breeding there and long descent, thought I, or all signs are as naught; and yet I had been told this man had been only a common miner with little book-lore and a vague uncertainty as to his grandmother's name, carrying his daily lunch in a small tin pail and sharpening his picks in a home-made forge in the evening after his hard day's work was done.

I laid my note-book on the table. He lighted a reading-lamp and pushed it near me, for, though only a little after four, the room was too dark to write without it.

"Jolly rain," said he. "It will fill our reservoirs and raise our lakes. Just listen to it! Guess it will soak through to Japan if it don't stop soon."

An old man opened the door, bearing a tray with two cups and saucers, some thin slices of brown bread and butter, and steaming, fragrant hot coffee.

"Ain't you gone yet, Wilkins? You should have let Simons bring that in."

"Not to-night, sir. I wanted to bring it myself, and have the pleasure of wishing

you a merry Christmas, and lots of 'em," said the old man affectionately.

"Thank you, Wilkins,—thank you. I wish you the same, and an A No. 1 new year. Don't wait for anything else; start right off. I won't see any one else this evening."

"All right! Good-night, sir," said he, bowing respectfully as he closed the door. And I was left alone once more with the great Thomas Franklyn Burns, better known as "Tom Burns of the Eureka."

"May I give you a cup of coffee, Miss Burton? It will do you good after being out in the rain. It's my strongest tippie; I never was a drinking man."

He poured the beverage out carefully and handed it to me with that peculiar deference which is so charming and that I wish with all my heart was not growing old-fashioned. Then settling himself in his spacious leather chair, he said: "So you want to know all I can tell you about the new strike that has been made in 'The Eureka.' Don't see how it can interest any one particularly except the owners, though I have been talked at for an interview on this same subject a dozen times or more, I guess; but you are the first woman who asked me, and somehow I did n't quite like to refuse you."

"Just listen to that wind and rain, Miss Burton! Sounds as if it would break in the windows, and yet it is the best music on earth to me; we need it so badly. There are thousands that might have gone hungry if it had n't been for this." Then after a moment's silence, he continued: "And I know what that means. I have felt the empty craving and the gnawing. I remember one evening when the smell of bacon frying in a little wayside cabin made me nearly mad, but I was too proud to beg—yes, too proud. How strange it is that those long-ago days seem to me as yesterday, and yesterday so long ago!"

The log of oak-wood burnt thin in the middle and broke, sending up a shower of sparks. Dreamily he sat and watched it.

"You say you would like to know how I began? Well, I came from the East—left the old farm; mother was dead, or I could n't have done it. I was only a lad and lonely without her; so, like a good many others, nothing would do me but

California. Jack Ryan and I were old schoolmates. We left together and pegged out our first gravel-claims side by side about two miles out of Downieville. He is what they call a railroad magnate now. The name tickles him as much as it does me. But he's a true man; that's the plan he's built on, and its no matter by what name they call him, they can't undo that." And with this Mr. Burns brought his clenched hand down on the table until the lamp rattled.

"Guess I'm a little energetic, Miss Burton, but I get that way when I talk of Jack sometimes. We worked together day in and day out for four years and made a considerable pile; but we were young, and 'light come, light go.'"

This he said with a laugh. I nodded and he continued: "Then I came down to San Francisco, kind of broken in health. Jack insisted on my going to the hospital. He saw me comfortably fixed there and then struck for the ridges. He was hankering after quartz. One of the old miners that was going with him had been in the big Tambaroora rush in Australia, and swore that this country was just the dead spit of that in the hills. He'd filled Jack up with the folly of sticking to gravel any longer when there must be quartz ledges in the hills just hanging together with gold. All you had to do was go and find them. So Jack got his pack-mules, and he and the old Australian miner and a millman from Angels started off prospecting in the mountains. Meanwhile, having nothing much to do, and feeling lonely without him, I fell in love with one of the nurses."

He looked at me wonderingly and continued: "Strange! is'nt it?—how one can turn one's self inside out for some people while it's mean work to tell others the time o' day. Women were scarce in those days, and when she took a fancy to me I felt extra proud, for there were no end of chaps that envied me and some mean chunks that tried more ways than one to cut me out; but that was no go. Mollie loved me, God bless her! She is gone, Miss Burton,—dead and gone,—and I am lonely without her." Then a gulp of coffee and he added: "Yes, lonely in heart, and though it's twelve years since

that day, I have never seen another woman I wanted to have take her place, and I feel right inside of myself I never shall." He nodded his head slowly two or three times, then continued half dreamily: "I guess Mollie and I were happier with each other than we could be with any one else on earth; so as soon as ever I was discharged from the hospital, I just married Mollie.

"God only knows why, but from that day on for years my luck changed—loss after loss. Hanged if anything seemed to turn out right! I worked late and early. It would be hard for me to tell any one the way I struggled, for, remember, I was working for her and our two little ones. Nearly five years of the hardest time I ever struck, or any one else on earth, I believe,—and then a glimmer of daylight.

"In the confusion and everlasting change that was going on everywhere, I had lost sight of my old partner, Jack Ryan. I had written half a dozen times or more, but received no reply. I heard by accident one day that he had advertised for me in several papers, then giving it up went to the old country to see his people, and afterwards, I learned, to get a great deal of money that had been left to him by his grandfather.

"About that time we were down to the very dregs, Mollie and me. One morning she said to me, 'Tom, you must try to bring me home something if you can, dear; I have used the last flour and sugar and tea, and all I have is some potatoes and one old squash.' My heart stood still; I felt chilled from head to foot. 'Mollie girl,' said I, 'it was a sorry day when you trusted your sweet young life to me.' Well, she couldn't stand me saying that, poor girl, so I had to stay and soothe her and stroke her hair—real gold it was, shimmering as if it had been dipped in sunshine.' These blonde women nowadays make me sick with their dismal failure trying to imitate such material as that was. She just laid her head on my shoulder and sobbed. It was a great relief to her, poor child, though I remember it nearly killed me, for you see I had to keep brave, choke it down, and cheer her up. There were hundreds of men like myself, with their health pretty badly undermined

and out of employment. You see the drift-mines were death on a delicate fellow. The placers were mostly all worked out or shut down on account of the débris filling up the river. The good quartz-ledges were as hard to find then as they are now, and it took a lot of money to look for them, and besides they needed capital to work them when you did find them, which generally meant the discoverer coming out at the little end of the horn.

"I knew all this by heart, God help me! I did not have an inch of hope before my eyes. If ever a man felt desperate, I did. But I took her in my arms all the same and begged her for my sake to cheer up. I reminded her how well the children were, how strong she was,—for she never had a sick day, Miss Burton, till that fearful fever came.

"'Straighten things around, little girl,' said I. 'Lay the cloth and have your fire ready, and trust to me, dear heart. I'll bring you plenty to cook; you shall have the best dinner you've had in many a day.' The *will* in me to do it or die infected her, and, looking up at me through her tears, she said, 'Tom dear, I trust you; I know you will.' And just that way I fooled away an hour, and by so doing met a man I should otherwise have missed. He hailed me and said, 'Will you do some teaming for me? I have a whole stack of stuff I want taken into Nevada.' You could have heard my heart beating for joy, Miss Burton, 'cross the road it seemed to me. 'You bet I can!' said I. 'Can you go right off?' said he. I nodded. 'I was on the way with it,' said he, 'when I got this dispatch. I must catch this evening's train. You can take my teams. Can you leave by daylight to-morrow?' 'You bet!' said I again, for words don't come too easy when your heart's full.

"'Well,' said he, 'my son will go along with you; he's too young to go it alone. But if you can get that lumber I've got in Coyote Valley into Carson City by this day month,—that is what I calculated to do,—I'll give you a hundred dollars.' I said that if he thought *he* could, I guessed there was no reason why *I* should n't. Then looking pretty hard at me, he put his hand in his pocket and handed me four

ten-dollar gold-pieces. 'That's for good faith, Mr. Burns, and if you'll come to my place this evening after supper (it was about a mile and a half from there) I'll tell you where to deliver the stuff and about it. I can't stop now.' And he cantered off, and perhaps I didn't go down hill into that little town, Miss Burton. Seems to me I only touched the high places.

"Ham, eggs, beans, flour, sugar, tea, raisins, and candy for the poor young ones! Then to the butcher's for chickens (he only had half a dozen, and I took 'em all) and thick porterhouse steak,—to this very minute it does me good to think of it!

"We packed the whole kit on a mule, and the boy, mule, and me struck for home as the crow flies. I had promised the little wife the best dinner she and the children had eaten in many a day, and though I've had many things to be thankful for in my long life I have never felt a deeper thanksgiving in my soul for anything that ever happened to me than I did for being able to keep my promise that day.

"We were a happy little crowd, I tell you, and at dawn of day I kissed the sleeping children and waved my hand to my little Mollie, who stood in the gray light watching me out of sight. But Great Scott! why do I tell you all this? What do you care for it?"

"Go on, please go on," was all I said.

But he must have felt how in earnest and interested I was, for he continued apparently to himself: "Yes, and that very morning that I met Fred James and undertook his teaming for him, my luck changed. As I was on my way home from the last trip, having delivered the lumber in Carson City within the stipulated time, I met an old friend from Sierra City who told me of a quartz-mine three times undertaken by three different parties, all of them having more or less failed. He said he had heard A No. 1 reports of the rock, that the ledge was a wide one, going between fifteen and twenty dollars to the ton, mostly free gold, but somehow they could n't make a go of it. He told me he had no time to look at it himself, as he had a bench placer mine on the Klamath, and must hurry home, for the hydraulic season was close at hand. He strongly

urged my looking at it, saying he had a good opinion of my judgment in such matters.

"So, without enough money to buy a windlass and not a very brilliant chance of increasing the little I had, I went to look at a quartz-mine, with from ten to twelve thousand dollars worth of machinery on it, and that up to this had pretty near busted every one who touched it. Such is life! I went, and what I saw, Miss Burton, never left my eyes by day or night—a magnificent prospect, badly handled, I could see, from the very start, but a fortune, all the same, to any one that could get capital enough and knowledge enough to run it right. The more I examined it, the more I longed to be able to work it and the more maddening it seemed that I could n't. All sorts of schemes floated through my brain. I had friends in Sacramento and San Francisco, too, for that matter. I could not go to them to beg, but with a proposition like this, I felt I ought to be able to.

"I talked it over with Mollie, and taking just as little as I could of the remains of that hundred, I started for San Francisco. I went directly to an old friend who had a liquor-store on the water-front. We talked nearly all night, and finally he said he'd stand behind me to the tune of fifteen thousand dollars. That was, as I knew, the limit of his possibility. I knew I was taking his all and that he was only giving it because he had complete confidence in me. So from that you can guess how sure I was of the future of that mine.

"So back I went to Mollie, got four pack-mules and a big tent, packed everything, and with Mollie on one mule and the children in paniers on another, and me leading them both and driving the other two ahead, we started for the mine.

"I had been through this kind of thing twice before and each time for want of money had failed, so I didn't blame Mollie for being a bit downhearted and rather doubtful.

"A week of tramping and camping, when, just about four o'clock one autumn afternoon, we pulled up at the mine. Tired? I should say so, just completely used up; children cross,—poor little

things!—and Mollie white as death, with great dark marks under her eyes, and as for me, well, I just ached all over. I can feel it now.”

With a look of pain, he drew a leg up slowly, stiff with the memory of the past, and then added, apologetically: “Poor Mollie! she was n’t to blame for it. God knows she seldom grumbled; instead, she was ever trying to make things seem easier, bless her! But this time she just looked around her, and all she could see was the mound of gravel and rock from the shaft, as I lifted her poor stiff little body off the mule. Then she said, ‘Tom, Tom, how could you bring the poor little ones and me to such a place as this? Why, it’s *only a hole in the ground!*’ And half-impatiently she flung my hand aside and turned her back on me. Well, I was a brute; but I was dead worn-out and kinder stung up, so I swore. Yes, by Heavens! I cursed and swore at the poor little tired-out girl who had stood by me and loved me through thick and thin, and leaving her and the children and the mules just where they stood, I strode away around the bend of the hill, out of sight as quick as I could go.

“Miss Burton, I wonder at myself talking as I do to you to-night. But you were right,—it’s a great relief. Well, this is honest; I just flung myself on the ground on my face and choked up and cried like a woman. I shook and I could n’t stop it. I grasped the long grass in my hands and tore it out by the roots. I felt as if I’d break in pieces and my head must suddenly burst. I tell you, overtiredness plays queer tricks with a man. Then all of a sudden I realized what a selfish brute I was, and I could hardly get back quick enough to the poor little girl. She had helped the children out and washed them in the creek and almost unpacked one of the mules, when I flung my arms around her and begged her for old time’s sake to forgive me. I am not ashamed to say it, for it’s God’s truth, that we both just cried it out, and after the storm come the calm.” Mr. Burns not infrequently slipped back into the old time careless forms of speech.

“After great pain, there is often,” said he thoughtfully, “a reaction that makes

a deeper joy than could have been possible without it. So just like boy and girl, both forgiven, and with a lightness in our hearts that I think can only come about once in a life, we made a blazing camp-fire; and while I was whistling and rigging our tent, Mollie prepared the most delicious supper I had ever eaten before,—or ever have since, for that matter,—in my long life. We undressed the children and sat hand in hand by the tent-door long after they were sound asleep, quietly sitting in the calm moonlight, the crisp evening air warmed just enough by the fire. We forgot we were tired, so interested were we in building castles and dreaming dreams—prophecies, I think, was the right name for them.

“Well, to cut things short a little, we bought the Eureka mine from the owners for three thousand dollars, and with a dozen men that I knew and could trust we started to work. First, as the rainy season was coming on, we built a cabin, cozy and tight, for Mollie and the young ones; then we started in on the mine. One evening that I can never forget, Miss Burton,—it was soon after the cabin was built,—Mollie was standing with me looking over the fence that separated our place from the main road. It was a beautiful fall evening, clear and bracing. I was just telling her what a hunger I was gathering up for supper, when a buggy containing two ladies, and drawn by a pair of stunning bays turned the corner. The ladies looked to me mother and daughter. The young lady was driving, and it was not the first time by a good many that she had handled the reins. I was taken up watching how skillfully she picked her way through the ruts and stumps in the road, when Mollie suddenly said: ‘Tom, look! Did you ever in your life see such a lovely fur cape as the lady this side is wearing? How I wish I had one just like it!’ I looked at it carefully. The rich brown-black fur half shone in the evening light. I had never seen any skin like it before, so guessed it came from foreign parts. Mollie kept her eyes on it until they were out of sight. I stood watching her, for in all our married life I never heard her express a desire to possess anything special in the way of dress before. I stroked her

bright hair and promised her she should have a cloak exactly like this one, if it was to be found in the wide world, and it should not be long before she got it, neither. 'And won't that rich deep brown fur look fine beside this golden fluff, Mollie?' said I half-teasingly as I held up a handful of her wonderful hair. 'Thank you, Tom,' said she very gently. 'I really would like to have a cape like that.'

There ensued a silence, and I could see with what difficulty he was mastering an almost overpowering impulse to sob. Instinctively he shaded his face with his hand and looked steadily at the fire. I was sorry he was suffering. This tense, live love for his dead wife was as pathetic as—Heaven help us!—it was unusual. With an effort he roused himself and said: "I think I'll put another log on the fire; it's raining too hard for you to think of going just yet." And then, apparently wishing to tell me something, though half afraid of being misunderstood, he continued: "Perhaps you will think me a fool, Miss Burton, but just three years ago, as I was wandering down one of the principal streets of New York, I came to a window with a wax-figure of a woman standing in it, dressed in a purple velvet gown, a beautiful, satisfying sorter color, like a bunch of California violets, and over its shoulders was thrown the exact counterpart of the fur cloak my little Mollie wanted so bad. I stood, looking and looking; yes, just the same beautiful rich fur, the very same shade—perhaps it was a trifle longer, that was all. I walked on, but—for the life of me I could n't help it—I had to come back and have another look. Then I went into the store and said to a man standing near: 'Give me that long fur cape, if you please, in the window. I'll take it with me.' I remember he looked at me sorter inquiringly. I suppose he was accustomed to a lot of questions and such like. He said: 'It has a camphor-wood case that goes with it; perhaps I had better send it.' I agreed to this, as I found I had not enough money with me to pay for it. So he sent it "Collect on Delivery." And there I was, waiting for my cloak. I sat down with it and hugged it in my arms, and then it all

came over me sudden-like and broke me up, and I wished I'd never seen it. I fell asleep at the table where I sat with my head buried in the cloak; and that's how I found myself in the gray dawn of the morning when I awoke. It was so lonesome, so—awful—lonesome! Then I hung the cloak up among my coats and things, and every morning before going out I'd stroke it, till it has come to be an old friend; and now and again when things seem hard, I tell it my troubles. What a fool a man can be, can't he?—when he regular starts out and lets himself go. And yet I swear that nothing on earth, after the first bad feeling had past, has been more of a comfort to me than that old cloak. It seems a part of her. I believe she knows about it and is pleased."

He said this so confidently that I looked earnestly at him.

"Yes, the little girl knows, Miss Burton. Something tells me for *sure* that she knows and understands."

The wind blew wildly, roaring down the chimney and shaking the windows.

"What a storm," said he. "God be kind to sailors to-night! Life is hard anyway, is 'nt it? But you are young, Miss Burton, and have n't got these kind of thoughts yet, I hope."

I asked him to continue the story about his life and the mine, as I was deeply interested in both. I also wished to divert his thoughts if possible from the cloak.

"Well," said he, "I never lost faith in that mine; I can truly say that, but it was tried pretty often. At last one day—would you believe it?—when we calculated most of our obstacles was over, we struck water and the shaft was flooded. I was nearly crazy. Ruin—that's about what it meant—looked certain, for the fifteen thousand of my old friend's money was gone some months ago, and latterly every Saturday evening, after I had sold our clean-up, I'd fling the dollars on the table and tell the boys to divide it among themselves, only to save enough for Mollie and the little ones. And now come the water. Poor boys! I owed every one of them for wages, and fifteen thousand dollars of my friend's money gone! I tell

you, Miss Burton, the real old-fashioned Presbyterian hell seemed a paradise to me compared to what I was going through.

"The next morning saw me in San Francisco, and who, in Heaven's name, do you suppose I met on Kearney Street? Why Jack Ryan, my old partner, large as life, looking at some gold specimens in a window. Off we went together to his hotel, and I told him how it all was from beginning to end. 'Have you faith in it, Tom?' said he. 'If you can keep it pumped out, *is the stuff there?*' 'I'd stake my life on it, Jack,' said I,—and ten lives, if I had 'em.' 'Then go ahead,' said Jack. 'Get all the machinery you need and go ahead.' I said to him, 'Only on one condition, old friend, and that is that you take half the mine for doing this.' I had n't told him then that I had given the other half for the fifteen thousand dollars already sunk. 'All right,' said he. 'Anything to please you, old man.'

"So we pumped out and started once again. Jack was soon in to the tune of eighty thousand dollars; machinery comes high. Well, at last we struck the ledge, as I always knew we should, on the level we wanted it, about twenty feet wide and going between twenty-five and thirty dollars a ton. Pretty smooth sailing that, not much more difficulty in keeping things on an even keel. Why, it was almost quarrying. Blast it out and run it through—twenty stamps in the mill, a thousand pounds each, dropping night and day; then, clean up your tables and bank your profits! Easy enough proposition that, was n't it? At last one day when everything was pretty nearly at the top notch, and I thought I could be spared, I went to the city to see my old friend who had lent me the fifteen thousand dollars. I heard that he had died suddenly in Germany, and his heirs had written to Jack, saying they would take two hundred thousand in cash for his half of the mine. Jack had paid it and 'The Eureka' was his. I had deeded him my share when he bought the machinery, and now I handed him a complete statement up to date.

"He said, 'You've done well, Tom.' Then he continued thoughtfully, 'I guess this same mine will make a millionaire out of me.'

"Again all I could say was, 'You bet.' It was hard to give it up now after the weary struggle of the past years. Then I said, 'I feel sure you'll keep me in charge, Jack; no one will study your interests more than I shall.' 'What do you want in the way of salary?' said he, in a colder and more business-like tone than I fancied he had ever used to me. 'What do you think is fair?' said I. 'Well,' said he, 'think it over and let me know.'

"I stepped back like a fellow shot, when he does n't know how and scarcely where. I turned and went to the door. But as I held the knob in my hand, I heard a smothered laugh, and then he called out, 'Tom, Tom, old man, I can't go any farther, even for the fun of it.' He jumped up and putting a hand on each of my shoulders, said, 'Tom, old pardner, that mine is yours and mine, share and share alike, from now on till the last ton of ore in it is crushed.'

"That's all, Miss Burton; but it'll show you why I feel sorter friendly to that railway magnate."

He smiled softly, though I thought I could see a glister in his lashes, as he turned his head away from the lamp. We both sat looking into the fire thoughtfully; then I thanked him earnestly for the story he had told me and begged him to tell the rest.

"I can't," said he. "It's no use; I can't. Money, money, lots of it, but she and the little girl's gone. I have my boy, thank God! He's away at college. I have missed an education pretty badly, so I wanted him to have the best the land could give. He's all right, Tom is all right, and I'm proud of him; but he ain't the mother and the little girl with her mother's eyes and golden hair. And besides, I was always kinder partial to girls."

There was a catch in his voice.

I walked to the window and looked out. The rain had ceased, the electric-lights glimmered in office and counting-houses all around me; here and there, a very bright star in a bed of deep blue surrounded by a hurrying scud of white and gray clouds. Mr. Burns joined me.

"Do you see those lights over there?" said he, pointing to a magnificent business

block. "Count up to the eighth floor and look at that row of brilliantly lighted offices towards this end. Well, one night about eleven years ago, I was driving down from the mine. It was chilly, and I was wrapped up warm and comfortable, driving my pet bays, for I love a good horse. When I neared Winters Creek, I steadied them up. As I did so, I saw to one side under the trees a big camp-fire and a woman washing two babies in the creek; then higher up, a wagon and two pack-mules tied to a tree; while standing at the other end of the bridge, leaning against it with his head resting on his folded arms, was the man. There was something about his attitude and the whole picture that brought a lump in my throat.

"'Hello, friend!' said I, wanting to talk to him. 'Have you such a thing as a monkey-wrench? I want to oil this near wheel, or I guess I'll have a hot box.' 'Yes, I have one,' said he slowly, and in a hopeless kind of way, he walked towards the wagon to get it. I got out, but not intending to use it just then, for it was only an excuse. By degrees I got him talking about himself and how things were. And would you believe it?—he also had a ledge in the foothills that he'd stake his life on, but like others I'd heard of before, he had no money to work it with. If he only had enough to put up a two-stamp mill, he wouldn't change places with the President; that's what he told me. I looked at him and wondered if I could buy him such a blessed evening as I had experienced, years, such long years—it seemed to me—gone by! Had she, poor woman! (tired out) reproached him? Had he—?"

Mr. Burns pressed his lips tightly, and I saw his strong hands were clenched.

"Miss Burton, it was a temptation I didn't try to withstand. Money! what was money, if I could purchase with it such happiness for that poor chap as had once been mine and could never be taken away from me? I drew out my check-book and wrote him a check for a few thousand. 'You can get it cashed to-morrow morning anywhere,' said I. 'Go and tell your wife.'

"Yes, it was the same old story; the strong man shook like an aspen. I jumped in the buggy, and holding his hand over the wheel, I said, 'Don't forget to let me know—say, twice a month, exactly how you get along.'

"Those are his offices, Miss Burton, that I pointed out to you. He got along."

"There, Jack," said I, "that explains things a little, does n't it?" Jack rested his hand on my head and very gently said: "Yes, dear."

Neither of us spoke; we sat quietly, watching the fire, when the doorbell rang loudly twice. A moment later, the porter brought a large parcel to our rooms.

"For Mrs. J. T. Rogers, care of John T. Rogers, Esq.," said he.

It was for me! I was all excitement. What could it be? An envelope was slipped under the string. I opened it and found it contained a small brass key. Together we unwrapped the many folds of paper and discovered a long brass-bound camphor-wood box. I unlocked it, and there lay an almost priceless Russian sable cloak.

"Gee Whizz! Look at that," said Jack.

He placed it admiringly over my shoulders. Then stooping, he picked up a letter that had fallen from the folds. We read it together:

Dear Mrs. Rogers.—I have no doubt Mr. Rogers has told you I sail to-morrow for the old country. I have only just finished packing my traps. There lay the old cloak. I stroked it and turned it round and round, when I seemed to hear in my brain somehow Mollie's voice, saying: "Don't carry that cloak to England with you, dear Tom; it is not healthy for you. Send it to Mrs. Rogers with my love, and ask her to wear it when the snow and cold winds come, for my sake."

Then somehow as I looked at it, I felt, though I cannot explain how, that she wanted me to think less of my own sorrow and *do more for others*. I think I know enough of your husband to be sure that he will kindly let you wear this (to me) precious old thing for Mollie's sake, and accept it as a wedding gift from

Your respectful friend,

THOMAS FRANKLYN BURNS.

"Gad! Alice," said Jack, "thoughts—must—be—things!"

THE SKY-PILOT OF HUNKER'S GULCH

By DR. SAWYER, OF THE GULCH

WALL—I'll—be—danged!" said old Baldy Hunker deliberately as he looked up from the pages of the *Weekly Clean-up* and gazed at the group of miners who were lounging in the barroom of Hunker's hotel. Moved more by the unusual mildness of the exclamation than by its emphasis, the loungers looked up and waited for Baldy to speak.

"We're goin' to hev a preacher," said the old man at last.

"A what?" chorused the crowd, not because they did not hear, but because the word had so nearly dropped out of their vocabulary that its meaning did not strike them at first.

"Listen here," said Baldy, paying no attention to the question; and then adjusting his spectacles with great importance, he read as follows:—

At last the spiritual welfare of Hunker's Gulch is to receive due attention. Rev. James Murdock, of New Haven, Connecticut, has been appointed to this place, and he will arrive in a few days. He will bring his wife and make his home here. He will preach in the schoolhouse next Sunday, and will doubtless be greeted by a full house. Now that the Gulch has a first-class newspaper and a minister, its prospects for securing the county seat are excellent.

A very long silence followed the reading, for every man was busy with his thoughts. Jim Dickson told me afterward that he noticed a suspicious dampness under Buck Mason's eyes, and that his own voice sounded funny when he finally said, "Wall, we'll haf to turn out an' give him a good send-off—the first time anyhow."

"Amen," said little Con Mulligan in strongly marked Hibernian brogue, and everybody laughed, glad of a chance to express feelings that no one cared to put into words.

"An' furthermore," put in Bill Bradford, who had left his New England home only five years before, "I move that Baldy be elected deacon of this congregation, an' that we git up a little donation fer the new parson to make him feel at home."

This motion was carried by unanimous consent, and then Baldy, with rare generosity, called all hands to the bar and proposed the health of the new parson and his wife, which was drunk with hearty applause.

The next day about four o'clock Salty Hanscomb was standing on the front porch of the hotel as the stage rounded the bend half a mile away. Salty had been a sailor around the Horn, but at San Francisco he had deserted to seek his fortune in the mines. The stage was a little early that day and he was alone on the porch. His eye, trained at the lookout, soon saw that a man and a woman were on the seat with the driver, so he opened the barroom door and said laconically, "Boys, the sky-pilot's a-comin'!"

"Who?" called out half a dozen loungers, rising to go to the door.

"The sky-pilot," repeated Salty, "or at least that's what we allus ust to call 'em."

In a few moments the stage drove up, and a tall, well-built young man sprang lightly down from the driver's seat and helped his companion to alight. The girl—for she seemed nothing more—made a pretty gesture of despair as she saw the dust that covered her neat-fitting coat, but she smiled pleasantly at the driver as he said: "Better shake it off careful an' pan it out. The ground is awful rich up here."

"I'm afraid it might make us worldly-minded," she replied, with a side-glance at her husband as they turned to meet Baldy, who came forth with his most courtly manner to show them into the hotel.

"She's eighteen carats, by gosh!" exclaimed Buck Mason as the door closed, and a general chorus echoed, "You bet." Then the crowd returned to the barroom to drink her health with an enthusiasm which would have made her sad had she known of the way in which her arrival was celebrated.

"An' here's to the parson, too," said Jim. "You fellers did n't seem to see him. He's no slouch hisself."

This remark met with a hearty response,

and the parishioners continued to give expression to their approval of their new spiritual guide and his wife so freely that the prophecy of the newspaper that he would be greeted by a full house on the Sabbath seemed in a fair way to have a double fulfillment.

The next day Murdock met the most of the boys and learned that all possible arrangements had been made for their comfort. A small cabin in the outskirts of town had been placed at their disposal, and enough furniture was contributed by various persons to make the little parsonage quite comfortable, even to a rag carpet on the sitting-room floor.

In due time Sunday came, and with it to the morning service at the schoolhouse came all the inhabitants of Hunker's Gulch. A few tattered copies of "Gospel Hymns" were gathered out of the bottoms of trunks and the tops of closets, and the singing, under the leadership of Mrs. Murdock's clear, sweet voice, went fairly well. I was called out to see a patient before the sermon began and did not return till the next day. On the street I met Jim Dickson, and asked him how the parson got along.

"Wall," said Jim, "he's got a mighty fine ejuication, an' I think he means all right, but somehow he drawed his bead a little too fine to hit me. Ther was a lot in it about the 'Gyptian monuments an' the 'Syrian 'scriptions, an' he said them things was arousin' a mighty sight of interest in the worl' nowadays; but they did n't seem to 'rouse much interest at the Gulch, for ol' Baldy went to sleep, an' so would a lot more, if the flies had n't been so bad. I don't think ther was many went at night."

I found that Jim had given a correct report of the day's services. Murdock, fresh from the divinity school, felt that the questions over which he and his fellows had disputed in the classrooms were all important, and though he was intensely anxious to help the people of his new parish, yet he had not learned that in Hunker's Gulch the authorship of the Pentateuch was undisputed and the canonicity of the Second Epistle of Peter was regarded as a matter of no particular consequence.

I myself enjoyed his sermons very much, for they were really scholarly and covered a field that was of great interest to a man of a scientific turn of mind; but the rest of the people, while they recognized his good purposes and thought a great deal of his pretty wife, came to church less and less often, and soon things in the Gulch were going on very much as they had gone before his arrival.

There was one man, however, who seemed to enjoy the sermons as much as I did. There was something about them which caught the ear of Salty Hanscomb, and he was a regular attendant at the services. Moreover, he seemed to catch the spirit of Murdock's noble aims, for he began to drink less frequently and one day surprised the crowd at Hunker's by refusing Buck Mason's offer to treat, declaring that he had about made up his mind to ship in the same craft with the sky-pilot. Buck, however, had offered the treat as a prelude to the offer of a job in the Dewdrop Mine, which he and Jim Dickson had located on the other side of the mountain. Salty's declaration did not make Buck any less anxious to employ him, so that afternoon both set out for the mine, about fifteen miles away, over one of the roughest trails in the country.

The winter of 1879-80 will long be remembered for its severity. Snow fell in the Gulch Thanksgiving day, and a week before Christmas a terrible storm swept over the mountains, coating them with a thick garment of white.

The day before Christmas, Murdock was sitting before the fire, hard at work on a sermon on "The Incomprehensibility of the Divine Attributes," when an excited knock was heard at the door; and in a moment Buck Mason rushed in.

"Say, Parson," he exclaimed, "ken ye go over the mountain right away. The' was a cave-in at the Dewdrop this mornin', an' a big pile o' rock fell on ol' Salty an' I'm afraid he's done fer. But he ast me to come after ye, an' I tol' him I'd git ye if ye was to be got. I know it looks turrible black," he added, as Murdock glanced out of the window, "but Salty'll be mighty disappointed if ye don't come."

"You ought to go, James," said his wife. "Mr. Hanscomb used to think so

much of you, and if you can do anything for him you ought to do it. I am not afraid to stay alone."

"Well," said Murdock, "I will go. Are you going back with me, Mr. Mason?"

"Yes, an' I'll be saddlin' yer hoss, while ye git ready," was the answer.

Ten minutes later they were at the front gate ready to start, when Baldy came hurrying up. "Say, Parson," he cried, "ye hain't goin' to resk that mountain with that kin' of a cloud hangin' over it, air ye?"

"Yes, Mr. Hunker," replied Murdock, as his face grew a shade paler. "Mr. Hanscomb—"

"Oh, I know all about it," broke in the old man, for Mason had stopped a moment at the hotel on his way into town; "but I don't see no use o' takin' chances like that," with a fierce gesture toward the summit.

"Mr. Hunker," said Mrs. Murdock quietly, "I think he ought to go."

"Wall, then, ma'am, I s'pose thet settles it, an' I hope it'll be all right, but it looks mighty black." And he walked away muttering and shaking his head.

"Good-by, Flora," said Murdock, as he leaned over to kiss her. "I will be back to-night, if possible. But it will be best to get one of the Benson girls to stay with you, for I may be late."

With that he rode off, and she proudly watched him, sitting so erect and looking so brave, until he turned the bend beyond the hotel.

It was a wild ride over the mountain trail at the best, and in the face of the howling wind the two were almost chilled through when they reached the summit; but on the other side the timber was heavier and the trail less exposed. So after three hours of hard riding they reached the cabin of the Dewdrop Mine. Mason took the horses and Murdock went in.

Upon a couch made of unhewn pine lay the wounded man, breathing with an almost inaudible moaning. Jim was sitting by the couch, but he rose as Murdock entered and bending over the sufferer said, "Here, Salty; here's the sky-pilot."

Murdock approached for the first time in his life the bed of a dying man and bent

over to say something, but though his lips moved he could not utter a sound. Hardly knowing what he did, he took the hand of the old sailor, who at that moment opened his eyes and murmured, "It's a rough night fer a pilot-boat, but I'd sighted the light-house, an' I wanted ye to come an' steer me over the bar."

The minister could only tighten his grasp on Salty's hand and kneel with his face buried in the blankets. At last, feeling that he must say something, he raised his eyes and met the gaze of the other, who whispered slowly but with a look of ineffable content: "I'm glad yer han' is on the wheel. I guess we'll git across all right."

With the last word Salty closed his eyes and relaxed his hand-grasp, and in a moment the moaning ceased.

Then Murdock began to reproach himself for not having said a word of counsel nor even offered a prayer.

"Don't ye worry, Parson," said Jim. "He was too fur gone fer words. I think yer comin' done him more good than all the prayers ye could 'a' said."

"I truly hope so," he replied softly, and sat down by the fire in silence.

All that night the storm raged, and all the next day and for two days more. The morning of the fourth day dawned without a cloud, and the sun shone out in radiant gladness over the illimitable stretches of white. In her cabin Flora Murdock sat and looked out of the window with a heavy heart. She had tried to be brave, but the sun seemed to be shining in mockery, and in spite of her efforts tears gathered in her eyes.

"I would n't feel bad, Mis' Murdock," said Mabel Benson, who had stayed with her during the storm. "I'll bet anything he never started back. Buck would n't let 'im."

"I hope and pray that he did not, Mabel, but he said he would if possible, and he always did what he said," she replied, a sob almost choking her as she uttered the last word.

Just then a number of men came to the door, which Mrs. Murdock hurried to open.

"Good-mornin', Mis' Murdock," began Baldy.

"Have you heard anything?" she in-

terraptured, half afraid that he would say that he had.

"Nary a thing," was the reply; "but we 'lowed you 'd be a little anxious, an' as the boys wanted to hear how Salty was, Bud Benson an' my Si's goin' over the mountain on snow-shoes, an' like as not the parson 'll come back with 'em to-morruh ef he ken make the things go."

She saw clearly that much of his assurance was assumed, but she thanked the men heartily and went to her room to pray.

Just at dusk the next day she saw Jim Dickson and Si Hunker coming toward the house. At the corner of the street they hesitated and were conversing earnestly, evidently doubtful whether to go back or come on. She threw open the door, seeing which they advanced.

"Where is he, Mr. Dickson?" she asked in a steady voice as they approached.

"Mis' Murdock," said the miner in a low tone, "ken ye be as brave as he was?"

For a moment they looked into each other's eyes and she read the truth. Then she looked up and fixed her eyes on the summit of the snow-shrouded mountain and a great inspiration seemed to thrill her soul, and she answered without a tremor, "I will try to be, for I told him to go. Tell me everything."

"Wall, I will, then," said Jim huskily, "jest as well as I ken. Poor ol' Salty seemed like he could n't live no time when

I sent Buck after the parson, but he was boun' to hang on till he got there, an' sure enough he did, an' I never seen anybody look so happy as Salty did when he took hol' of his han' an' said he guessed he 'd git over safe with him at the wheel. After it was all over we tried to keep him from tryin' to come back but he said you 'd be lookin' fer 'im an' he ought to come. Buck wanted to come, too, but he would n't have it. We knowed he had one chance in a thousan' of gittin' through, an' we kep' hopin' he 'd made it; but when we seen Bud an' Si a-comin' las' night we knowed how it was. We all started out this mornin' an' looked everywhere, but them drif's is awful deep an' we could n't git no trace. A lot o' the boys 'll go up to-morrow an' we 'll do the bes' we ken. Everybody's awful sorry an' says it was a mighty brave thing to tackle that mountain agin sech a storm."

Mabel had come during the last part of the story and the men quietly withdrew, leaving the grief-stricken woman with the untutored but sympathetic girl.

Three weeks later two mounds were made side by side near the schoolhouse, and before Flora Murdock returned to her eastern home in the spring, there was placed over the double grave at her request a granite slab with the inscription rudely carved, "He Shall See of the Travail of his Soul and Shall be Satisfied."



HEDONISM

By LEIGH GORDON GILTNER

SINCE we must sleep the Endless Sleep at last;
Since Life's grim Juggernaut 'neath ruthless wheels
Crushes the heart; since Age like Winter steals
On Youth's fair-flowered fields with blighting blast—
Then to the gods our doubts and fears be cast.
Enough of Sorrow! Joyance is our due.
Gather the roses, spurn th' envenomed rue,
Fling to the waiting winds the pallid past.
Steep thee in mellow moods and dear desires;
Pluck Love's flame-hearted flower ere it dies;
Cull nectared kisses, sweet as morning's breath;
Warm Chastity at Passion's purple fires;
Nepenthe quaff—till drained the chalice lies . . .
After—the shrouded sleep, the dreamless dark of Death.

EUTHUMISM

IF in man's spirit glows no spark divine;
If soulless dust returns to dust again;
If after life but death and dark remain—
Then were it well to make the moment thine,
Bacchante, steeping soul and sense in wine,
In lotus-lulling languors, fond desires
That heat the heart with fierce, unhallowed fires,
Till pleasure, Circe-like, transforms us into swine.
But if some subtler spirit thrill our clay,
Some god-like flame illumine this fleeting dust—
Promethean fire snatched from the Olympian height—
Then must we choose the nobler, higher Way,
Seeking the Beautiful, the Pure, the Just—
The ultimate crowned triumph of the Right.

EVOLUTION OF THE NORTHWEST

By W. A. TENNEY

THE word "evolution" is here employed in its primary sense of unfolding. An ancient parchment scroll conveys no information to the scholar until it is unrolled. Human agency often brings to view the resources of nature which otherwise do not appear. The earlier and later exhibitions of the Northwest are not unlike two companion pictures with their faces turned to the wall. It is the object of the writer to turn the pictures around so the reader can compare the two scenes.

By the Northwest is meant that part of our country which lies west of the Rocky

the Rocky Mountains was designated as "An unexplored region."

The early American tourists and settlers placed a low estimate on the value of this remote Pacific border. Our first preserved picture of the Northwest is found on the pages of the *Congressional Globe* for 1843 and 1844. While the so-called "Oregon Question" was being discussed in diplomatic circles and on the floor of Congress, some of the wisest heads expressed positive doubts whether the occupancy of the disputed territory was worth contending for with Great Britain. Daniel Webster is reported as saying:—



Mount Hood, from Vancouver, Wash.

Mountains and between California and British Columbia. It includes what is now Oregon, Washington, Idaho, and parts of Wyoming and Montana, an area of 300,000 square miles.

In Malte-Brun's geography, which was used in our public schools in 1840, all the region west of the Missouri River was indicated on the map as the "Great Northwestern Territory," and the part west of

What can we hope to do with the Western Coast, a coast of three thousand miles, rock-bound, cheerless, uninviting, and not a harbor on it? What use have we for such a country? I will never vote one cent from the public treasury to place the Pacific Coast one inch nearer to Boston than it is now.

Senator McDuffie from South Carolina was of the same opinion:—

Of what use would it be for agricultural



Portland River Front—Showing a portion of Business Center

purposes? I would not for that purpose give a pinch of snuff for the whole territory. I wish the Rocky Mountains were an impassable barrier.*

Senator Dayton of New Jersey said:—

I have no faith in the unlimited extension of this Government. We have already conflicting interests enough, and God forbid that the time should ever come when a State on the shores of the Pacific with its interests and tendencies of trade, all looking toward Asiatic nations of the East shall add its jarring claims to our already distracted and overburdened confederacy! We are nearer to the remote nations of Europe than to Oregon.†

The missionaries of the Methodist Board had been employed in touring and in teaching the Indians in the Northwest eight years, when an editorial appeared in *The Christian Advocate*, the organ of that body, in these words:—

We have some opportunity from our position to form a correct estimate of the soil, climate, productions, and facility of the country from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Coast, as we have had large missions there for several years, distributed in small parties over the territory; and from all we have learned, we should prefer to migrate to

Botany Bay. With the exception of the land along the Willamette, and strips along other watercourses, the whole country is as ir reclaimable and barren a waste as the Desert of Sahara. Nor is this the worst. The climate is so unfriendly to human life that the native population has dwindled away under the ravages of malaria to a degree which defies all history to furnish a parallel in so wide a range of country; and the scattered remnants of the wandering tribes of Indians who still remain exhibit a degree of decrepitude, loathsome disease and moral degradation which is unknown among any other portion of our aborigines.*

Such was the view of the earliest band of missionaries after a residence of eight years in that "unexplored region."

The article on Oregon, written by John S. Hittell, in "*Appleton's New American Cyclopaedia*," published in 1863, makes this statement:—

Nearly all the tillable land in the State [Oregon] is in the Willamette Valley, a body of land about one hundred and twenty miles long and thirty miles wide.

This makes only about 3,600 square miles out of 80,000, or less than five per cent., suitable for cultivation. Our residence had been in Oregon six years when Mr.

* *Congressional Globe*, 1843, page 200.

† *Congressional Globe Appendix*, 1844, page 276.

* *The Christian Advocate*, February 7, 1844. Republished in the *Congressional Globe Appendix*, 1844, page 276.

Hittell's article appeared, and we can testify that his statements were in accord with the views of the people generally who were living in the State at that date. Mr. Hittell says of Eastern Oregon:—

Fall River (Des Chutes) has a large basin, but the most of the soil is rocky and desert-like, the elevation high above the sea, the climate dry and cold.

Of the region farther south he says:—

The soil is barren and verdureless. A man may travel for days without passing a tree.

At the time the Cyclopedia was published, Washington, including Idaho, had become a separate Territory. Seven eighths of the arable land is east of the Cascade Range. Mr. Hittell, writing of that region also, says:—

The soil east of the Cascades is thin, sterile, stony, and dry; its unfitness for cultivation is shown by the scantiness and low character of the vegetation. There are districts where a traveler may go hundreds of

was a terror to the early mariners. The bar is three miles outside of the heads; and though the expanse is wide the channel into the river formerly was in the form of the letter S and very narrow. At the critical points the greatest depth was only fourteen feet. Quicksand, constantly changing, formed the sides and bottom. The most experienced pilots in early times rarely ventured to enter the river without sounding their way. In the Cyclopedia Mr. Hittell says:—

The entrance of the Columbia is so dangerous for sailing-vessels, and the price of coal is so high on this coast that freight to Oregon must always be expensive.

The owner of the flour-mill at Eugene City in 1862 stated that he would not store 10,000 bushels of wheat for the wheat itself, because the freight to the nearest market would amount to more than the current price of wheat on deliv-



"When the Cows Come Home"—Dairy Farm in Oregon

miles without seeing a tree save stunted pines, or a bush save the desert-loving wild sage. This is the general character of the eastern part of the territory.

The commerce of Oregon must from necessity cross the Columbia Bar, and this

cry. At that date one small steamer, carrying the mail, and making two trips a month to San Francisco, and a few small sailing vessels, chiefly in the lumber trade, met all the demands for export and import. In 1869 the *Helen Augia* cleared

from the Columbia River with the first cargo of wheat for a foreign market. Two vessels laden with wheat sailed for Liverpool in 1870. Wheat then was produced exclusively in the Willamette Valley.

The United States Government, at an expense of about \$2,000,000, has constructed a jetty at the mouth of the Columbia, extending four and a half miles out into the ocean. This is the longest jetty in the world. The work began in 1884, and was completed in 1893. By contracting the outlet, the strong current has opened a straight and broad channel thirty feet deep at the shallowest point. No river on earth now affords a safer or more commodious harbor. "The terror of the Columbia Bar is a thing of the past."

amount 12,933,797 bushels, worth \$10,056,027, was produced in Eastern Oregon, where the early explorers had pronounced the soil "barren and irreclaimable as the Desert of Sahara!"

The total wheat product of the Columbia basin in 1898 was estimated at 22,000,000 bushels. A fleet of 136 vessels, with average tonnage larger than ever before, cleared from the river for Europe and Africa alone with wheat amounting to 14,363,865 bushels, valued at \$10,418,655. The export in that direction was lighter than in 1897, owing to the uncertainty by reason of the war with Spain. The export of wheat to the Asiatic coast, to the islands, and to other ports, raised the clearance from the river



Morning — Columbus, Wash.

This is not merely a matter of local importance, but of national and international benefit. The largest ships afloat can now enter the Columbia without danger. This is the only first-class harbor between the Golden Gate and the Straits of Fuca, a distance of 770 miles. Here is the natural outlet for the productions of a vast region and one of the most fertile on the globe.

THE WHEAT PRODUCT.

Wheat is the staple grain crop, owing to the extensive demand; but the other cereals—barley, oats, and rye—yield equally abundant harvests. The wheat yield of Oregon in 1897 was 20,318,367 bushels, worth \$15,797,530. Of this

in the grand total to 19,831,590 bushels, worth \$14,726,142.

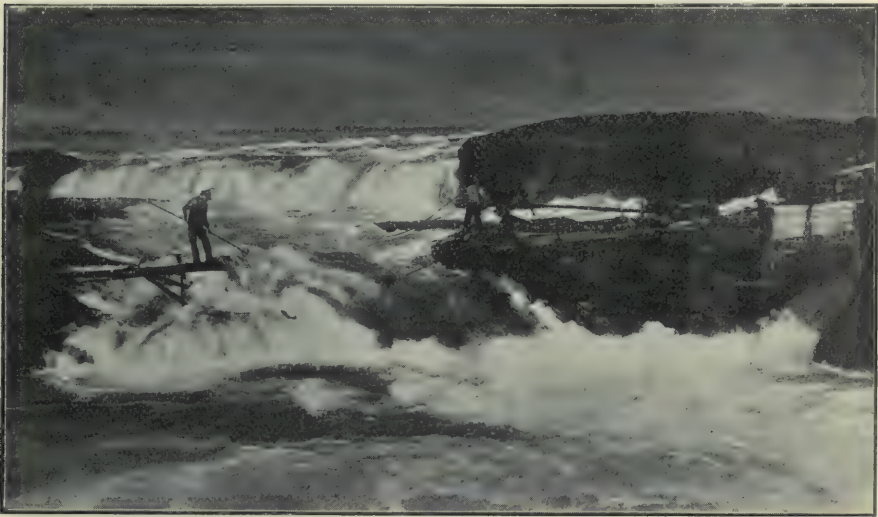
The first cargo of wheat cleared from Puget Sound, in 1881, was valued at \$51,000. The wheat product of Washington in 1898 was estimated at 20,000,000 bushels, valued at \$12,000,000. An unusual amount remained in store at the end of the year, but 104 cargoes cleared from Puget Sound, worth in the aggregate \$8,671,588 (reducing flour to wheat). Add to this the value exported from the Columbia River, and we have \$23,397,730 as the value of wheat and flour alone which cleared from the Northwest in one year. By far the larger part of this crop was raised east of the Cascades where the early explorers pronounced the soil

"stony, dry, desert-like, sterile." Let it be remembered that in 1843, Senator McDuffie on the floor of Congress said, "For agricultural purposes I would not give a pinch of snuff for the whole Territory." What a fruitful garden have human hands evolved from a worthless desert!

Near the southeastern corner of Washington is what is known as the Palouse country, including Whitman, the banner wheat county in all the United States. The yields here have been record-breaking. From fifty to seventy-five bushels to the acre are often produced.

That vast "Inland Empire" between

there would be seen late in autumn a line of green weeds, where all other vegetation would be dead. In later years it is found that the crops on the cultivated fields remain fresh long after the native grass on the unbroken borders is dry. The analysis of the soil accounts for this phenomenon, and the marvelous fertility of the region. The soil generally is of volcanic origin, and in some of the richest spots is chiefly volcanic ashes, and friable as any ash-heap. The decomposed basalt furnishes an unlimited supply of the richest plant-food. But how it is possible to raise a good harvest on any soil where the annual precipitation, chiefly in winter, does not



Celilo Falls of the Columbia

the Cascades and the Rockies, containing more than twice the area of all New England,—a region chiefly of high rolling prairies, regarded by everybody until within thirty years as an arid waste—today unfolds to view the largest and richest grain field, tilled and untilled, on the face of the earth. A total failure of crops has never been known there. Tourists, more than thirty years ago, began to notice that the surface of the dust by the roadside on autumn mornings would be wet, as if there had been a slight rain from a clear sky; but not a particle of dew appeared anywhere else. It was also noticed that in the deep dust along the mountain trails

exceed twenty inches, and with no irrigation in summer, has long been a mystery. The volcanic soil, however, contains a liberal supply of alkali. Professor Hilgard, of the California State University has found, by careful experiments, that alkali soils absorb from the atmosphere and retain twelve per cent. of water, while the same soil, with the alkali removed, absorbs only three per cent. of water. This solves the phenomenal problem. The irrigation of the crops in the arid "Inland Empire" comes from the invisible humidity of the atmosphere, taken into the pulverized soil during the cool nights by the chemical affinity of the

alkali. A good crop of wheat is sometimes harvested where not a drop of rain or irrigation touches the soil after the seed is planted.

THE SALMON FISHERY.

The salmon in the Columbia, not making an imposing exhibition of themselves

The first export of canned salmon to a foreign market was one hundred cases on the ship *Elwood* for Liverpool, in 1870. At that date only two small canneries at Eagle Cliff were in operation. The enterprise was an experiment.

This industry has steadily increased. Almost within sight of the spot where Mr.



Sixty-Stamp Mill and Surroundings

to the early pioneers, were regarded as of little commercial value. The first white man to use a salmon-net for a livelihood was James Welch, at Astoria. With a small scow and a crew of Indians, he ran a seine along the Chinook shore and caught fish to supply the local demand for Astoria and Portland.

Welch anchored his scow in 1858, there stood in 1898, at the time of our visit, twenty-three canneries of large dimensions—fifteen on the Oregon side and eight on the Washington side of the river. The fisheries, where every practical device is used, extend at present from the ocean to the Great Falls at Celilo, a distance of



Logging in Oregon|—Hauling logs without cars ; the only railroad of the kind in existence

240 miles. The report of the Fish Commissioner of Oregon at the end of 1898 shows that 6,421 men had been employed catching and canning salmon; and the product ready for market approximates annually \$3,000,000 in value. H. D. McGuire, the commissioner says:—

The total output of the Columbia River salmon fishery since the enterprise was inaugurated as a commercial factor (thirty years) aggregates 850,000,000 pounds, worth \$75,000,000. If all the salmon could be loaded on freight-cars it would require 42,500 cars to hold them, making a solid train 280 miles long. No other river or like area of water anywhere on earth has ever yielded such vast wealth in the same period of time.*

During the later years the fish-wheels at the rapids on the upper river have proved very profitable. In their passage against a strong current the salmon instinctively run near the shore where the resistance is weakest. Taking advantage of this habit, the fishermen have run weirs, attached to strong piling, out to deep water. Here a scow is made fast,

and at the stern of the scow is a large wheel, not unlike the stern-wheel of a steamer, only instead of paddles there is netting. This wheel in the current is automatic. The fish are caught in the meshes, and as the wheel revolves are thrown into the scow. Some of the results have been marvelous. In 1894, at Cascade Locks, a single fish-wheel on a scow caught 54,000 pounds of salmon in twenty-four hours. At four cents a pound, the usual price, the day's product would amount to \$2,160.

A scow at another point of the Cascades was so loaded in one night that the whole outfit sank before daybreak. This gives some idea of the vast quantities of fish that escape the nets on the lower river.

The fishing industry of Washington including salmon, halibut, cod, oysters, and other varieties, employs several thousand men, and yields a profit almost equal to the Oregon fisheries. The aggregate output of the two States is not less than \$5,000,000 in value annually. The last two or three years, fresh salmon have been sent in large quantities in cold storage to the Eastern States and to the cities of

* *The Oregonian*, January 16, 1899.

England and Europe. Fresh halibut, taken in the region of Puget Sound, sent in cold storage, appear as dainty dishes on the tables of the epicures in our interior States. Though the fish of the Northwest have not money in their mouths when caught, they surely command money afterward.

MINING.

Daniel Webster, with great eloquence, in 1843 asked: "What do we want of the vast, worthless (?) area, this region of savages and wild beasts, of deserts, of shifting sands, of cactus and prairie-dogs? To what use could we ever hope to put these great deserts, or these endless mountain ranges, impenetrable, and covered to their base with eternal snow?" Leave out the one word "worthless" and the rest of the description is not inapplicable to vast tracts of the original Northwest. But it is very certain that those deserts and mountain ranges did not foretell their secrets to wise statesmen. One of those most forbidding regions in Idaho now yields about one fourth of the annual lead product of the United States,—nearly 80,000,000 pounds.

In 1897 the same State yielded in four metals,—gold, silver, copper, and lead—\$14,000,000.

The placer mines on Salmon River, discovered in 1861, have yielded fully \$100,000,000 in gold; and the Cœur d'Alene district, opened in 1884, has already poured out over \$30,000,000 more. This is all in the mountain fastnesses of Idaho.

It is well known that the metallic belt of Montana is chiefly within the boundary of the primitive Northwest. In the published reports by the Director of the United States Mint for 1897 is a tabulated account of the output of gold, silver, copper, and lead since 1862 from the mines of Montana. The aggregate value is given as \$757,871,456. It is also shown that the output of the four metals during 1897 was valued at \$53,954,675, which exceeded any preceding year by \$3,222,576. This shows that the mines give no signs of exhaustion. From the same report we learn that the single county of Silver Bow in sixteen years produced the four metals to the amount of \$383,086,779.

This tabulated report for 1897 also gives the aggregate output of gold alone since 1862 as \$257,533,727. A later mint report shows that the gold yield of that State during 1898 was in all \$5,208,000. Adding this to the report in the 1897 tables, we find the grand total value of the gold output to be \$262,741,227.



A Logging Pond

The gold statistics for Oregon and Washington are not available. Only the later records are at hand. Oregon yielded \$3,612,000 in 1897, and \$4,878,530 in 1898.

The lowest estimate of the gold taken from all the Northwest would not fall below \$400,000,000. The total output of all metals to the end of 1898 will exceed \$1,000,000,000 in value.

THE MAMMOTH FORESTS.

The greatest resource of wealth now visible is the invaluable timber in the Northwest. Here is the largest belt of continuous forest on the globe. The

spruce, larch, and cedar of the north surpass in size and height all other trees in any land. We give a few rare examples: A spruce-tree standing in the lower Nehalem Valley, Oregon, measures fifty-seven feet in girth, and is over three hundred feet in height; a fir-tree cut in Whatcom County, the northern extremity of Washington, was four hundred and sixty-five feet high, two hundred and sixty-five to the first limb, and scaled 96,345 feet of lumber; and another tree has been cut a short distance from Seattle, which made a log one hundred and eighty-six feet long, twenty-seven feet in circumference at the large end and fourteen feet at its



The Willamette Falls, Oregon City

latest authorities estimate the area at 43,000,000 acres in Oregon and Washington alone.

In the number and average size of the trees on an acre, and the quality of timber, the world furnishes no equal. Small tracts of California redwoods furnish larger trees, but the general average of lumber cut from an acre is greater in Oregon and Washington. With the exception of the sequoia, the redwoods, and possibly a few sugar-pines of California, the fir,

small end, and produced 64,000 feet of lumber without knot or blemish. Cedars on both sides of the Columbia are often found from four to twelve feet in diameter and from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet high, straight and clear.

A careful survey of a single township in the southwestern county of Washington shows that it contains 800,000,000 feet of timber, which at seven dollars a thousand would be worth more than \$5,000,000. The four most northwestern counties of

Oregon contain 1,884,960 acres, mostly forest. Experts estimate that it would yield 56,149,960,000 feet of lumber. If cut, in the rough, at seven dollars a thousand, it would amount to \$393,049,720, "or more than twice the assessment valuation of the whole State." Competent authorities estimate the standing yellow fir alone, in the whole of Washington, at 250,000,000,000 feet. This would furnish inch boards enough to form a belt two thousand feet wide around the globe. Add to this the lowest estimate including spruce, larch, cedar, pine, hemlock, oak, alder, ash, and maple, and the figures would bewilder us. At the present rate of manufacture it would require five hundred years to go over the ground once; and that allows sufficient time for a second growth to reach the size of the first, except a few giants.

For many purposes the yellow fir excels any other known lumber. It ranks highest in strength. Engineers have made the tests by selecting timbers of equal dimensions of yellow or red fir and eastern oak and placing the ends on equal bearings, and suspending weights from the center. Repeated experiments prove that, whether the timber is green or seasoned, the fir in every case sustains the greatest strain before breaking. By reason of its lightness and strength the yellow fir has the monopoly the world over for masts, spars, deck-timbers, and other parts of wooden ships. It surpasses everything else for strong frames, bridges, wharves, and timbers for mines. It furnishes the largest dimensions required without knots or any blemish. Orders come from foreign lands for timbers from eighty to one hundred and twenty feet long and twenty to twenty-four inches square. No other forest on earth can fill such orders. The fir also excels every other wood for sills and floors of freight-cars.

The Oregon larch, long discarded by lumbermen, has found an indispensable place and large orders in the Pullman car-shops near Chicago.

The amount of lumber cut in Oregon in 1898 was estimated at \$4,200,000 in value, and the output from Puget Sound at \$4,400,000 for lumber and \$3,450,000 for shingles. The total estimate for all

the Northwest would not be less than \$12,000,000. The industry along this line is on a grand scale. In the logging-camps, at the mills, and on the wharves are employed nearly 15,000 men. There are on the Sound five hundred mills capable of cutting in the aggregate 5,600,000 feet in ten hours. Over seven hundred ships sailed away laden with lumber, one hundred and sixty of which cleared for foreign ports, in 1898. The output is unequaled by any harbor in the world. In addition to the enormous amount of lumber exported by sea, 29,000 freight cars laden with lumber and shingles passed over the rails to the Eastern States.

One of the early houses built at Steilacoom used doors brought around Cape Horn from Portland, Maine! The last six years one company at Tacoma has been furnishing Portland, Maine, with doors, sent across the continent by rail. The lumber tide has turned. The same company ships doors to England, Canada, Alaska, Australia, South Africa, Central and South America, China, Japan, and Siberia. They generously offer doors to the whole open world.

PRODUCTIONS OF FRUIT.

One of the minor resources of the Northwest is found in its adaptation, both in soil and climate, to fruit. Every variety that can be grown in the temperate zone flourishes here to perfection. We have no fear of contradiction in saying that the fruit, in flavor, in size, and in texture has never been surpassed in any land since Eden was closed. It will go a long way toward the proof of such a sweeping statement to say that the largest apple, the largest pear, and the largest cherries exhibited at the World's Fair at Chicago were from Oregon, and also that Hood River won sixteen medals on fruit, seven on apples, and received the highest prize on strawberries after they had been four days in an express car on a journey of two thousand miles. The apples from this locality, by reason of their size, smooth surface, splendid color, rich flavor, and freedom from insects, take the first rank everywhere. In June, 1894, as an experiment, a few boxes of yellow Newtown pip-

pins, after eight months' storage, were shipped around Cape Horn. They were opened in London in good condition thirteen months after they had been picked from the trees at Hood River! Can anybody give a parallel in the keeping quality from any other country?

To our personal knowledge, so late as 1873 the landscape about The Dalles in midsummer, outside of the small town, presented nothing to the eye but "a desert of shifting sand" for miles along the river-bank, and all the vast tract back from the river was a succession of "dry, verdureless hills," exactly as Senator Webster and Mr. Hittell had described long before. In 1898 we found this same spot the verdant center of six hundred acres of fruit-orchards. Farther back, for miles and miles, were luxuriant grain-fields. Here was certainly a marvelous evolution in twenty-five years. It was the result of man's intelligent use of nature's inconceivable wealth in the soil and climate. Two miles above The Dalles, where the sand along the river-bank, until the last twelve years, drifted all summer like the winter snow in New England, or like the changing dunes between San Francisco and the Cliff House, now stand forty acres of fruit-trees that can hardly be surpassed anywhere in the abundance and quality of their yield of peaches and cherries. This sand is not, as in many lands, pulverized quartz, but granulated basalt, containing some of the most nutritive plant-food that earth affords. The old mill where this sand has been grinding for thousands of years is still running. Whoever will visit the foot of the rapids of The Dalles at a low stage of the river may look into the great pot-holes containing rocks a ton in weight, which are kept whirling during the high stages of the river, grinding out all the stony grists that fall into the hopper.

This particular fruit-belt is about the foot of Mount Hood, and the richest of it is scarcely twenty-five miles from the perpetual snow. Millions of acres only a little inferior for fruit can be found in eastern Oregon, Washington, and Idaho. This industry is yet in its infancy. It is not ten years since attempts have been made to furnish the Eastern market. So

far the product has commanded the highest prices wherever it has been offered. No other fruit bears transportation with so little injury. When the Eastern market is overstocked, the Oregon fruit is manifestly the "survival of the fittest."

THE POWER IN THE NORTHWEST.

The water-power in the Northwest is unlimited. Along the Columbia and its multitude of tributaries a thousand rushing torrents roar through the gorges and leap from the precipices. Here we behold nature's forces running wild until human hands shall bring them under the yoke. Heretofore water-power has been limited to local service, but human genius during the last quarter of this century has devised a method by which it can be so harnessed to another subtle force as to apply it to use anywhere and in any direction.

Rev. Samuel Parker on his exploring tour relates in his journal that on November 24, 1835, he stood by the Willamette Falls. Alluding to the unsurpassed water-power he says:—

I could hardly persuade myself that this river had for many thousand years poured its waters down these falls without having facilitated the labor of man. Absorbed in these contemplations, I took out my watch to see if it was not the hour for the ringing of bells. It was two o'clock, and all was still except the roar of the falling water.*

The region was without a human inhabitant.

In 1899 the Willamette Falls was transmitting a load of seven thousand horsepower over the wires twelve miles from Oregon City to Portland. A city of 90,000 population is lighted, its magnificent street-car system is run, and extensive manufacturing establishments are supplied with this transported power. Electricity generated by water, even at long ranges, is much less expensive and more convenient than local steam-engines. This force will do full service at the highest altitude. The time will come when the timber on high and precipitous mountains will be in demand. Neither teams nor steam-engines can reach it, but electric force can climb the wires, and saw the lumber where it grows.

* "Parker's Exploring Tour," page 174.

Rich quartz lodes are being discovered in places where it would be next to impossible to station a steam-engine or raise fuel; but there is scarcely a township in all the vast watershed of the Columbia where sufficient water-power is not available to generate electricity to run the hoisting-works and the stamps and perform all the milling operations even up to the snow-line. No other river on the globe, unless it be the Amazon, furnishes such water-power, so easily utilized and transported, as the great Columbia. This resource in the near future will be of inestimable value toward mitigating and facilitating industrial pursuits under advancing civilization.

FINANCIAL SITUATION.

During the last sixteen years the exports of Oregon and Washington have amounted to \$207,179,508, exceeding the imports by more than four dollars to one. In 1899 the productions of the soil, the dairy, and the stock-ranges of Oregon

alone amounted to \$45,550,737. The individual bank deposits in Oregon, Washington, and Idaho in September, 1899, approximated \$50,000,000. Sufficient local capital is at hand to carry on all branches of industry. At the end of the nineteenth century no part of our public domain more abounds in financial prosperity than the three most northwestern States. No part of the globe has ever unfolded to human view during any period of fifty years such unexpected and vast resources.

It was in the year 1810 when the first white man erected a dwelling and took up his regular abode anywhere in the Pacific Northwest. It was not until August, 1836, that the first white woman put a foot on any part of that territory. The last census report shows a population of 939,142. As the increase has been very rapid the last few years, it is safe to say that the population at the opening of 1900 exceeds 1,000,000 people. This does not include the settlements in the part of Wyoming west of the Rockies.

MY SONG

NO minor song from me to-day;
My spirit is toned high!

Life seems so strong and glad and free,
I know some master hand for me
It's finest chords will try.

Up, clear and sweet, thy symphonies
Shall mount the radiant air!

Up where the eternal harmonies
Jar not with earthly care.

Leave far behind thy sordid fear;
No chord of self can mingle here.

Josephine Angier.



A FOG-SEA BY MOONLIGHT

The accompanying moonlight photograph shows a California fog, as seen from the summit of Grizzly Peak, a prominence rising to an elevation of nineteen hundred feet and situated immediately back of the college town of Berkeley, on the eastern side of San Francisco Bay and directly opposite the Golden Gate. During the summer months immense fog-banks frequently roll in from the Pacific, covering the greater part of our western coast-line.

IT WAS on an evening in August, at the full of the moon, that a party of us made the ascent. The trip is one much in vogue on pleasant moonlit evenings,—to start early enough to make the top and prepare coffee and an appreciated supper before dusk, to watch the sun gradually sink, and to pass a few hours in blissful contemplation of an always beautiful view of mountains and bay and of the distant hilled city with its myriad lamps, which in the darkness form mystic curves upon the horizon.

The outlook, however, for a clear sky was unfavorable as we started on our climb. But as we rose higher and higher the atmosphere became clearer above us and warmer about us, while in from the Golden Gate we saw the fog pouring. Striking Alcatraz and Angel Islands, its current diverged into two great streams, rolling on with seemingly irresistible force; one down the southern arm of the bay, and the other northward towards Vallejo and the Straits of Carquinez.

As the flood grew and spread it did not confine itself to the waterways. It tum-

bled in over the San Francisco hills and smothered the city. It overflowed the spurs of old Tamalpais. It veiled the towns beneath us and reached to the mountains at our feet. Yet we were ever above it and seemed dissociated from it.

It was a vast fog-sea with the attributes of an ocean, stretching far to the westward beyond the setting of the sun. Its surface was broken into great billows, gleaming rich-hued in the departing sunlight and combing like surf against the approaches of Grizzly; and neighboring peaks projected through the fog like islands. And still no sound came from this sea.

As the sun dipped into the Golden Gate, the brilliancy of coloring was transferred from sea to sky, and the clouds mirrored back the hues the fog had shown.

The moon rose and the stars peeped out, and a softer, mellower glow filled the night.

The air was as balmy and tranquil as of an evening in the tropics, and in strange contrast with the actual fog in all its unromantic dampness that we passed through on our descent.

CALEB GILL

A NORTH COUNTRY EPISODE

By CLARA MARCELLE GREENE

THE most audacious thing that old Caleb Gill ever did was to die. He had shuffled along his way of life with an apology to the ground for treading on it, and to the neighbors' houses for passing by them. He had come from nobody knew where, and had subsisted, alone with his little dog, in a deserted house on "The Ridge," nobody knew how. At least he had no visible property except the dog and the poor clothes he wore.

The house had in it a few old chairs and a broken bedstead, left there by the last occupant; and the neighbors, one by one, contributed the very poor furnishings of a bed, a table, and a few utensils, for which, in his gratitude, Caleb—or "Calup," as he was familiarly called—worked variously, according as the neighborhood need and his ability tallied. He sawed wood, he dropped corn, he hoed, he raked after in haying-time, he bound sheaves and he dug potatoes, subservient always. All this he did without speaking much, or looking up above his hat-brim. He was a gentle, silent old man, always a little bent in the shoulders, and walking softly the ways of the Lord if ever man did. He said nothing about himself, his life, or his affairs. Even Aunt Hitty Packard could not draw him out.

"Calup," she would say, with a sharp eye on his countenance, "they say you come of a family that's rich, somewheres down the Province way."

Caleb would wait a minute, without looking up or changing his attitude, and then answer gently, "Do they?"

"Yes. It's a wonder you don't go an' live amongst 'em."

Silence.

"Maybe you will when you git further along in years."

"Maybe." Always in the same unmoved tone.

To speak of Aunt Hitty's sharp "eye" in the singular, is to be both figuratively and literally correct, that good woman

having traversed her span of life with the normal number of optics indeed, but with one lid drooping, and that eye never raised. Consequently, viewed in profile from one side, Aunt Hitty ever seemed lost in deep and solemn contemplation, while from the other she was looking up and about, keenly alert and observing.

Betsy Atkins also made attempts to probe old Caleb's past, but without avail. He always paused a moment and then made some brief monosyllabic reply that left the question or the supposition precisely where it was.

Whether his method of meeting the inquisitiveness of the neighbors was the result of imbecility or satire was never known. Betsy, who had studied mental philosophy one term at the academy years ago, and who still kept her one volume of Upham rather conspicuously on a shelf, would have remembered the word "satire" and would have immediately looked it up in her text-book had any one spoken it. But no one did; therefore neither old Caleb nor the community was disturbed by any distracting definitions. They called him "cracked," and left him to himself.

No one knew him intimately except his dog. That devoted creature was an undersized water-spaniel with a wealth of rippling brown hair and beseeching eyes of the same tawny hue. His name was "Moss," and he was never apart from his master. Mute, loving, faithful, he shared his bed, board, and, so far as he could do so, his master's hidden joy or sorrow.

Caleb Gill's only special and constant occupation was the weaving of a certain kind of coarse basket, which sold readily in the town six miles away, and which the weaver carried patiently thither on his back thrice a year or more. Moss was always by his side, trotting steadily, lapping from an occasional brook by the wayside, or lying down in the shade of the same tree which sheltered his master for a few moments' rest.

There was a halfway place, a low-roofed house, where Caleb always stopped, sat down on the single stone doorstep, but never went in. It was a poor old house, and a poor woman always came to the door and answered Caleb's inquiry about her paralyzed husband and her crippled daughter. Then she brought out milk or a cup of tea, which Caleb drank, declining positively anything to eat. After remarking upon the weather he would shoulder his baskets and pass on. But the woman always stood in the door looking after him, shading her eyes with her hand, and Caleb always turned when he reached the top of the hill and looked back.

Thus year after year he had trodden his narrow way, in meekness, in silence, in abject poverty. His heart knew its own bitterness, if bitterness it had, and neither stranger nor friend intermeddled with his joy. He was a feature of the landscape, or a passing shadow on the highway—that was all.

And now he was dead. He had died on his bed, alone, with no one near but his dog.

"The land!" exclaimed Aunt Hitty, raising her floury hands from her biscuit-dough and letting them fall again, regardless of the effect on her apron.

Peltiah Foster had pulled up his horse, as he rode by from mill with his grist, and called the news to her from the road.

"I heerd on it up to the Corners. 'Pears Ike Parsons was goin' by Calup's house this mornin', an' he see the dawg with his paws up to the winder, howlin' an' scratchin' like time. An' Ike he thought like enough the dawg got shet up there somehow, an' he went up ter the winder an' thought he'd hist it up an' let him eout,—thought like enough Calup hed gone off somewhere's to work,—jist hoein' time so,—an' gorry! when Ike got up ter to the winder an' looked in, if there wa'n't Calup stritched right eout dead as a pelcher! Cloes on, boots on, an' all! Wall, Ike he run—scart, I tell ye!—an' got Abe Jerdin an' Huldy Bean, an' they went up an' laid him eout. Then Ike went up ter the Corners ter notify the s'leck men, an' that's heow I come ter hear about it. Cy Libby's makin' the coffin."

Aunt Hitty was hurt. She had

smoothed down her apron and walked down to the roadside to hear the particulars, every detail of which was vitally interesting. But to be told that Huldy Bean was called upon for the "laying out" instead of herself was a blow. She was just as near to Caleb's house as Huldy Bean, only on another road. She had always been called upon first in any neighborhood emergency. Whether it was accident, birth, or death, the customary first demand was, "Send for Aunt Hitty!"

Under such flattering preferment, Aunt Hitty moved with dignity and serenity. She did not mean to be puffed up. She tried to bear her honors meekly. She even had a deprecatory air when any one alluded to the frequent and prolonged taxation of her time and strength. "Wall," she was accustomed to say, "I know—no one better—that it's pretty wearin'—pretty wearin'—to cook up for the men folks to home, and then go sit up all night with the sick, poundin' the burdock-leaves, changin' the poultices an' all. Some's wuss than others—out o' their heads an' gittin' their arms eout o' bed. But there! I wa'n't never one to shirk my duty. I hope I shall hold eout to the end."

After a pause in which she nursed her injured feelings, she asked: "So Huldy Bean helped lay him eout, did she? Wonder what time 't was when she got there? Which way did Ike go after her, reound the road or acrost?"

"I d'no. Pooty likely he went acrost. He never 'd a got thêre if he went reound. Ike Parsons ain't a streak of white lightnin', ye know."

"I wonder what they laid him eout in," pursued Aunt Hitty. "Calup had n't a coat to his back that was decent. I hope Huldy got him lookin' nat'ral. She most generly gits 'em twistin'."

"Wall, she could n't git old Calup Gill much more twistin' than what he was," chuckled Peltiah. "G'lang!" (with a jerk of the reins).

Aunt Hitty went slowly into the house, stopping to pick some sprigs of caraway as she went. Her mind was disturbed more than she knew; and she was a good deal perplexed between her curiosity to go at once to the scene of action and her pro-

fessional pride in staying away till she was sent for.

There had got to be a funeral, old Caleb's funeral. Not that he would have troubled them; he would have buried himself if he could. The very expression of his features in repose told that. All Aunt Huld's solicitous pinching and pulling and unprofessional manipulations of the wan old features failed to obliterate their apologetic humility. But though the gentle old man had traveled along his solitary way with no trouble to any one, that time had now come which comes to all, when he had fallen down on the highroad of life at last and had to be lifted up and carried away by his fellow men.

Moss lay down as near as he could get to his beloved old companion and never moved except to raise beseeching eyes when any step came near.

Yes, there had got to be a funeral. The neighbors concluded after some discussion that it would be best to have it in the schoolhouse at the corner. There was no meeting-house in that district. Funerals and prayer-meetings were usually held in the farmhouses. When an itinerant preacher came along to stay over Sunday, he always preached in the schoolhouse. Ike Parsons thought it was just as well to have the funeral right there in the house where Caleb had lived—same as other folks did,—save trouble—an' make no odds to the dead. Jerdin opposed it on the ground of the threshold and doorstep being so old and punky as to endanger the bearers' legs, in getting the coffin out over them. Whereas, "if they hild it to the schoolhouse, they could hist him up an' shove him eout the winder, an' cair him up there slick."

Aunt Hitty, who had waived professional delicacy and was foremost now on the spot, cut the knot of the controversy, as usual: "There ain't no chairs, ner no sofy, ner no nothin' here; nothin' to have a funeral *with*. Calup Gill never did no hurt to nobody, an' though I was n't ast ter lay him eout,—more 's the pity, for his chin 's onesided,—I'm a-goin' ter stan' by him neow when he can't stan' fer himself. He's goin' ter have his funeral ter the schoolhouse."

That settled it. No one ever thought

of demurring after Aunt Hitty had spoken.

They therefore now acted under her orders. Elder Bowditch was sent for at "The Mills," and the day came. Betsy Atkins, after some deliberation with Aunt Hitty, had contributed an old but well-preserved suit of black clothes that were "Father's," for the deceased to be buried in. One neighbor had volunteered the use of a stout table, upon which, on the teacher's platform, the coffin rested. Another had brought in a high-backed chair for the better accommodation of Elder Bowditch.

Little Mary Bean followed her mother into the room after all was ready for the removal to the schoolhouse. Caleb had been a gentle friend to her. She stood on tiptoe and laid a dandelion beside his hand. Aunt Hitty snatched it out.

"There, there, child!" she said, "don't bring them weeds in here. Sich colors are too dashy for funerals. A sprig o' sparrergrass or cedar or somethin' might dew. Some likes it. I don't, for my part. I don't never like nothin' but jist the plain corpse."

Little Mary, with quivering lip, took her dandelion from the floor and passed out.

Long before ten o'clock, the hour appointed, all was in readiness, and the people from the surrounding farms began to arrive. Men clambered down from their wagons and held by the head the supposed-to-be fiery steeds, with sundry quite uncalled-for twitches of the bit, while their wives and daughters alighted with some difficulty over the wheels. They then led the animals carefully over the roadside stones to the rail-fence, where they shrewdly calculated the points of their neighbor's horses while they were hitching their cwn. Women met at the schoolhouse door, greeted each other soberly, talking a little in a severely restrained tone, and passed in. The girls shook out their calico flounces, furtively adjusted their frizzles, and tried not to smile or catch a young man's eye as they followed their mothers in at the door.

Yes, everybody from far and near was there. A funeral was always a choice occasion. This one piqued the interest of the community by its one essential and

unique feature. It was a funeral without a mourner. How strange! How would it seem? No marshaling in of the mourners at the pompous call of Cy Libby, who usually "took charge"; no marshaling out of the same again, two by two, two by two, to "take leave of the corpse"; no sobbing behind black veils,—how strange it would be!

And the service! Elder Bowditch himself was embarrassed. His great success and popularity with his people lay in his remarkable eloquence in "addressing the mourners." A long sermon was usually preached, after which the custom was in those days to make a direct personal address to each mourner, the near relatives, each by name. No rival preacher had ever the power to probe the wounds of the bereaved to quite the depth that he could. He would appeal to husband, wife, and children, each by name, to realize that they had lost their dearly beloved, whom they would never see again; that there was a vacant chair, and various other harrowing pieces of information; and thereat women rocked and moaned, men broke down and sobbed, while it was no unusual thing for girls to grow hysterical and be led out.

Of course, these were the salient points of a funeral then. At Caleb Gill's obsequies they would all be missing. Elder Bowditch was at a loss. A sermon without any address at the end to the mourners! It was a handle without a dipper. For once he was distrustful of his ability to meet the occasion.

He rose to his feet. He offered a prayer. Then he read a psalm, and afterwards a hymn, which the assembly sang. He announced his text. He labored through a few extemporaneous sentences; he halted; he said, "Let us pray!"

The utter lack of that necessary incentive—the nucleus of mourners—proved too much for his mental poise. Elder Bowditch had met his first forensic failure.

The people were surprised but grave. On the suggestion of Cy Libby, they arose after the benediction and decorously filed out of doors, taking their accustomed and coveted look at the white, still face as they passed by. They followed then to the graveyard near. They divided at the gate

to let the bearers pass in with their burden.

They paused beside the open grave. The men uncovered their heads. The minister pronounced the accustomed words, "Dust to dust," the burden was lowered, the earth filled in, the mound raised above it.

At that moment a flutter of garments was heard at the gate, and a distressed voice saying: "Is it too late? Am I too late?—oh, too late!"

It was a woman, a poor woman, who almost rushed through the lines of startled men and women at the entrance. She hurried to the side of the mound. She flung herself down with both arms over the clods. She was the woman who lived in the low brown house halfway to the town. A brown dog, Moss, made a run over the low wall, sought her side, and lay down with a low whine of satisfaction. She drew him close with her arm. He licked her hand, and lay panting with his tongue out, looking at the people.

The woman clung to the sod and moaned; but no tears came. Her eyes were dry. Aunt Hitty was the first to move toward her. She stooped and touched the woman's shoulder.

"Elviry," she said. There was no reply.

"Elviry, come, get up. Don't dew so. How come you to come, Elviry?"

"I came because I must, because he is dead!" moaned the woman. Moss crept closer and licked her hand again.

"Yes, yes; we all know Calup's dead, an' enough sight better off he is—him a-livin' alone, doin' nobody no good, never layin' up nothin', belongin' ter nobody, ner nobody belongin' ter him."

"He did belong to somebody! He did belong to somebody!" exclaimed the woman passionately, springing up to a sitting posture and pulling her old shawl about her eyes. Rocking back and forth, she continued: "He did,—he belonged to me when we were young. But I would n't belong to him. I was thoughtless, and I did n't know what his love was worth, and so I threw it away. That was down in the Provinces. His father was a mill-owner, and he was an only son. I married and came up here. Caleb wandered everywhere and finally came here among you.

You did not care for him—you people did not half know him—till now—now he is gone! He is in his grave—he cannot hear me speak—but I will tell—you shall know how good Caleb Gill was, has always been. He saw how poor I was; he saw my poor sick husband; he saw my crippled girl; he saw how hard it was for me to get bread enough to keep us from starving. He said nothing, he asked nothing. He never came into my house, but he always stopped at my door, and he pitied me. But he said no word. Then a little money began to come to me sometimes, from my family down in the Provinces I thought. It helped me, all these years it has kept us from the poorhouse—the poorhouse that I dread!

“He never let me know; but it came from him—all from Caleb. He almost

starved to give to me what he earned with the baskets. I did not know, I never dreamed, till this morning I opened a paper that he gave me when he first came to these parts. He gave it to me sealed and only said, ‘If you ever hear that I am dead, open this and read it.’ This morning I heard, and then I opened the paper. It said that he forgave me; that he cared for me just the same; that while he lived he should help me. That was all; and that was how he belonged to me; that is how his soul was good and great; that is why I am here! But he is gone, gone, and I cannot tell him!”

She fell upon the grave again; the dog crept close with piteous eyes. The people drew away.

There were two mourners for Caleb Gill.

• SENSE OF INFINITY

WRAPT in his thoughts he walked along the shore
 Whose sands drink in the kisses of the sea;
 Above him opened wide the eternal door
 To star-swept ways that reach infinity:

“My little human heart,” humbly he spoke,

“Thy wand’rings once were cruelly borne down
 With mystery and dreams, with crushing yoke

Of greed, with faiths that cast unpardoning frown
 On sin, and turned thy hopes to mad despair;
 Alas! hell yawned about thee everywhere.

But then one happy day thou heardest the songs

That Nature sings, and thou didst understand
 The harmonies of all her myriad tongues—

They carried thee away to that blest land
 Where apprehension clear foils mystery;

Where rises like a flame on every hand

The Astral thought that thou must ever be
 One with all nature, nature one with thee;

O joy of cosmic love, Sense of Infinity!”

Johannes Reimers.

ONE OF CUPID'S TRAGIC ERRORS

By BOURDON WILSON

JUANITA was a pretty, vivacious Mexican girl, whose dimpled face was often seen smiling down from the balcony of her father's house upon certain passers-by in the Calle del Sangre de las Virgens.

Just when Frank Bayley first became aware of her existence no one knows. Even Frank himself could not tell, for he was a very busy young man, the secretary of one of the officials of the great Central Railway, and furthermore, his spare moments were occupied by thoughts of another girl—a fair, golden-haired girl far away in his native land. Therefore, his cursory glance had rested many times on Juanita's face, as he went from his office to his lodgings, before he became actually conscious of her presence in the balcony. Even then, her warm Southern beauty left but a momentary impression on his mind.

But as the constant dripping of water wears upon the hardest of stone, so did the repeated appearance of Juanita's face above the balcony-railing gradually imprint its lineaments upon Frank's memory. Unconsciously, he began to look for her, and to expect to see her; and it was with a quite perceptible touch of disappointment that he noticed her absence one day from her accustomed place. He missed her much as one misses a tree, a stone, or any other feature of familiar scenery, and his thoughts speedily turned to other subjects as he strode away. The next evening, however, as he was passing by, she suddenly returned to his memory, and there was a bit of solicitude displayed in the quick, upward glance he gave the balcony. She was not there, and he felt a somewhat sharper pang of disappointment than on the former occasion; and this time she occupied his thoughts for fully five minutes.

"What pretty creatures some of these Mexican girls are!" he mused. "But that is all there is to them; no intellect, no education, no deep thought—nothing; they are mere butterflies." A vision of a girlish face whose broad brow betokened a

carefully developed intellect rose before him, and Juanita was forgotten.

He did not think of her again until the next evening when he was nearing her father's house; glancing upward, he saw her in the balcony, and he involuntarily returned the demure smile that wreathed her face. On the two occasions when she was absent from the balcony, she had been hidden behind the curtains of one of the grated windows of the house, and from that coign of vantage had watched with intense interest his every movement and change of expression. He knew nothing of this, nor of the motives governing her actions; and he did not know that the thoughtless smile with which he welcomed her reappearance sent a thrill of happiness through her heart.

In his ignorance of the life of the Mexican people, Frank fancied that the women spent their time in lounging about the house on ordinary days, and in going early and often to mass or strolling about the Alameda and Paseo on feast days and Sundays; so he had no cause to think it remarkable that he should so often see Juanita in the balcony. That she was there for the express purpose of seeing him he would have ridiculed. In fact, had he been given cause to think about it at all, he would have ridiculed. In fact, had he as a rule, a girl to be seen in every balcony along the street; so why attach a significance to any particular one? That Juanita smiled to him was true, he would have admitted; but she smiled to others also—one in particular, a handsome young Mexican whom he often saw in the neighborhood of her father's house, and whom he supposed to be her accepted lover.

"*Que hermoso Americano!*" was Juanita's mental exclamation when she saw Frank the first time. "But why does not he look up! What beautiful yellow hair he has, and what a pretty, fair complexion! *A Dios!* If he would but look up!

She quickly learned to expect his passing at a certain hour every day, and, impelled at first by the curiosity of her sex, which was aroused by the unusual sight of

an American, she began to take her place regularly in the balcony at that hour. But would he never raise his eyes? she wondered. She used all the little stratagems of the Mexican coquette to attract his attention, but it was not until several days had passed that, by sheer accident, he did turn his face toward hers, and she gave an exclamation of delight as their eyes met.

"*A Dios!* he has blue eyes; blue as the sky above," she whispered to herself. Were all Americans as handsome as he? And would he look her way again tomorrow?

As chance would have it, Frank did look in her direction when he next passed the house, and again on the following day. A new emotion awoke in her heart, an emotion that grew stronger with each careless glance from his blue eyes, and that became a passion when her clever little *ruse de guerre* had won her his first smile.

Love-making in Mexico is attended by many obstacles, if viewed from the American standpoint. The enamored youth is not permitted to call on the lady of his choice until he has proven the sincerity of his profession, and this he must do by "playing the bear" for a season; that is, he must promenade to and fro like a chained bear on the street where he can be seen by his ladylove, who, if she wishes to encourage him, looks tenderly at him, or smiles in return to his smile. Thus encouraged, if he be sincere, he continues his pacing backward and forward, until, if his suit meets with the approval of *paterfamilias*, he is invited to call.

In a vague way Frank knew of this custom, and he had observed with amusement the young man who "played the bear" beneath Juanita's balcony; but it never occurred to him that his own meaningless smiles and glances, simple tribute to Juanita's beauty, could be construed as indicative of intentions of a serious nature. On the other hand, Juanita was in total ignorance of the existence of customs unlike those of Mexico, and she had not even a suspicion of uncertainty concerning Frank's love for her.

Forgotten now was her insipid flirtation with Antonio, the lovesick youth Frank so often saw beneath her balcony. How could

she ever have thought of him? she wondered. And now that she showed him so plainly that she cared nothing for him, why did he not go away as any *caballero* should? If he were away, she might possibly find an opportunity for a stolen word with the man she loved, she thought, and she persistently turned her back upon him.

At last there came the opportunity for which she longed, yet dreaded; it was on the great feast day of Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe, when all the city was thronging the shrine of Mexico's patron saint. Frank was numbered among the pilgrims, but it was not with any intention of worshiping that he entered the magnificent church. He was bent on sight-seeing only, and wishing not to attract undue attention, he found a secluded spot where he could look about unnoticed, and knelt beside a black-robed figure. He was studiously endeavoring to decipher the words of a bronze tablet let into the floor, when a whispered exclamation caused him to turn his head, and he saw that his neighbor was the little girl of the balcony.

She had drawn aside her mantilla, and she gazed with feverish, frightened eyes into his face. Would he speak? thought she. But he merely smiled his recognition, and she, gasping with fright at her temerity, whispered softly: "*A Dios!* I have longed for this moment—I have wished to speak with thee. And thou? Dost not thou—but why ask; of a truth I know it is so. But thy name? Quick! tell me thy name."

Her mother knelt at her other side, and fearing detection she spoke rapidly and with such agitation that Frank, whose knowledge of Spanish was limited, could understand only that she wished to know his name.

"My name? Why, certainly," he whispered with an amused smile; "it is Frank—Francisco. I mean—Francisco Bayley. And might I ask your name? I often see you, and I have learned—"

"Ah, yes; my name is Juanita Ortega," she interrupted, her eyes glowing, and a deep flush dyeing her face. "Thou hast learned to love me even as I have learned to love thee. I knew it to be so, but I

longed to hear it from thy lips. Quick! tell me again that thou lovest me, darling mine, and—"

She was interrupted by her mother, who, while not perceiving the cause, had noticed her inattention to the service. Her heart bounded guiltily, but a quick glance at her mother's face reassured her; she had not been detected, and drawing the folds of her mantilla about her face, she bowed her head as though in prayer. After waiting a few minutes for Juanita to resume the conversation, Frank noiselessly rose to his feet and moved away.

"What a queer little girl she is," he thought. "Wish I could have understood all she said. She asked my name,—I caught that all right,—and she told me her name, but I wonder what the rest of it means. If I can remember it, I'll ask Capriles in the morning."

His thoughts were diverted by the strange scenes being enacted about him, and he did not again think of Juanita's words until the next evening, when he saw her in the balcony as usual. In recognition of their increased familiarity, he politely raised his hat.

Had not Frank been the most modest of fellows, and his mind and heart so fully occupied by the girl who was soon to become his wife, he could not but have taken notice of the lively interest he had aroused in Juanita's breast. But he did not notice it, and when at last came the day upon which he must start for his bride, he took his place in the train with a clear conscience, and without a thought of Juanita to disturb his prospective happiness.

Juanita was quick to miss him, and with growing alarm she wondered why he came no more. He was ill, she concluded, her heart swelling with sympathy and love. But what could she do? She did not even know where he lived; and if she had known, the customs of the country would have prevented her going to his side. She could only wait and eat out her heart in silence.

When Frank returned with his bride, he established his home in a quarter of the city that made necessary a change in his route to and from his office; and as he no longer passed along the Calle del Sangre de las Virgens, Juanita did not again see

him until his honeymoon was well-nigh spent.

Their meeting occurred one brilliant moonlit night in the beautiful Zocalo plaza; the place was crowded with the élite of the Capital; some laughing, chatting, flirting, others listening with grave attention to the exquisite music of the military band. Frank and his wife were wandering slowly about. Juanita was seated beside her mother in the glare of an electric light. Frank's eyes met hers, and he half expected her to speak; there was a smile of recognition on his face. Juanita's face flushed with pleasure, and she impulsively started to leave her chair; then her face paled, and sinking back in her seat, she turned away.

"A queer little girl," Frank remarked, directing his wife's attention to Juanita as they moved away; and he went on to relate what had passed between them.

An hour later Frank found a chair for his wife, who was now wearied, and he started across the plaza in quest of a cigar. He was passing a group of orange-trees when he felt a touch on his arm, and turned to find Juanita at his side.

"Thou hast been ill, Francisco? and I not with thee," she whispered, her twitching face betraying her agitation. "*Por Dios!* I must speak with thee. Come quick—I have but a moment—here in this shadow. Tell me immediately who is the American girl I saw at thy side? Thy sister?"

No, no, *amiga mia*; not my sister, but my wife; and you must wish me happiness," Frank replied.

"Thy wife!" she gasped, a death-like pallor stealing over her face. "Thou married, Francisco—thou? And I—and I—*Santissima Maria!*—I thought thee—"

Poor little Juanita! It was a blow, cruel and unexpected, and almost stunned by its force, she reeled and would have fallen but for the instinctive pride of her sex that came swiftly to her aid. He must never know how much she cared—never know how cruelly her heart was torn; and with the instinct of the animal wounded unto death, she buried herself in the stream of people flowing past, and hastily returned to her mother's side.

"I think she must be a little unbal-

anced mentally," Frank added when he had told his wife of his meeting with Juanita.

"Has it ever occurred to you that she might be in love with you?" his wife returned, going with a woman's intuition to the root of the matter.

"Nonsense!" Frank rejoined. "I have never spoken a dozen words to her; her mind is not just right; that's all."

Francisco—lost to her! The beautiful American girl his wife! *Madre de Dios!* how was she to bear it? Juanita asked herself again and again. Why had he so cruelly deceived her? *A Dios!* he had never loved her! She understood now; he had not loved her, he had merely toyed with her; and all the pride of her sex and of her fiery race rebelled at the thought. She felt her love turned suddenly to hate—hatred not only of the man who had unwittingly wronged her, but of the girl who occupied the place that she felt was hers. Why had this white-faced girl come between Francisco and herself? she fiercely asked. Were there not many other Americans she could have loved? Her passionate nature revolted at the thought of her lover in the arms of another, and the fierce vindictiveness of her race was urging her on.

"The American girl shall not have him! I will kill him, first!" she exclaimed. "But how?—how? *A Dios!* I must think."

As if in answer to her question, she saw Antonio approaching her, and the blood rushed in a hot flush to her face as she recognized in him a possible instrument of her revenge. She forced a smile of welcome to her face, and signaled with her fan for him to draw near. He was delighted to obey, and glided quietly to a place behind her chair.

"*Querida mia,*" he whispered, "you wish to speak with me, and I am here."

"You have told me that you love me, Antonio," she said, huskily. "Is it true?"

"Love you, my darling!" he exclaimed passionately. "I love you more than I do my own life! Will you not believe me?"

"I do almost believe," she returned coquettishly. "But you must prove it to me."

"But how? Show me the way; anything that will but convince you," Antonio rejoined with eager haste.

"Anything? You make no reservation?" she questioned archly.

"None, none, my darling! Tell me quickly, I implore you—what is it that I am to do?" His lips were almost touching her shell-like ear and his breath was coming in short, hot gasps.

"You have seen the American—the fair-haired, blue-eyed man, who once did pass my father's house?" she asked, turning her head and gazing feverishly into Antonio's eyes.

"I have seen him, and I have feared that he—that you—"

"Never mind what you have feared," she interrupted; "but listen. He has insulted me, my Antonio, and beyond pardon. Is he to go unpunished? Should not his life pay—"

"Ah—h—h!" Antonio's exclamation sounded like a hiss, and his black eyes were glittering like those of an angry rattlesnake. "He shall be punished, *mi querida*; he shall pay with his life! And then?"

"Then come to me and I will tell you that I love you,—love you with all my heart and soul!" she replied with a hysterical laugh. "Now, leave me, you must not be seen here. And remember, you are not to come to me until he is—"

"I understand, my darling, and it shall be as you wish," Antonio rejoined, and turning he stole away.

Frank had never been given to keeping late hours, and now that his happiness was completed by the knowledge that a tender wife awaited his home-coming, he was prompt to leave his office as soon as the day's work was ended. But one day, a short while after his meeting with Juanita in the Zocalo, he was detained at the office until after nightfall. He finished his work as speedily as possible, and at once started homeward. He had no thought of impending danger, and he did not see the dim figure of a man that followed with the noiseless tread of a panther close behind him. The dark tracks of the railroad yard lay before him, and beyond that were the brilliantly lighted streets of the city.

As Frank stepped briskly into the dark-

ness of the yard, the man following stole nearer to him. Nearer, nearer he crept, and drawing a long keen-bladed knife, he raised his hand aloft. He hesitated, apparently selecting a spot in Frank's back in which to strike. His hand descended, but it was a moment too late. The whir of rapidly turning wheels had caught Frank's practiced ear, and swerving to one side, he sprang from the track just in time to avoid being run down by a swiftly moving car.

The intended assassin was less fortunate. Intent only upon the accomplishment of his purpose, he did not hear the approaching car, and was swept under the remorseless wheels. There was a piercing shriek, a muffled, crunching sound, and the car rolled on. The switchmen hearing the

cry, came running to the spot, and by the dim light of their lanterns discovered the mutilated body of a young Mexican.

"Hold your light closer to his face," Frank said to one of the men. "I think I have—yes, I recognize him; but I don't know his name. I have seen him often up in the Virgins' Street, where his sweet-heart lives. Poor fellow! I wonder what could have brought him into the yard at this time of day?"

"Give it up!" the switchman replied gruffly. "Wonder if Mexicans 'll never learn to get off the track."

"I feel so sorry for poor little Juanita," Frank said when he had told his wife of the accident. "She must have been very much in love with the young fellow, and this will break her heart."

IN THE AFTERDEATH

I HEARD the tolling of a bell
In a night impalpable—

And stun'd and stricken downward thro' a demon deep I fell:—

To a sphere
All curs'd and drear
And for the damn'd ordain'd,

Where feeble in the rayless air they bide as souls enchain'd.

Only unavailing
Vacant specters round me paling
Thro' the dismal gloom abysmal
Gape and grin upon me, railing
With a sound of silly laughter—
For they greet me all with laughter—

But oh! they vanish wailing from the Echoes that rise after.

When—my God! what may it be?—
A moving Something seizeth me
In a slow unfolding horror of Infinity,

Yet it never quite attains
To my soul before it wanes

Back into the demon deep—and still one Hope remains—
When the Horror sinketh down one winged Hope remains
That twice hath open'd wide my eyes—and twice hath loos'd my chains.

Athwart the gloom
 In pale magnificence uploom
 Titanic walls:
 And lo! my doom is riven by a radiance from those walls —
 By the ruby-tinted hue
 Of a radiance rolling through
 A lone heart-shapen window carved high upon those walls.

Adown the far-enrhythm'd deep
 Sounds of passing sweetness sweep,
 That lull me into dreaming and the semblance of a sleep.

Ethereal
 I hear a call,
 In the tranced interval,
 That cleaveth thro' Oblivion — and frees me from its thrall:
 And I reach the lustrous edge
 Of that lonely window-ledge
 To peer at magic splendors of a many-vista'd hall.

But ah! despite
 The splendors of that magic hall I see one only sight —
 Oh! I've ignor'd that treasure-stor'd
 Hall of wonders unexplor'd —
 To gaze ecstatic on the sight
 Of one apparel'd all in white
 Thro' the wide pavilion gliding with the wine of all delight —
 One apparel'd as a woman —
 Yearning to me as a woman —
 With the love I dream'd of
 Once — when human.

Then elate
 I cling and wait
 For the ransom that she bringeth to her high and holy Fate:
 But alas! the incense curling —
 The crimson incense outward curling —
 From before her keeps unfurling
 Wide Lethean banners till I swoon intoxicate —
 From the luring and the lumen
 Of her beauty — more than human —
 Back into the demon deep I swoon intoxicate —
 Beyond recall
 I swoon and fall
 Into the black Oblivion that now devoureth all.

THE MAN WHO WANTED THE EARTH

A FAIRY TALE

By W. O. MCGEEHAN

I WILL not begin with the orthodox "Once upon a time," as I have observed that writers of modern fairy-tales, particularly the war-correspondents, seem to regard that good old-fashioned introduction as obsolete.

Tommy Moore wrote for a living. Sometimes he got it, such as it was, and sometimes he did n't; but, like the sailor who whistled for a breeze, he refused to give up.

All literary men worthy of the name have in the early years of their career lived in garrets. Tommy lived in a remarkably dingy and uncomfortable one. One rainy afternoon he was sitting in this apartment regaling the inner man with a bottle of beer and some crackers and cheese which he had bought on credit from a neighboring grocery. He was feeling rather down-cast,—an unusual thing, for he was of a very cheerful disposition.

"This butterfly life is beginning to disagree with me," he mused. "If somebody will tell me where the next meal is coming from, I'll give him—I mean, I'll thank him very much. These are bad days. The heavens positively refuse to rain manna and I miss more dinners than most people eat. I wish that I had a Fairy Godmother."

Hardly had the words been spoken when the door opened, and in there stepped the daintiest little lady imaginable. She was dressed in a gauzy white something, and wore a glittering diamond star on her forehead. In her hand she carried a golden wand tipped with another star-cluster of diamonds. She gave Tommy a pretty little smile, and in a voice that sounded to him like the tinkling of silver bells asked, "Well, Tommy, what do you want?"

He rubbed his eyes. "Casey must have spilled some absinthe into this beer," he muttered, "or else I've got 'em bad."

"I beg your pardon," he said aloud. "I think you must have made some mistake. I—O Lord, I'm a goner!"

"O no; I have n't," she answered. "You're Tommy Moore, are n't you?"

"That's me," he replied ungrammatically.

"Well, I'm your Fairy Godmother."

"The dev—I beg your pardon, but I was not aware that those things—I mean, that beautiful beings like you existed outside of children's tales."

The fairy frowned at the undiplomatic commencement of this sentence, but was pacified by the compliment, awkwardly delivered as it was.

"O, you heathen!" she cried, "but you know how to flatter. You remind me a great deal of your namesake, Tom Moore, the poet. He was a wild boy, but I could n't help liking him." She sighed, and tears filled her pretty blue eyes.

"Tom Moore the poet!" he blurted out. "Why he's been dead and buried for a whole century! I'm a sort of descendant of his, you know."

"Stupid!" she exclaimed impatiently, "can't you realize that I am a fairy?"

Tommy saw his mistake. "If you are not," he said, "I'm blessed if I know what you are. I have never seen anybody like you before."

"That's better," she said. "Now, tell me what you want."

"Well," he replied, "it would be shorter to tell you what I don't want. I don't want the earth, but——"

"So be it," interrupted the fairy. "You shall have everything you ask until you ask for the whole earth: then you shall lose all. Whenever you want anything, just say '*Tom Moore*' three times, name your wish, and it will be yours. Remember, you can have anything but the whole earth. Now, I must be going."

"O, don't hurry, Godmother," cried Tommy; "do stay a while. I don't see you very often, you know."

She hesitated, and looked at him. "I've a mind to kiss you," she said. "You look so much like the other Tom Moore."

Tommy jumped up quickly and kissed her twice on the lips.

"You young rascal!" she cried, but she did not seem angry.

He would have kissed her again, but she disengaged herself suddenly and was gone. Tommy called after her softly, but there was no reply. He finally desisted, fearing to attract the attention of the other inmates of the house.

"Now, for the test," he said. "Let me see—Tom Moore, Tom Moore, Tom Moore! I want the *Daily Herald* to be mine!"

Just then somebody knocked at the door.

Tommy started back, but recovered himself. "Come in!" he cried.

In walked the editor-in-chief of the *Herald*. For a moment Tommy's soul was thrilled with mixed emotions, among which terror predominated, for this same man had vowed to assassinate him on sight for "persisting in pestering his life with doggerel." But the heavy villain bowed obsequiously.

"Good-afternoon, sir," he said. "I call to hear your wishes concerning next Sunday's *Herald*."

"Ah!" thought Tommy, "it works. Yes," he replied aloud, "I want you to put those verses of mine—'A Chorus Girl'—on the first page. As for that little sonnet on 'Young Love,' you can run that in anywhere. That's about all. I think you can go."

The editor hesitated. "Mr. Moore," he began—then he stopped and seemed very much embarrassed.

"Well, what is it?" asked Tommy sharply.

"I hardly know how to say it," replied the editor; "but you know yourself that some of these San Francisco people are dull, unappreciative brutes, and may discontinue the paper if we run those verses."

"Not another word!" cried Tommy angrily. "You do as you are told. I'm running this paper now."

"Yes, sir," replied the frightened editor, and left very hurriedly.

Tommy paced up and down the floor for a few moments, frowning darkly. Suddenly his face was lit up by a satisfied smile. "Tom Moore, Tom Moore, Tom Moore," he cried, "I want the city of San Francisco. Now, if any one in this place has anything against those verses, he can walk right out of my town into the ocean. I

guess that makes me poet-laureate here."

He put on his hat and coat and strolled down to the largest hotel in the city where he was welcomed as the owner, and was given a dinner such as he had tasted only in dreams before. That night he slept upon a bed of down, and did not rise until the next morning's sun was high in the heavens.

A waiter brought him a substantial breakfast and the morning papers. He gazed with pardonable pride at his verses, devoid of typographical errors, standing forth prominently on the first page of the *Herald*. A sensation caught his eye: "Corrupt Politicians Robbing the People—The Country is Going to the Dogs!" Then followed a long account of some of the usual Washington scandals. That decided our hero.

"I'll take charge of this country myself," he said, "and we'll see what an honest man can do with it."

He went through his little formula, and the United States was his.

The waiter entered with a telegram signed by the President. It was brief and to the point:—

I await your orders.

Tommy seized a pencil and wrote this answer:—

Dismiss Congress for good and go back to Ohio. I will allow you a pension while you behave yourself.

"There," he thought, "that will give the country a fair show. It ought to run itself now. By Jingo! while I'm about it, I'll carry out that dream of my childhood of the Greater American Republic. I'll annex everything from the North Pole to Cape Horn." No sooner said than done.

"Now, for my poor old father's heart's desire to see old Ireland free from the British yoke." Even as he spoke the bulletins at the newspaper offices announced the glad tidings, and Irish hearts all over the world filled with glad rejoicing.

"Let Ireland become the nation she used to be," he wired to Dublin. "It's mine, but you can fight it out for the king's job. I don't want it."

Having tasted the nectar, Tommy naturally wanted more.

"Great Britain has been sighing for an Anglo-Saxon Alliance for some time. I

think I'll form one now and see how it works. Here goes to annex the United Kingdom." Hardly had the words of the charm been spoken, when Lord Paunchfeet, the English Ambassador entered.

"Hail, brother!" cried the peer, "we extend to you our hands across the sea. Our dearest wishes are now fulfilled. Of course, we intended to save you busy Americans the trouble of running the Alliance, but if you insist on putting yourselves to the trouble—do I hold my job?"

"During good behavior, you do," replied Tommy graciously, as he saw one of the hands across the sea move gently toward a hip-pocket.

"Thank you, sir," said Lord Paunchfeet. "Now that the Anglo-Saxon Alliance has been brought about, we will have to absorb the rest of the world, or there will be trouble."

"No, no," cried Tommy in alarm; "not all of it. I won't have it. I don't object, however, to taking all but one or two little islands, if you think it's for the best."

Lord Paunchfeet sighed.

"Well, if you are so squeamish," said he, "I suppose that we will have to leave out an island. There is an isolated member of the Samoan group called Ethelburta's Isle. It's a small place—about three miles square, I believe. Suppose we leave that out."

"Agreed," said Tommy, and he became the owner of all the earth except Ethelburta's Isle.

Then his troubles began. He realized the truth of that old saying, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." Ambassadors from all parts of the world flocked to San Francisco. They filled the hotels and lodging-houses. Some of them, untutored and semi-civilized children of the desert, pitched their simple tents on Market Street in spite of the police. There was a disorderly camp of Chinese diplomats at the Presidio. Every day there was a long line of them waiting at his door.

"This is worse than doing newspaper-work," Tommy moaned. "I'm tired of it. I must have a vacation."

Two days later he was on board the Ganderbilt private yacht *Spondulix*, cruising toward the South Seas. But even the elements conspired to make him uncomfortable. When the *Spondulix* was twenty-six

days out of San Francisco, a terrific typhoon came up. It played football with the yacht for a while, and, finally tiring of the sport, dashed her to pieces on a coral reef off one of those beautiful little islands in the South Pacific. The crew perished with the ship, but Tommy was reserved for a better, or worse fate. He was cast upon the shore of the isle very much bruised and battered, but still alive.

A crowd of curious people quickly surrounded him, and to his delight they were all as white as himself, or rather whiter, as he was somewhat blue in the face from the rough treatment he had received.

The most impressive figure of the group was a beautiful girl mounted on a prancing white horse. The people seemed to pay her all the deference due a ruler or the president of a trust. Tommy paid homage to her beauty by staring at her wonderingly, as if she were the Two-Headed Lady or the Circassian Beauty of a penny show. She addressed him in a voice that beat rag-time.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"I'm Tommy Moore," he replied, desiring to create an impression,—“and I own the earth.”

The whole assembly burst into a fit of loud laughter, in which the lady joined. Tommy blushed and became very angry. He had been used to different treatment lately.

The girl recovered herself first and looked at him pityingly.

"Poor man!" she said, "you must have been struck by a part of the wreck. Still, for aught I know, you may own a large portion of the outside world. But this is Ethelburta's Isle, and I am Ethelburta."

The crowd laughed again, and Tommy lost his temper completely.

"O, hang your little island!" he exclaimed ungraciously. "I'll have it shoved out of the ocean."

Ethelburta frowned.

"Throw that insolent man into prison until his manners improve!" she cried.

The man who owned most of the earth was quickly seized by four or five brawny islanders and conducted to a very substantial jail in the center of the place. Here he was left to meditate in solitude.

"What a fool I am," he cried, "to leave my happy home for this! What would my

poor mother say if she could see me now? I'm worse off than a drowned rat in a cage. If it had n't been for that confounded Anglo-Saxon Alliance I might have had this island. If I ask for it now I will be asking for the whole earth. I wonder if she would be kinder to me if I owned the island? By Jove! I'll ask for it anyhow. Here goes to win or lose it all! *Tom Moore, Tom Moore, Tom Moore*, I want Ethelburta's Isle."

The door of the jail flew open and in stepped the Fairy Godmother.

"Foolish boy that you are!" she cried. "And you said you did not want the earth."

"Well, I don't. That is,—I don't want it for myself. I want to lay it at her feet," he replied.

"Whose feet, you ninny?" she asked sharply.

"Ethelburta's."

"O, I see. You are in love, then. Well, I can't do anything for you now if I wanted to," said the little lady. "O you foolish, foolish boy! She's got an awful temper."

"She is an angel!" he cried, "and I am an idiot!"

"I won't contradict you," she said dryly; "it's no use. Might as well try to argue with a Christian Scientist as with a man in love! However, I am going to give you some consolation before I go. You've lost nearly the whole earth for her; but you'll get her, or rather, she'll get you, poor innocent! To think that I

let such a lobster kiss me! Good-by." And she left in disgust.

A few minutes later an emissary from Ethelburta entered the cell with a dry suit of clothes for the prisoner. "The Queen commands that you appear before her," he said.

Ethelburta received our hero alone. She was dressed in a regal ball-gown, and looked every inch a queen. Tommy felt like a whipped schoolboy before her.

"Well, what have you to say for yourself now?" she asked.

"I am your Majesty's most humble servant," he replied sadly. "I no longer own most of the earth, because I wanted it all."

"You greedy man!" she cried, "it serves you right!"

"But I did n't want it for myself," he retorted.

"For what, then?" she demanded wonderingly.

"To lay it at your feet, Ethelburta," he replied, with the boldness of despair.

"O, that's different," she said softly. "But never mind. I don't want it anyway. Now, take me to dinner. You must be awfully hungry."

Tommy Moore never called on his Fairy Godmother again. As for Ethelburta—well, what do you think any nice girl would do when a man proves to her that she is more to him than the whole world? I suppose that they lived happily ever afterwards. Married couples generally do.—in fairy tales.



LILIES AND MEN

By EDWARD B. PAYNE

ON the question of immortality men are divided into three groups, very nearly equal, probably, in numbers—those who believe with all confidence in the eternal life; those who are more or less skeptical, though desiring assurance; and those who are indifferent or treat the subject with a bravado born of vital health or the spirit of worldliness. This state of things exhibits the lack of any generally recognized and incontestible proofs of immortality for man. The Christian Church, to be sure, rests its belief principally upon the resurrection of Jesus. But the trouble with this is that the alleged fact of His resurrection requires proof for itself before it can be accepted as a demonstration of our immortality. This merely transfers the question from the ground of general philosophical reasoning to that of evidence for an alleged historical fact where there is fully as much, and perhaps more, room for doubt and unbelief.

It is not the object of this article to present proof of immortality, but only to consider the bearings upon this great hope of a certain simple lesson taught by Him who always spoke "as one having authority." As a teacher, Jesus had a very characteristic method. He never undertook elaborate philosophical arguments for any great truth for which he stood. This doctrine of immortality is an example. He never treated it in a syllogistic or strictly logical way. He never indulged, as Plato did, and Paul, in a rounded, fully wrought argument upon this great theme. He only uttered suggestive thoughts that were like flashes of light enabling men to almost *see* the truth itself and to believe it with that assurance that ever follows upon insight.

The Sermon on the Mount contains many passages which encourage, in this way, the immortal hope; and one especially which is indicated in the title of this paper—that lesson drawn from "the lilies of the field." This is no direct argument, indeed, for the eternal life, but the suggestions of it, when well considered, are such as to strengthen mightily the believer's faith.

Addressing the multitude on the mountain-side, Jesus took a lily's cup and poured into it a happy and hopeful and helping thought about the prospects and destiny of men. He took note of the fact that the lilies have an existence of a very limited scope, and are of humble rank in the orders of Nature. "They toil not, neither do they spin,"—that is, they are capable of no self-intelligent application of means to ends. They are mindless creations of Nature. They are products of energies which operate upon and through them from without. They are unconscious recipients, responding to Nature's forces as they are served thereby and without initiative power or self-direction. Soil, moisture, sunlight, air, and other agencies do all things for them unasked, uncontrolled, unthanked—and this is "how they grow."

And thus it is that—though they never spin nor toil—God is clothing them. He makes them radiant with beauty. This the Master's hearers could all see, even as he spoke. They were in the midst of the Galilean summer, and the hillsides and valleys were decked with a profusion of blossoms. Among them the lilies were abundant. "See how they grow!" said Jesus. "Behold the perfect beauty of them! You have heard of Solomon's royal purple and the soft raiment that is in kings' houses. And yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

What, then, must be God's thought about the lilies of the field? Who can doubt for what the lily exists if reason and idea entered at all into the creation of the world? To a rational sense it is evident that the lily exists solely for its beauty—for its grace of form and color. No further explanation is needed for its existence. It is as Emerson says of the rhodora in his exquisite poem bearing that name for its title. The poem was written in reply to the question, "Whence is the flower?"—and this is the answer:—

Rhodora! If the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,

Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,

Then Beauty is its own excuse for being:
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew;
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
The self-same power that brought me there
brought you.

God made some things just to be beautiful, only to put forth a fleeting, passing beauty in this hasting, changing world—that is what Emerson means, and what Jesus meant. The lilies were made just to wear the raiment that is put upon them, just to be “clothed” with this outward radiance and glory. They play their full part in the world, fulfill their complete end in the universe by being what they are—the transient embodiments and interpreters of God’s idea of beauty.

So, too, this other thought which Emerson expresses in his poem was a thought the Greater Master had in mind of old. That is, the same Power which brought these transient glories, these simple manifestations of beauty into existence, *to be seen*, brought us here *to see them*. And if the lilies stand for a thought of God, why, so also do men stand for a divine thought. And just as in the first case we find what God’s thought is by considering the nature and constitution of the lily, with the limitations and conditions of its existence, so in this other instance we can learn the divine thought by studying the nature and life and career of man. Here is the force of what Jesus was saying, namely, in the fact that the nature and life of man are separated by almost incalculable measures from the nature and life of the lilies; upon which it follows that the idea and purpose of God in man must be interpreted as correspondingly ample and generous, as adequate indeed to man’s being and capacity.

Let us see: let us look at man and see what significances the manner of his doing, the terms of his existence, and the potencies of his nature, express.

The lilies “toil not, neither do they spin.” It is different with men. They are the toilers of the universe, gifted with ingenious faculty and self-directing energies. They are indeed, co-laborers with God, their powers shadowing his. They lay hold again upon the things which he

has made, and remodel, readjust, re-create them, and so enter into his thoughts.

What has man been doing so busily in these centuries? Why, mastering Nature, compelling everything in Nature into his service. He started with nothing in his hands; he has now laid his hand on almost everything. He has reached deep into Nature’s bosom and brought forth her treasures for his own enrichment. He has appropriated her resources for use. He has looked on iron and found it good for tools and machinery. He has discovered coal and transmuted it into new climates, genial in the midst of frost and snow. The ocean he has learned to use as a highway, broad as all the zones. Electricity obeys his command, manufactures his commodities, hauls his traffic, and gives light by which he scarcely misses the sun in the nighttime. He cuts a tunnel through the mountain—a greater deed than to cast it into the sea. He believes he can yet make it rain at will, whenever his garden is dry or his drinking-fountain exhausted. All the elements seem to come to him each morning to ask what they shall do for him through the day. In short, it has proved true, as one of old time said that man has been given dominion over the works of God’s hands and all things have been put under his feet.

Look again: Man does all these things by the power of knowledge. But beyond the practical utilities served by knowledge, man is possessed by a most significant passion—the passion to know for the sake of knowing, just to satisfy his mind. The chief characteristic of the human intellect is its insistent interrogation. This being wants to know, must know, will know. So at every door he knocks, and knocks repeatedly and until it is opened. Or, as Carlyle says, he carries his torch into every “smallest cranny and doghole of Nature.” Putting on microscopes and telescopes for spectacles, he searches out the infinitesimal and scans the illimitable. He is determined upon discovering how big space is and how full, and whatever is in it. He sends his thoughts everywhere, even among the uppermost stars, and, with the staff of science in his hand, travels to the remote frontiers of the universe. And it is his definite and determined proposi-

tion to trace the rational thought that runs like a silver thread through and through again the entire web of creation.

Again: what is man doing now? Why, right along with what we have just noted, he is engaged in art. Just as God creates works of beauty, so does man. With his chisel he is carving granite and marble into noble forms, and with his pencil and brush covering the stretched canvas and the upreared wall with exquisite outline and color. He is a conscious creator in this realm, fancying even that he surpasses or shall yet excel Nature, by the recombination of her media of expression in improved order and relation, so as to tell not only of the world's primary meanings, but also, and more, of man's own thoughts, passions, and ideas.

And now look at man, and see how his face is all aglow! What is he doing? Other great things in the realm of rational imagination. Here is poetry and fiction, and what are they? They are an order of creation, the production of things which are not—but which forthwith seem to their creator greater and better than the things that are. Man has made for himself, by his imaginative genius, another world which rises upon, but above, the actual one of matter and physical force—a world in which the gods and heroes of the Trojan War, the people and the animals of Æsop's fables, William Tell, Robinson Crusoe, and thousands of other shadow men and dream deeds, figure in mankind's unfolding story as really and with as great an influence as do the actors and the events of verified history. You shall find, in your thirty volumes of Dickens's works, or in your Walter Scott, or in your Balzac, your Victor Hugo, your Goethe, your Shakespeare, a whole human world, unreal to sense, but real in truth, and pulsing with the vital energies and passions of our race.

But see here, again! There are other marvel things that man is doing. He is engaged in an experimental something that we call "Government," "Politics," "Civil Affairs." What a drama, even what a tragedy, he makes of it! Diplomacy! Intrigue! War! Heroism! Tyranny! all are factors in a terrific struggle on the fields of civilization. Governments are hurled down and set up again like play-

things. Here is one: it proves disappointing, inadequate; down it goes with a crash. Another rises—but a stroke of a hand blasts it into non-existence. There is constant "turning and overturning, turning and overturning." What does it mean? It signifies and evidences a determined and desperate struggle for liberty, for justice between man and man, for an adequate civil order founded on all the rectitudes, for social conditions which shall mean universal well-being.

Yet once more look upon the face of man and you shall see that there are moments, hours, and days in which it is lighted up even more brightly and more beautifully than when intellect, imagination, or the social inspirations give it occupation. What is happening now in the human soul? Ah! there are thoughts of spiritual verities—thoughts concerning the eternal and imperishable things. Morals and religion throw their blessed bonds upon the human being and swing him about the orbit of sacred thought and deed. Here appear all the sturdy and achieving virtues, all heroic ethical energies, all the beautifying and redeeming graces; the sacrifices, too, of man for man, the self-denials in the interest of a larger good, and the acceptance of the spirit's counsels commending the ideals. There are acts of worship also now, and the sacrifices that are more than burnt-offerings, and the voice of psalm and song, with the meek utterance of prayer, and a passionate outreaching and upward striving of the whole nature toward what is beyond and above the visible and transitory. Great hopes spring in the heart, great possibilities sway the motives and challenge expectation to look forth—even the expectation of an ultimate wondrous intimacy with the infinite spirit and of a part in the universal life. Even so that, bending down over the graves of those who sleep, these human beings are planting the white lilies of hope, caressing them with believing thoughts of immortality.

Here appears the meaning contrast between lilies and men. There are whole worlds of grandeur and power in the nature and life of men, of which the lily knows not and gives no sign or illustration.

This is what gave force to the appeal

of Jesus to the faith of his disciples: "If God so clothe that simple grass of the field, how much more *you*? O ye of little faith—if ye do not expect from God more than He bestows on lilies! For they—these flowers of the field are only for a day, and to-morrow will be gone. But ye are of the kingdom of Heaven and know the righteousness of God. Your real life is amidst the divine verities, and by them. You need, to be sure, food and drink, and wherewithal ye may be clothed. But these are the passing needs, incidents of your career as conditioned now in its present stage. Let not these things be your sole, or chief concern, even as the unenlightened, who seek them and forget the Father and His kingdom. He, the Father, knoweth that ye have need of these things, and if ye seek this righteousness, they shall be added unto you—*added*, that is all, added to the greater and better, to your incalculable inheritance as the children of God."

This lesson, even as here paraphrased is not, as admitted at the outset, a demonstration of immortality for man. It is not conformed to academic philosophy or scholastic logic. But it is an appeal directly to man's knowledge of himself. And always it has been true, as it is true to-day, and will be true to-morrow, that the immortal Hope is based on the self-consciousness of man, his knowledge of what is within him, of his powers and capacities, of his aspirations and daring hopes. In view of what their own breasts hold and reveal to self-search, men have persistently held it to be irrational to expect for themselves any destiny falling short of the best conceivable. If this is not to be, they reason, the universe is

not amenable to any rational law of fittingness, and is only a vast enormity of unreason. As Le Conte has said:—

Without spirit immortality the cosmos has no meaning. . . . Without spirit immortality this beautiful cosmos, which has been developing into increasing beauty for so many millions of years, when its evolution has run its course and is over, would be precisely as if it had never been,—an idle dream, a tale told by an idiot, signifying—nothing.

Another great soul, Victor Hugo, as life's sun was setting, wrote:—

I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest which has been more than once cut down. The new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, towards the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds. . . . Winter is on my head and eternal spring is in my heart. Then I breathe at this hour, the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets and the roses as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. but I am marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale and it is history. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose, verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, song—I have tried all. But I feel that I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say like so many others, "I have finished my day's work," but I can not say, "I have finished my life." My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes in the twilight to open with the dawn.

I improve every hour because I love this world as my Fatherland. My work is only a beginning. My monument is hardly above its foundation. I would be glad to see it mounting forever. The thirst for the infinite proves infinity.



MONTE CARLO

By JANE MARLIN

"Messieurs, faites vos jeux!"

THERE are few people in the world who do not know, by reputation at least, the little village of the French Riviera that owes its fame to the supposed vices of other nations—the little village in the equally little province of Monaco, governed by Europe's unrecognized ruler, Prince Grimaldi. This is Monte Carlo, one of the most beautiful spots in the world,—Monte Carlo, with its turquoise-blue sky and tideless sea, its warm flood of sunshine, and its breezes laden with the perfume of the orange, the

tropical luxuriance and glistening, snow-capped mountains,—framing-in the picture in the soft, blue distance seemingly so near.

François Blanc has always been most systematically abused because he lavished his millions upon Monte Carlo; but with it all we are bound to admit that he was an exceedingly clever man, even if he did use his knowledge of human nature to his own advantage. It is a proverbial saying that "A gambler will gamble anywhere," and Monte Carlo was beautiful enough in



The Heart of Monte Carlo—The Casino

citron, and the rose. There is no place on earth more naturally picturesque, and no artist, whether of the idealistic or the realistic school, can add one jot to its irresistible charm. It is the garden-spot of the Riviera, with its varied scenery, its

itself to have dispensed with the magnificent adornments and appointments. But François Blanc had enough and to spare, and he spent his money upon his pet hobby, and, by catering to the royal and demi-mondaine, made Monte Carlo the most

exclusively fashionable gambling resort in all Christendom. François Blanc was a desperate gambler, and he indulged his madness in having a colossal gambling estate.

The small province of Monaco in the French territory is not two and a half miles long, and although governed by Prince Grimaldi, its postal service and customs are controlled by the French. Monaco, a delightful old town, contains the palace of the Prince,—a commanding-looking building in the Renaissance style and open to the public,—a beautiful garden, and a cathedral. I mention this because so few of the thousands of people who visit Monte Carlo annually ever go to old Monaco. In fact there are very few who ever stir from the irregular quadrangle, upon one side of which is the Hotel



de Paris, and upon the other the Cercle des Etrangers, the official name for the magnificent temple dedicated solely to the Goddess of Luck. Here one has no need to consult Murray or Bædecker. Most of

the visitors go straight to the Casino and the tables, even if they do not play, and they stare at the little ball spinning on the roulette-board and at the large piles of gold and silver pieces placed upon the twenty-six numbers, divided into sections or columns. And when they get tired they wander out into the corridor for a walk, or recline upon the handsome divans chatting with acquaintances and listening to the cries of the *croupiers*, to the clinking of the gold, and to the rattling of the little ball, which never ceases from eleven in the morning till eleven in the evening all the year round, and which has a magnetism that few are able to resist if they watch it long.

The Casino, designed by Charles Garnier, stands upon a promontory just east of the town, and it is surrounded by gardens, laid out in the most artistically conceived designs imaginable. Here are great beds of pansies, and choice gloxinias glistening like so many wax stars amid their glossy green leaves; there orchids,

roses, narcissus, tulips, and jonquils, all nodding in the gentle breeze. The Casino contains a Salle des Fêtes, richly adorned with paintings and graceful statues, and the Salle des Jeux, gorgeously decorated in the Moorish style with soft harmonious colors that rest the eye after the strong light of the gardens. The first three rooms at the left of the Salle des Fêtes are given over to roulette, which seems to be the most fascinating of all of the games of chance, by reason of the multiplicity of its combinations. Then the minimum and the maximum stakes (five to six thousand francs) are considerably less than those at *trente-et-quarante* (twelve to twenty thousand francs), which attract only the big players, and at which fortunes are made or lost daily.

From the opening of the doors in the morning until the last stroke of the clock at eleven at night, the roulette-tables are crowded with men and women suffering from incipient lunacy; for it is difficult to believe yourself among sane people when you see hundreds of well-dressed, intelligent-looking men and women rush up the heights to the Casino, and struggle against an enemy that continually eludes their grasp, against an enemy that they well know will finally conquer them. They temporarily lose their reason and say and do things that would try the patience and test the skill of the chief doctor of Bedlam.

At one table sits a French countess, wearing and toying with an immense gold chain, a charm without which she never plays; at another a tall, commanding Russian nobleman, his magnificent white head towering above every other, a well-known figure to the habitués. What has he in his hand that he regards so intently as he plays with his gold? An ivory miniature framed in gold, the picture of his



dead wife,—his fetich, and without which he never sits at the table. So superstitious is he nowadays that when things look like going wrong he calls his valet to watch his gold, while he goes out to the café and orders a bottle of ale. He uncorks it and pours it out himself, never allowing a servant to touch it. If the liquor is ever so little cloudy in the glass, he plays no more that day; if, on the contrary, it is quite clear, he returns and the sums he stakes are large fortunes.

To enter the Cercle des Etrangers you have but to apply to the Commissary of Police, present your visiting-card, prove your identity and place of residence, and receive a ticket, which once delivered to you admits you to any and all parts of the Casino. The Commissary of Police is a man with an eagle-eye, and the stranger is well looked over. The commissary is always a gentleman, never losing his temper, though his patience is often sorely tried, for he is chaffed out of his wits by would-be clever people.



Quite apropos is a story told by a well-known habitu-

tué: A smartly-dressed Frenchman presented himself one morning and applied for a permit for the week, delivering his card. The commissary looked at him critically for a moment, then asked if he had no documents other than his *carte de visite* to prove his identity.

"Non, monsieur," was the reply.

"Perhaps you have a *permit de chasse*?" questioned the commissary—a document which most aristocratic Frenchmen possess.

"Non, monsieur; je ne chasse que les femmes," was the quick but impudent answer.

The courtesy of the officials is simply astounding, and the administration conducts everything upon absolutely honest and systematic rules. The roulette-wheel is adjusted upon symmetrical principles, allowing of not the slightest deviation, and the most skilled of the employees could not possibly direct the ball to an approximate point,—and if he could he

would be immediately dismissed. At *trente-et-quarante* doubtless the cards might be manipulated; but it is certain that the administration, commanding as it does this wonderful enterprise for coining money,—wonderful because the results are mathematically in their favor,—would not stoop to make an accomplice of a mere servant. Honesty of principal and employees is quite above suspicion at Monte Carlo, and although gaming may be a vice, it is far less disastrous when indulged in under the conditions offered by the system at Monte Carlo than under those thrust upon people by shady bookmakers at the race-tracks and tricky gamblers who, nine times out of ten, win your money because of their underhand methods.



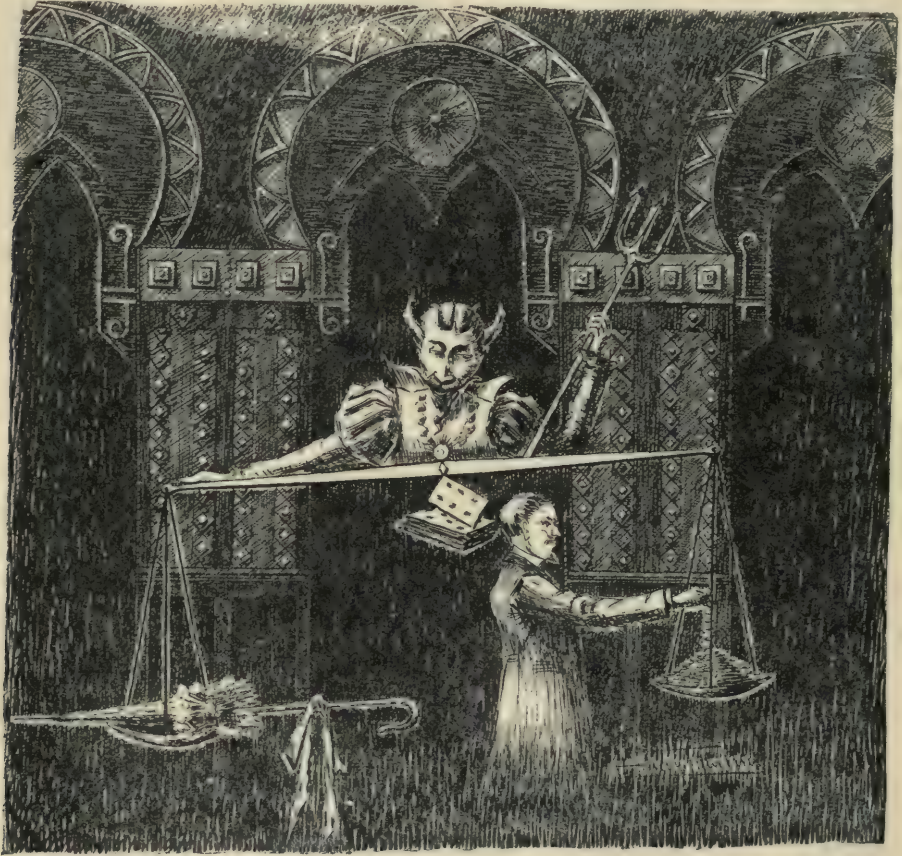
At the Casino each of the tables is presided over by six *croupiers* or *tailleurs*, superintended by a *chef-de-partie*, who usually sits in a high chair directly behind the one who turns the wheel at roulette or deals the cards for *trente-et-quarante*. The *chef* verifies each morning the sums allotted the tables, fifty thousand francs for roulette, and two hundred thousand francs for *trente-et-quarante*. Then he is always consulted in case of a dispute or misunderstanding between the bank and the player. These disputes are rare occurrences; for it is stated upon the best authority that the orders of the Casino to the *croupiers* and *tailleurs* are to "*ne faire pas du coton*," and these orders are strictly obeyed even when the interest of the bank is largely at stake.



To the great outer world the large sums of bank-notes, gold, and silver piled upon the table in front of the *croupier* or *tailleur*, represent so much wealth, so much ease, freedom from care, and pleasure, but

to the *croupier* it is only so much dross. If one of the gorgeously attired attendants, who perchance receives the munificent salary of four hundred dollars a year, were to find a thousand-franc bank-note upon the floor, carelessly dropped by some lucky player, he would pick it up and hand it over to the superintendent of the rooms, who would lay it aside until it was called for. The attendant would not keep the

frequenters of Monte Carlo. They all live at La Condamine, a pretty place in the principality, and they are conveyed to their work each morning in carriages. The best paid are the *tailleurs*, dealers at *trente-et-quarante*, who are always designated as "*Messieurs du trente-et-quarante*," while the *croupiers* are simply called "*Les hommes de la roulette*." The men are upon the best of terms, but the wives



One Hundred Thousand Francs for a Sunshade

money, because he does not know but what the note was dropped by some member of the administration to test the honesty of the employees, and that several of his associates are quietly watching him.

There are one hundred and sixty *croupiers* and *tailleurs* at Monte Carlo and, with few exceptions, they are the sons or near relatives of *croupiers* whose names have become household words among the

of the former do not call upon the spouses or sweethearts of the latter.

It was at *trente-et-quarante* that I saw a distinguished-looking Greek nobleman lose two hundred thousand francs in less than five hours. Again and again did he back the fickle color or number only to lose, and the *tailleur*, a handsome, honest young man, looked at him compassionately as the bank-notes and gold disappeared with

frightful rapidity and at last, quite forgetting himself, shook his head, as much as to say, "Don't play any more on my deal to-day; I've a fit of bad luck." But there are *tailleurs* and *tailleurs*, and the coarse, ill-natured old fellow who took his place smiled sardonically when, at the end of an hour, the Greek having wagered his last louis rose penniless and staggered from the room. I shall never forget the look upon his face. Throughout the afternoon



he had remained perfectly calm, not a muscle of his face having moved as the *tailleur* with his rake swept away his last piece of gold. He had been wide-awake the while, but at the end he seemed dazed

—passed his hand several times before his eyes and walked away staring vacantly into space.

"That is the kind of a gambler whom the doorkeepers and employees are told to specially watch," said a gentleman at my elbow; "for unless reaction sets in, a few hours will see an end to him, either mentally, morally, or bodily."

"Oh, how horrible!" I gasped. "And what will they do for him?"

"Oh, they will accompany him to his hotel, and if needs be his bill will be paid and a return ticket purchased for him, no matter where he lives. The management don't like their names in the papers in connection with such accidents."

A proverb with the *croupiers* is that, no matter how much a gambler may win and take away with him from Monte Carlo, it is a temporary loan, with only the difference that it comes back minus, instead of plus, the interest. "Therein lies the strength of the bank," they say, and they tell stories galore to prove their statement. One, freely circulated, is that of an American who came to the Casino with only ten francs in his purse, which he immediately put upon the number of the cab which had brought him up from the station—seventeen. That number came out five times in ten, and before he left Monte Carlo he had won a large sum from

the bank. He kept it two years, then he reappeared and the bank got back its "loan."

An observant stranger visiting Monte Carlo for the first time is struck by the incongruity of having the large, handsomely appointed gaming-rooms lighted by lamps instead of gas or electricity, like the rest of the building. I confess that I was puzzled not a little over it until it was finally explained to me. It is a precaution against thieves, for at gambling resorts where gas has been used there have been several successful attempts at tampering with the meter, and at Hamburg several years ago, one of the rooms was in total darkness for several minutes and a large pile of bank notes was missing when the lights were brought in. Since then lamps have been used.

"And how about the women who play at Monte Carlo?" That is the question that has been quite generally put to me. "Do they play well, and of what class are they in society?"

The women found deliberately playing at Monte Carlo are exceedingly clever and skillful, often playing with more pluck and bravado than the lords of creation. They watch their chances with a perseverance that is remarkable, and while they may not have much of a system and do not go in for large risks, they venture much more, when losing than when winning. They keep their heads, are not discouraged, and possess an amount of patience that is marvelous. They always take the trouble to call for a small card, and with a pin keep a strict score while playing. They lose quietly, and when they win they gather up the bright gold-pieces until the sum they seem to have fixed upon in their minds is reached; then they pocket their money and will play no more that day. All the modern types are represented, and while I am not the least bit prudish as to what women may or may not do, I draw the line at the gaming-table; and I am honest when I say that among all of the handsomely dressed and



beautiful women that I saw at the tables there was not one among them whom I should feel honored to call mother or sister. Of course, I speak only of the women who deliberately sit at the tables and play.

And that reminds me of an actress whom I saw lose enough gold at *trente-et-quarante* to have kept her well housed and robbed for a year. I first met her driving upon the far-famed Corniche road,



beautiful in her gown of lilac. Seated by her side was a handsome man who gave, by reason of his devotion, every evidence of being the favored one. Later I saw her at dinner at the Café de Paris, radiantly beautiful in her dinner-gown of dazzling white.

This time her companion, an elderly man of fortune, was devotion itself, and I now felt sure that she had bestowed her affections upon this man of money. To my surprise she was before me again at the Casino, her long white cloak thrown back, revealing arms and shoulders of great beauty. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes burning with excitement. The corners of her mouth were drawn and there was a look of inexpressible sadness which her companion, this time a boyish blonde, could not dispel by his merry sallies. She lost steadily for two hours, then arose and withdrew. Not a woman so much as nodded to her,—to this actress whose social position has been the talk of both hemispheres. She was alone, miserable, unhappy. Yet far better was she, so it seemed to me, than many of the women who drew aside their skirts to let her pass.

A good but old story is told of François Blanc,—a story which presents the man as he really was, and which gives an insight into his character. One day he was walking up to the Casino accompanied by Madame Blanc. The sun was very hot and Madame had forgotten her sun-umbrella. She complained of the heat and asked Monsieur to step into a shop near by

and buy her a new one. "Women always want something, they do, they do," growled Blanc as he followed his wife into the shop and paid the eighty francs demanded by the astute shopkeeper for the sunshade selected. He scolded about it all the rest of the way, fumbling in the mean time with the gold in his pockets. As they reached the Casino he fairly ran up the steps, and passing his office, entered one of the gaming rooms. To the amazement of every one he went up to the *trente-et-quarante* table and put two louis on the black. The black came up,—he had won the handle of the parasol back. An attendant advanced with a chair. "No, thanks," said M. Blanc; "I'm not going to stay. I only ran in to win eighty francs I just now foolishly paid out for a sunshade." He then left the four louis upon the black and lost them. He repeated the same tactics half a dozen times, always losing, until he was two hundred and eighty francs out of pocket besides what the ill-fated sunshade had cost him. Studying a moment he put up four louis at once—they were swept away. Then he tried eight, then sixteen,—all to no avail. Luck was against him and seven hundred francs were gone. Wiping his heated brow, he called for a chair, and took out his pocket-book. A note of one thousand francs fluttered down on the black. It went, then a second, then a third, until at the end of an hour he was four thousand francs to the bad. He then sent to the office for money and began a battle royal with his own shadow, never leaving his place until eleven o'clock that night. He had forgotten dinner, home, everything, and Madame Blanc's sunshade had cost him just ninety-one thousand francs.

As all good livers go to Paris when they die, so all lovers of pigeon-shooting find in Monte Carlo a heaven of eternal happiness; for with the exception of a few warm months in the summer, when the birds are out of condition and the sportsman out of town, trap-shooting is one of the most important attractions. Here the



shooters of the Old World, from every country where the scatter-gun is used, meet on neutral ground, contesting in daily matches for large sums of money, for the majority of the contestants are gentlemen of ample means. But interesting as are these daily contests, they are but the practice, the play, the warming up for the real event, the greatest of all shooting-matches, commonly known as the Grand Prix, and held every December. To win this coveted prize is the best good fortune that ever befalls a knight of the trigger. For the Grand Prix is a contest of gentlemen, lovers of the sport, contesting for the honor and glory as well as the golden purse, which is in this case only a secondary consideration. The birds are of excellent quality, and as a rule faster than our own fliers. The high winds which have made the shooting in our leading American events so difficult and unsatisfactory are seldom encountered. Nature has done

much for the shooting-grounds, as for everything else at Monte Carlo. Situated upon a wide ledge at the foot of the cliff, it is as near as one can imagine to a natural theater, with the spectators in the gallery and in the orchestra-circle, the shooters in the orchestra, the traps on the stage, and with the beautiful blue Mediterranean as a most perfect background. No outdoor performance was ever graced with a more brilliant audience than assembles here in this natural theater under the open heavens and in this glorious climate to witness the great trial of skillful marksmanship which requires a combination of so many elements to make the successful man. Beautiful women, adorned by all that money and good taste can do, gallant men, gifted and distinguished in every known field, are found at the shooting-grounds in numbers; for it is as much the crowd as the contestants that glorifies the Grand Prix.



JOSEPPA: SWEETEST OF TAGALOG CHILDREN

By PIERRE N. BERINGER

THE first time I saw Joseppa, Admiral Dewey had his hand on her head and was saying to the flag lieutenant, "Brumby, what a pretty child!"

The Admiral is neatness personified, and Filipino children, though pretty, are generally dirty. I knew this must be a remarkable Tagalog infant. That the great hero should stop to look at her, that he should touch her, was distinction. The Admiral passed on, and I crossed the little street which runs at right angles to the still narrower lanes, called the Calle Real and the Calle Noveliches.

In Kavite Joseppa's father and mother own a small cigarette and tobacco shop. Upon the shelves may also be found sardines, pickled tongues, and Holland butter, all in tins. At the front of the shop is a large flat basket containing an immense cocoa-leaf upon which the native tobacco is spread out to dry. In another and smaller basket is the neatly wrapped *bouilla*, or betél-nut. This is chewed by the less cultured of the natives. It is made of cocoa-leaf, betél-nut, and slacked lime, and is a substitute for tobacco. Its use is extremely injurious to the teeth. Since the coming of the "Americanos" many of the natives have discarded the *bouilla* and taken to tobacco-chewing, dropping from one bad habit to another.

Joseppa is a little brown maid who speaks a Spanish *patois* fluently, a splendid specimen of the cute Tagalog children. She was, at this time, only nine years of age and exceptionally small. I walked into the dark shop, to where she had retreated after the Admiral's departure. On the counter in front of her was a long canoe-shaped vessel of teak-wood. This vessel contained shells, tiny sea-shells, and these were in fifteen or twenty compartments and the game was called *solitario*. The shells were placed in unequal numbers in the compartments, and in a given number of moves Joseppa had them in the ends of the canoe, an equal number in each.

Going to her, I placed my hand upon her head just as the Admiral did.

She looked up at me with great trustful black eyes, and then said very solemnly: "*Bueno Americano, hermano de los Filipinos.*"

I was not exactly ready to acknowledge the relationship, but the child insisted with tears that I was a brother to the Insurgent. So to please, I said "*Si.*"

Her eyes twinkled like diamonds and then to my surprise, she said, "Play gem, eh! Seeng?"

It was a long time before I understood that these words were, "Play game, eh! Sing!" And when I finally did comprehend, she was so happy that she could not wait for her father to bring the guitar. She struck an attitude on the greasy old counter and sang a weird wailing song with a refrain, that told of the "Spaniard cooped up in Manila," always ending with "*imposible de escapar!*" Her voice was high strung, and when she repeated the impossibility of escape it was wildly triumphant.

We, the Expeditionary Force of the United States, had only been in Kavite a week, but this little native girl, who knew enough of business to tend shop when her father and mother were out, had in her leisure moments, which were not many, learned something of the English language from the soldiers. The pronunciation of the *th* was very difficult for Joseppa. I introduced her to Captains Heath and Whiting, and the best she ever could do with their names was "Captain Each" and "Medico Wide-ink." Captain Whiting was a medical officer, and when I expressed surprise that she should call him "Medico," she pointed to the red-cross brassard and said, "I know!" This was her favorite expression.

The first time I greeted the little family with a word in Tagalog, there was a general shout of joy. I came in one day just as Joseppa was descending from the second-story through a hole in the floor by a bamboo ladder. She turned quickly at



"Imposible de escapar"

hearing my step and was about to say her customary "Good-mornink," when I shouted out "*Ma-gan-dang-a-bipo*," which is the morning greeting in Tagalog. She clapped her hands at the risk of falling from the ladder and cried out, "O! *Periodiste*, I love you! You can speak Tagalog!

Father—mother—listen!" Joseppa, for want of a better name, had dubbed me *Periodiste* (Journalist), and even after she knew my name she claimed *Periodiste* was more distinguished than the one my parents gave me.

Then it was that Joseppa and I ex-

changed languages and every day for an hour I would sit on the rough bench outside the door, and that nine-year-old girl would teach me Spanish and Tagalog, and I would teach her English. But that is not right, for Joseppa claims that there is English and there is American, and that one language is not at all like the other. She says, "Zee Inglesh sailor talk fet, greasy kine talk, you spik clean talk wich de leeps; zee Inglesh talk wich de froat!" Joseppa was the better student.

One hot day I was leaning against the wall at the arsenal gate, looking at the motley crowd of natives selling fruit and curios to the soldiers, when a little hand crept over mine and an appealing brown face, crowned with a tousled head of jet-black hair, was turned towards me. It was Joseppa. As soon as she knew she was noticed she crossed her hands upon her chest and said, "Come to zee ouze!" This meant that something was wrong at the *casa* and I was wanted. Its a goodish walk from the arsenal gate to Joseppa's house by the south wall, and the sun was hot. I hailed one of the Karamata, or two-wheeled carts, and motioned my little guide to get in. No, she did not care to ride; so I was compelled to walk. I teased her on the way, but she was not merry. There was something seriously wrong. Before we reached the shop we were walking hand in hand and the officers and men on the Calle del Arsenal glanced curiously at us as we passed. I did n't care what they might think. This poor little Oriental rag baby reminded me of other things than war—better things. She reminded me of home, of tender American women and sweet little children far away.

Her father was sitting on the old wooden bench and as soon as I came in he plunged into the story.

The trouble all came of an American revolver. Some foolish soldier had sold Joseppa's father a pistol. Joseppa's father loaned it to a friend. That friend was Barasso and Joseppa's father's best friend. Barasso knew nothing of pistols, especially Colt's pistols, and his inquisitiveness led him to extracting the shells. He experienced a difficulty and somehow the barrel turned toward him just at the moment a careless finger

touched the trigger. Poor Barasso was shot in the abdomen.

When Joseppa's father got thus far in the tale I inquired if a doctor had been called, and found to my astonishment that nothing had been done in that direction.

"The Filipino doctors were all away in the field and they thought American Medicos were for Americans," he said. Barasso lives in San Roqué, outside the old walls.

"Wide-ink," kind Doctor Whiting, worked hard on Barasso, and by nightfall he told me, with one of his good-natured slaps, "Its all right, old man; he'll live, but he's had a close shave!" And then it took me an hour to explain to dear sympathetic little Joseppa that Barasso's shaving had nothing whatever to do with the case. It was not a time for jokes.

Soon after this, Manila was taken, and I found many things to do there that kept me from Kavite. Two months passed away. It was then I received my recall and I decided to go to Kavite for a farewell visit. I had two important people to see. One was General Anderson, a grim old soldier; the other Joseppa, the sweetest of Tagalog children.

General Anderson's farewells were soon over, and then I hurried to the old shop. On the wall was the same old sign, "*Al Contado*," which translated means "For cash only." The greasy table was there too, and the father and mother were sitting by the little showcase full of fly-specked tins. There was trouble in the house of Alcala. I soon knew. The only child of that house was stricken with typhoid.

I crept up the bamboo ladder and there, on the floor, on a straw mat, was Joseppa. About the corners of her mouth, and around her eyes, she was palish green and she was much emaciated. I knelt by that poor shrunken figure and I think I cried. Anyway, I *know* Joseppa cried. Then she said in fairly good English:

"My friend, I know you come. I am going get better. I got zee picsh-book you sen' from Manila. I got zee school-book. I got zee book when I was seek bad and I get better."

Her father explained that when she

seemed so ill that the native physician was almost in despair, a soldier brought the little package from Manila and from that moment Joseppa began to mend.

Around her neck there was a necklace, and right in the middle, among copper coins from Persia, China, Korea, and India, was a fifty-cent piece, white, silver, Americano. It was my last gift to Joseppa.

Just as I was about to leave the convalescent, she pointed to the Goddess of Liberty and said: "*I know! George Washington.*"

* * * * *

I have settled down to the regular humdrum of newspaper life, and from having been an actor in the drama being unrolled in the Orient, I am now an onlooker, part of the general audience far from the lazy latitudes.

Occasionally an act in the play strikes an affinitive chord among those who are straining mind and vision toward the unborn East,—toward the land that came into being so long ago, and which has been lying dormant for centuries—only to wake again at the touch of Western civilization. It is a rude awakening.

Among the Tagalogs the notion is current that a sleeper must be aroused by degrees—the name of the loved one is first called in a whisper, then crooned a little louder, the caller increasing the tone of his voice until the sleeper awakens. It is current in the tribe that sudden and loud calls bring on heart disease.

There is a shot in the jungle, a cry and then a silence, and it seems as though Nature herself had stopped, and then from the audience in the West comes the echo. A mother strains her eye and mind no more, a girl has lost her sweetheart, a father his son and a boy his brother. They faint and fall and in the rush are trampled on, the cry is lost and they are carried away to where they may bind up their wounds to bleed anew.

The shock came to me. While the fleet bombarded the little town of San Roque, an Insurgent nest, the troops advanced over the Kavite causeway and fired by volleys into the straw thatches. The Tagalogs fled in all directions. Then the village was fired—the straw burned like tinder—and the soldiers rested on their arms while the city burned. Suddenly their attention was arrested by the figure of a little girl darting toward one of the huts. She entered the door just as the roof crumbled inward. Fifty men forgot discipline and rushed forward. An Irish volunteer sergeant in the Heavies, then stationed at Kavite, carried the little form out of the blackening embers and laid it on the grass. Tightly to her breast she held a picture-book and in her hand an American coin. She smiled sweetly in Honaines' face and said:

"Buenos Americanos, hermanos de los Filipinos."

The news reached me by letter and it seemed as sudden as a cable message, and I gulped down a hard lump.



THE SEA-CUCUMBERS, STARFISHES, AND SEA-URCHINS OF CALIFORNIA

By A. G. MADDREN

THE Sea-Cucumbers, Starfishes and Sea-Urchins as yet known upon this coast are few in number. In fact the character of the greater part of the shores of California is not such as affords the most favorable conditions for the development of numerous species of this order of animals. Nearly the whole line of coast is open, and presents a succession of inaccessible, almost perpendicular, rocky cliffs alternating with barren beaches of sand, all being completely exposed to the action of the breakers which roll in upon them with the concentrated force of the storms of a wide and unbroken ocean. There is a want of variety in station, and of inlets, bays, and islands, in the protected nooks of which such animals usually find shelter. Extensive dredging operations would no doubt bring to light many interesting forms now unknown. As we may judge from the mountainous character of the shores, the sea-bottom dips away very rapidly in close proximity to the land and the submarine zones are narrow.

There are but few important inlets on the coast. The Bay of San Francisco, from the mixture of the muddy waters of two large rivers and the smallness of the gate which admits to it the clear water of the ocean, is nearly barren of animal life except at its entrance. Monterey Bay is deep and exposed, but has many, though scarcely known, animals living in it.

Of all these animals the starfishes are first in number of species, while the two common species of sea-urchins are the most abundant in the number of individuals.

THE SEA-CUCUMBERS.

The Sea-Cucumbers, or *holothurians*, usually have an elongate, cylindrical, flexible body, covered with a muscular skin, which varies in thickness in the different kinds. The mouth is located at one end of the body, and is surrounded by a circle of more or less complex feelers or tentacles. Many forms are furnished with

the so-called feet, which are sometimes arranged in five longitudinal rows or series, and at others are scattered without order over the surface of the body. The body-wall frequently contains numerous minute calcareous plates of various shapes and sizes, which are often peculiar to the different kinds. Many of the species are quite wormlike in external appearance.

The species most frequently found on the California Coast are *Cucumaria frondosa*. In this form the feet make five double and irregular rows. The feelers are ten in number, and are much branched. The animal measures from about one inch to three feet in length when expanded. It inhabits the northern Atlantic Coast of America and extends round through the Arctic Ocean to the Pacific and down this coast to Point Lobos or beyond. It ranges from low-tide mark to a depth of one hundred fathoms or more. Dr. Stimpson has said that this sea-cucumber, made into soup, is very palatable; but it is not regularly used as food.

Then comes *Cucumaria chronjelmi*. In this form the body is indistinctly five-sided, the feet are long and cylindrical and form five double rows along the sides of the body. The feelers are ten in number, the two lower ones being smaller than the rest. The calcareous deposits of the skin are of two kinds. In the external layer of the skin are small spheres or globelike cups; in the internal layer numerous anchor-shaped bodies occur. These are of different sizes and shapes. This is a small form, seldom growing over three inches in length. It is found from Vancouver's Island to Monterey Bay. It is whitish in color.

Holothuria Californica is another form of sea-cucumber, with the body much elongated, of nearly the same thickness throughout; on the lower side it is flattened and thickly covered with stout sucker-bearing feet not arranged in rows. The upper surface of the body has about forty large conical, fleshy processes spar-

ingly scattered over it. The feelers are short, and have broad disks. In color it is reddish-brown above, lighter below. This form attains the length of one and a half feet. In thickness it is about one and a half inches.

THE BRITTLE AND BASKET-STARS.

These starfishes are at once distinguished by the long, flexible, cylindrical arms, which are sharply distinct from the flat and circular central disk. The movements of the arms are principally in the horizontal direction, and in this way permit of a creeping locomotion among marine plants. In a few cases the arms are much branched and can be rolled up in the direction of the mouth. There are only a few forms commonly met with on this coast. Two of the smallest and most common are *Amphiura occidentalis* and *Amphiura barbarae*. Both are small and are found crawling over the sand under the rocks or seaweeds in the tide pools. The arms, five in number, are long and slender and seldom exceed two inches in length. The upper side of the disk in *occidentalis* is a faint greenish gray, while the arms and under side are straw-colored.

Another form considerably larger than the preceding ones is *Ophiocoma papillosa*. Its flat disk is about half an inch in diameter and the five stout arms are covered with numerous long slender spines. In life it is purple, speckled over with red and yellow dots. It is seldom found near the shore but lives out in the deeper water, where it has to be dredged for.

We now come to the most interesting and striking form of this group, the true *Basket-Stars*. The most characteristic feature of this form is the exaggerated development of the arms. As far back as 1670 Governor John Winthrop, of Massachusetts, made some speculations in regard to the many-branched arms of this form of basket-star. He made a mathematical calculation of the number of terminal twigs he thought there ought to be in one of these curious animals, by counting the number of times a single arm forked and then multiplying by the number of arms. By this theory he calculated there should be twenty thousand terminal twigs. He did not take the trouble to verify this by

actual count, but Dr. Lyman has. Lyman found that there are only about five thousand of these terminal twigs, or about one fourth the number called for by the mathematical theory.

Another striking point concerning the basket-stars comes in by adding the lengths of all the branches and twigs of one arm. If this is done with a form like the one upon the California Coast, it is found that the sum of one arm is about two hundred and fifty times the diameter of the disk, or it will have an arm about thirty feet long. When alive the basket-stars are a bright orange-yellow. They are not common, and are generally found in deep water where they occasionally become entangled in the fishermen's nets and lines.

THE COMMON STARFISHES.

The general features of these animals are probably familiar to most people, but it may be best to review them here. They consist essentially of a central disk from which radiate five or more elongate arms, which are not marked off or separated from the disk in any way, but exist merely as prolongations from it. The upper and lower sides are quite different from each another. The upper side generally presents a rough surface of variable color. This is the leathery membrane covering the skeleton of the animal, which consists of small calcareous plates. These plates are so arranged as to form the framework of the arms and disk, and act as a chain armor, encircling and protecting all the soft parts within. On the lower side of the starfish this framework terminates in two rows of larger plates. This armor is sufficiently flexible to allow the starfish to bend himself clumsily over or around anything he is likely to wish to climb upon or grasp. In the ordinary starfishes the entire upper surface is covered with many short spines, which are largest and thickest at the edges of the rays. Scattered between the spines are little soft water-tubes. The mouth, in the center of the disk on the under side, bears no teeth, as in the sea-urchins, but is surrounded by an elastic tube, and is protected by little spines so arranged around it that they surround and project over it.

Some of the starfishes of California attain a large size, specimens sometimes measuring fifteen inches across, and the big twenty-rayed form occurs as large as three feet in diameter. From these extremes we find all the intermediate sizes down to the very smallest, which are not much more than an eighth of an inch in diameter.

They inhabit various kinds of bottom, from above low-tide mark to twelve or fifteen fathoms or deeper. They live on muddy, sandy, rocky, and shelly bottoms, and even on the piles of wharves, and are most abundant where they can find the greatest amount of food. Their food consists principally of the soft parts of mussels, snails, several kinds of limpets, chitons, and sometimes goose and acorn barnacles, or perhaps an occasional crab. The most abundant part of their food consists of mussels, and these mussels are particularly fond of living in clusters on the rocks about tide-level, where they are most exposed to the surf, consequently the majority of the starfishes are found clinging closely to the rough surfaces of the rocks about low-tide mark, sometimes covered with water, at other times by the damp seaweeds; or again, they may be wedged into some narrow crevice, and nearly always they are where the surf dashes over them at least at high tide.

The starfishes are very voracious and have a peculiarly simple and unconventional way of securing their food. In grasping and feeding upon these mollusks or crustaceans, as the case may be, the starfish assumes all manner of shapes and positions, and in most of its attitudes is far from being a symmetrical-looking animal. It strides over its prey with its arms in whatever positions they may most favorably occupy in order that it may turn, pull apart, and hold the food under the oral surface of its disk. All this is done with a slow but sure calmness, and is then followed by the fully as deliberate protruding of the thin saccular lobes of the stomach to envelop the soft parts of the prey and assimilate them into its system. Oftentimes a lobe of the stomach will be extended far into the spiral shell of a snail, that it may extract the last morsel of flesh, and as you interrupt the star-

fish by taking it from the rock it will contract its stomach and drop the empty shell which only a short time before served it as a dinner-plate.

Perhaps it is this mode of life, by which the animal is compelled to live in the surf or near the shore where the currents sweep strongly among the rocks, and where it must hold on tightly to and tear firmly fixed objects from them, that has developed its feet into such strong holding organs and increased them to four rows arranged on the strong, slender, cylindrical rays or arms.

The starfishes are represented on our coast by a good many different kinds; in fact, they are the best represented of all this group of marine animals. They are practically all of the same habits, and only differ from each other in size and a few other characters, such as those of the number of rays and spines. We will describe a typical form, and then simply mention the others.

The characters most used in distinguishing the various forms are the number, arrangement, and structure of the spines. The spines are grouped under three heads, —a row of slender spines arranged along the margins of the grooves on the under side, then several more or less regular rows of larger spines on the under side of the ray, and lastly the spines on the upper aspect of the animal, which are various in number and arrangement.

The common five-rayed form is called *Asterias ochracea*, *Asterias* being the Latin word for starfish, and *ochracea* the word for our two words reddish-brown; so it is the reddish-brown starfish. The rays are five in number, each being scarcely twice as long as the disk is wide. The spines along the grooves on the under sides of the rays are long, slender, equal in length, crowded closely side by side, slightly tapering, with blunt points, and are arranged in a regular row. The spines on the under sides of the rays are of good size, and are arranged in six regular rows. A more or less distinct marginal groove separates the outermost spines of the lower side from the spines of the upper side. The larger spines of the upper surface have enlarged, rounded heads. They are scattered in an irregular network over the upper surface

of the animal. Some spines form a distinct line along the middle of each ray, and others form an irregular pentagon over the middle of the disk. The color is deep orange, brown, or purple. The diameter from six to eight inches. This is one of the most common forms met with.

Asterias sapitata has five rays, which are not contracted where they join the disk. The disk is large. There is one regular row of spines along the foot-grooves on the lower side, and the spines on the lower sides of the rays are arranged in four rows instead of six, as in the preceding form. The spines on the upper surface are not very numerous, but are for the most part large and have round globelike heads. They are arranged without order, standing about an eighth of an inch apart and make scarcely any indication of a pentagonal arrangement on the disk. The color is a reddish-orange. This form differs from *ochracea* in the fewer number of rows of spines on the lower surface and in the larger dorsal spines, which are not arranged after a network pattern.

The short-spined starfish (*Asterias brevispina*) has five rays. The upper surface is covered with very short, blunt, nearly uniform spines, which are moderately numerous, and sometimes form an irregular row along the middle of each ray, and showing a tendency to form a network over the sides. The color is a dirty yellow. This form is not very common.

The starfish with few spines (*Asterias paucispina*) is a form with five high triangular rays and a fairly large disk. The spines are moderate and in most cases slightly tapering. The calcareous skeleton is less firm on the upper surface than in the three preceding forms. The spines on the upper surface are arranged in five rows, the middle row being very distinct. A circular pentagon is outlined by the spines on the disk.

The giant starfish (*Asterias gigantea*) has a body very large and swollen. The rays are six in number, and are contracted at the bases around the disk. The upper surface is covered with numerous short, blunt spines, uniform in size and regularly distributed. The spines of the lower sur-

face are short and thick. This form grows to a diameter of two feet or more, and is one of the largest of all starfishes.

The exquisite starfish (*Asterias exquisita*) is a most striking form. The principal feature is the color. When alive the upper surface is a light brown, with conspicuous white spines. Each spine is surrounded by a wreath of soft bodies, which are generally bright blue about the outer edges and change gradually into reddish-purple near the spine. With these conspicuous wreaths of color about each white spine, scattered over the brown body-surface, this form presents a very pleasing appearance.

There is one more form of starfish to be mentioned. This is the small, but striking, six-rayed form known as *Asterias aequalis*. This is a small form with six rather slender, rounded, tapering rays, and moderate disk. The upper surfaces of the rays are covered with small, very numerous, uniform spines, which are crowded so closely together that they give the appearance of a general evenness to the upper surface. It is of a reddish color and does not grow over three inches in diameter and is generally not over two inches.

The most interesting point concerning this little starfish is the way it takes care of its young. In all the starfishes I have just mentioned, as far as is known, the eggs are laid in the water where they become fertilized and develop as free swimming forms entirely independent of the parent, but in this small species this is not the case. Here the eggs are fewer in number and larger in size than is usual and they are provided with a larger quantity of nutritive yolk. The eggs when laid attach themselves in a bunch over the lower surface of the disk where the brood develops under the shelter of the arms, which simply bend over and protect them in this temporary brood chamber.

There is a form of starfish which differs considerably in shape from the typical ones in that it possessed a compressed disk and five broad arms with sharp edges all around. The covering of the body is thick and rigidly filled with calcareous plates and the external surface is covered with multitudes of spinelets arranged on the upper side in oval areas which give the

appearance of a network. Large specimens are five inches in diameter, average ones about four inches.

This starfish is found mostly in the quieter pools and in the deeper water along with the sea-urchins, where the seaweeds grow most abundantly and where it is not exposed to the action of the waves. It does not frequent the rough exposed rocks, as the common starfish does; for its broader form, together with the fact that it only has two rows of feet on each ray instead of four, makes it unfit for places where the rocks are full of crevices or where the water is rough. Neither does this form eat large animals which have to be torn from the rocks, as the common starfish does, but it seems to eat the seaweed or else the microscopic life upon the seaweed. Perhaps it eats both.

Closely resembling the form just described in general appearance is the skin-covered starfish (*Dermasterias*). It has a compressed disk and five broad arms, but is peculiar in that it has no spines upon it, but is covered with a thick, soft, flexible, leathery skin and two rows of suckerless feet. Large specimens are eight inches in diameter, while average ones measure between four and five inches. The soft skin stretched over the calcareous plates gives a most exceptional appearance to this starfish and distinguishes it from all others.

These two last forms just mentioned are the most highly colored of all the starfishes of Californian waters and the contrast between the upper and lower surfaces is also very marked. The upper surface is bright orange or brick-red, either or both, or sometimes mottled with purple and orange. The lower surface is uniform white, brown, or cream-colored. Although they present these wide variations, the prevailing and most striking color is bright brick-red. The sexes are distinct, the bright-red specimens being females, while the males are orange or dark brown in color.

THE SEA-URCHINS.

The sea-urchins differ from the sea-cumbers in form and external covering. The body is generally somewhat spherical in shape, but more or less flattened below,

the mouth being placed near the center of the lower surface. The outer covering is built up of calcareous plates, closely fitting together, from which project a multitude of spines, sometimes of small, sometimes of large size, there being generally a great variation in size in the same individuals. The larger spines are generally arranged in regular series. There are five double rows of feet, which run from the center above to the mouth below. The throat is small and the stomach and intestine lengthened and coiled upon itself. The sexes among the sea-urchins are distinct, the different individuals containing either ovaries or spermaries only. The reason this fact is mentioned is because the ovaries are used by some as food. Most civilized people would probably regard its use as food with much repugnance; but it is eaten by the coast Indians. There is plenty of evidence in the shape of spines and fragments of the shells among the prehistoric shell-heaps that occur in various places along the coast to show that the Indians used the sea-urchins for food quite extensively, although in not such large numbers as they did mussels and abalones. It is now used by the Indians of the Puget Sound region and to a limited extent by the Italians of San Francisco. Mr. Elliott states that upon the fur-seal islands of St. Paul and St. George the Aleuts search for it at low tide among the bowlders which stand in the tide pools along the rocky shores. Usually the shells are broken, the ovaries removed and spread out like raw oysters on a plate, and eaten with salt, pepper, and vinegar. The old women despise these condiments, however, and suck the sea-urchins as small boys do eggs.

The two common forms of sea-urchin found on this coast belong to a group which bears the cumbrous name of *Strongylocentrotus*. This group consists of those forms with a circular, pentagonal, slightly depressed shell, with the holes in it arranged in arcs of at least four or five pairs, and with a great number of small plates in the round hole at the top. The jaws and teeth are highly developed.

The San Francisco sea-urchin (*Strongylocentrotus Franciscanus*) is a very large form, one of the largest of the

sea-urchins, attaining a diameter of six inches without the spines and a foot with them. It has a high form, with large openings for the suckers, the pores arranged in arcs of nine pairs, and ten very prominent rows of large knobs along the sides. The spines are long, fluted, tapering gradually, and equal in length to two thirds the diameter of the test. Average specimens of this species are from nine to ten inches in diameter. They vary in color from light brick-red to dark purplish-brown with all gradations between. They inhabit the coasts of Southern Alaska, British Columbia, and the United States as far south as San Diego, and are found from low-tide mark to the depth of one hundred fathoms. They are used as food in some places and the fragments are sometimes found in shell-heaps.

The purple sea-urchin (*Strongylocentrotus purpuratus*) is a form considerably smaller than the preceding one. The form of the shell is depressed and the outline somewhat pentangular. There are eight pairs of holes in each of the very oblique rows which are separated from each other by rows of small knobs. The spines are of moderate length, rather stout and blunt. The dried shell has a greenish tinge. The average diameter is three inches. The colors are deep purple and dark violet when alive. This form is abundant on the west coast from La Paz, Mexico, to Alaska.

These two common sea-urchins are very nearly related, their only marked difference being in size. They abound in rocky places. In many localities the bottom just below low-tide level is paved with sea-urchins. They lie so closely packed together that they touch each other, forming a bristling carpet over the bottom. The crevices between the rocks which are too narrow for the large species to get into are lined with the smaller form, and it may be the advantage of this difference in size which enables the smaller one to exist with the larger, because they are almost identical in structure and habits, and an advantage on the side of the smaller one cannot be overlooked. It would seem the smaller one would be crowded out if there was not an abundant food supply in the crevices of the rocks, which the larger form is unable to reach.

However, the little one is able to hold its own outside of the crevices, and the two kinds live intermingled with each other throughout the entire length of California.

It is surprising how readily they move about. One may completely clear a space several feet square only to find it covered again next day.

The sea-urchin feeds partly upon diatoms, but principally upon small seaweeds, which it cuts from the rocks with the sharp points of its teeth; and it is remarkable how clean the rocks are where sea-urchins live. The rounded surfaces of bare rocks with little algæ upon them reminds one of the way sheep eat the grass so clean from the hillsides, leaving them bare. They are also fond of dead animal matter, such as the bodies of fish, which they devour readily, and in return they are swallowed whole by some large fishes.

The sea-urchin does not live on sandy shores, evidently because its food is not found abundantly there, but pre-eminently because it is so well adapted by structure to live on and among rocks; and it is generally the case that the more rocky the shore the more abundant will be the urchins.

The sand-dollar, or flat sea-urchin, ✓ differs so much from the ordinary round urchins in appearance that from a superficial examination it would scarcely seem to belong to the same group of animals. Its principal points of difference are its extremely compressed form and very small spines, which are nearly uniform over the entire body. The lower side is perfectly flat, and the upper but slightly convex. It has jaws, but they are simpler than those of the regular sea-urchins. Its average size is about three and a half inches in diameter.

The sand-dollar is commonly met with on sandy shores, but is seldom found living except at extremely low tide, when it may be found on flats or bars of fine siliceous sand in great numbers, buried just beneath the surface, or even partially exposed. It creeps along beneath the sand with a slow gliding motion, by means of the myriads of minute extensile suckers with which it is furnished. It is far more abundant on sandy bottoms at various depths off-shore. When living, its color is

usually a rich purplish-brown, but it soon turns green when taken from the water.

Echinarachnius excentricus is the common cake-urchin of the California coast. It has a very wide range, for it lives all the way from Kamchatka and Alaska

south along the coast to San Diego. It is extremely common at the mouth of San Francisco Bay, where it lives in great numbers on the bar, on a bottom of sand and a little mud, at a depth of from five to seven fathoms.

THE CRUSHING OF AN EASTER LILY

By ADAVEN

YOU will wonder why I write this to you now, after keeping the secret all these years; but when you wrote me that you were in America and in the very city that brought the whirlwind into my life, I longed to bid you visit the old places with which I was once so familiar. And then, too, it is near the time of resurrection again; and every Easter the secret I have hidden from all—except the old Padre who shrives me—that secret always rises on Easter Day, and struggles to escape as he did long ago.

It is twenty years gone now since I was standing in the back-room of Milner & Sons, carving a figure, and thrilling with the joy of knowing I was born to be great; for I was a sculptor, and long before I left Italy to make my fortune in rich America, I had watched the blocks of marble grow into beautiful lifelike shapes beneath my chisel—and working on, forgot to eat, forgot that I was thirsty or tired, till the master would touch me on the shoulder and say, "Though you forget yourself, Francesca, keep working, and future ages shall remember you."

I was thinking of all this one day, as I worked with my block of marble placed low; for you know that the marble-cutter who stoops his back leaves his aches when he leaves the shop; but he who will have the block placed high gets a stoop to his shoulders that soon tells on his lungs.

Well, as I was saying, I worked and planned the great work I should yet do; and then my thoughts went flying back to Rome, the city of my birth; for it was Passion Week, and I knew how the great cathedrals would be wreathed in flowers on

Easter morn, and I closed my eyes for one moment while I saw in memory the one great white lily that would stand before the statue of the Madonna.

At that moment the door opened, and the Easter Lily stood before me.

Mr. Milner often brought people in to see us working; and now he was talking to a little yellow, bent old man, with eyes like the steel point of a stiletto; and by his side stood the Easter Lily. I never called her anything else. She was a tall, slender girl, wearing a dark-green wrap with a wide collar turning back from her round white throat; above this snowy column was the palest, sweetest face I ever saw, crowned with a great coil of yellow hair, like the pollen of a calla. As I looked at her my six feet of muscular strength that made me the wonder of my fellow-workmen and my swarthy Italian face seemed monstrous in her fair, frail presence.

My employer introduced me to the Hon. J. P. Englehart, and then left us. Englehart at once announced that he wished me to make a monument, just as he described it, regardless of cost; it was for his wife, he said, pointing to the Easter Lily.

"For *her*?" I could not help the horror in my voice.

"Why not?" he replied. "She must die some time, and who knows how soon?" and he leered in his young wife's face as he spoke. She was silent, only she shivered slightly and drew her long, leaflike cloak closer round her. My whole soul was shaken with pity and anger as my eyes met hers. What she read in my face I do not know, but a flush, as faint and beautiful

as the coloring from the stained-glass window that tints the white flowers at the altar, swept up to her fair, childlike brow; and a smile, swift and dazzling as an angel's, curved her lips for one second's space, and then was gone.

"You think it hard for her to prepare for death?" queried her sneering husband. "Just now perhaps it is, but she will change her mind. Oh, yes, she is a creature of change. Why once she scorned *me* and the offer of my hand; more, she told me I was hateful to her sight. But later she *changed*,—ha! ha! she changed,—and asked me to make her my wife, just to save her brother from——"

"Pliny, *don't!*"

The shame and distress in her voice seemed to give him delight. He chuckled to himself, then turning to me said, "Well, well, you see she is modest and does not want her love for me spoken of before strangers; but I am always thinking of it, always remembering the time when she dared to despise me."

Her lovely lily head drooped, and through my veins ran a fierce fire of love and devotion to her that was chilled by the cold hate I felt for him. Happily, at that moment Mr. Milner returned, and the contract for the monument was signed. The pedestal was to be a block of darkest granite six feet long by four feet wide and four feet thick. Upon this base I was to carve a figure of the girl-wife, from purest Parian marble. The old millionaire gave me his card and bade me come as often as I needed, to see my model.

Every one who uses the chisel knows how necessary it is for the sculptor to be perfect in drawing. I had always loved that part of my work; for, as I worked with my pencil, the beautiful image of what was to be always rose clearly before my mind. So at first I used to go to her home, to get every detail of her white, draped figure as she lay on the couch with folded hands and closed eyes. But by and by I forgot everything, even my art—all but that room at the very top of the long spiral staircase, that went winding to that room where we had every day talked a little more and a little more of my friends in the warmth and beauty of Italy, of her utter friendlessness, except for her husband and a brother who was in Egypt.

And then there came days when I would be chipping from a huge marble block a figure that grew hourly more like hers; and the longing to see her, to be near her, would send me hurrying to the mansion, with the excuse that I wanted to note again the exact curve of her long lashes or see how that one willful little curl would cling to her temple.

In all the time I was there her husband never entered the room but once; then while we were talking of the happy lives of those who knew no longing for fame or wealth, but were just content to live their lowly lives of love and labor, the old man entered so softly that when I saw him I could not but start, and she uttered a quickly suppressed cry, though God knows 'twas not because of any guilt in our speech or hearts. But he looked at her with a steely glitter in his eyes, that was like nothing but the keen cruel edge of a knife that is made to stab with, laughed and left the room; and never did he enter it again while I was there.

From that day I knew I did not care any more to make a great name for myself, to gain wealth, nor to go back to my beloved Rome.

I carved her name in the dark granite of the monument. At every blow the fire flashed and blazed around my chisel, even as my love for her burned in my heart till it seemed to me it must flash from my lips.

But when I worked on the marble figure, and as the rounded chin and the tender mouth grew into a faultless likeness, no sparks fell from my chisel; for the marble gives back no fire, but cold and hard and still it lay, as the dreary future that stretched away before me.

The time came when the work was done, when I made my last visit to the room at the top of the spiral stairs. She was so pale I almost thought it was the pallid image in her stead; and I bent down and gazed silently in her eyes. And then—alas! that it should have happened at that moment—a tear slipped down the sad paleness of her sorrowful young face.

What followed?

My friend, I have the passion of the vintage and sunshine of Italy in my blood, though I had meant to lose it in America's frosty air. But when I saw her tears,

when I knew, as the robin knows when hundreds of miles away, that the spring is breaking, when just in that way I felt that the sobs that shook her bosom were because I was saying farewell, I had her close, close to my heart, telling her all my longing, all my despair. It was done so quickly she had no time to protest; and five minutes earlier I would have pledged my life that I would not so forget my honor and her wifehood. But even as I kissed the color back to her pale lips, and won one precious, never-to-be-forgotten kiss, I knew I should never see her again; but knew too, that I would gladly accept an endless purgatory for the heaven of that moment.

What was it brought us back to earth? 'T was a faint, indescribable sound at the door, a sound between a choking gurgle and a hoarse laugh. But when I reached the door no one was in sight, and my lily told me her husband was absent for the day; and then she bade me for her sake and my own never to approach the house again, for she should forbid the servants to admit me. Because—she loved me! I can still hear her soft, low voice as she warned me of what might have occurred had not her husband been absent.

Was he absent? She must know; yet, as I staggered down the stairs, I could have sworn I saw his yellow face leering over the banister at me; but as I turned it was gone.

I went back to the shop, and though the others had gone I let myself in with my key, and lay all night with my face against the beautiful marble image of my Easter Lily. But oh, it was so cold, so icy cold to my fevered kisses! Not colder than her own poor clay was at that moment; for the next morning Mr. Milner came in to tell me it was well the monument was finished, for the millionaire's young wife had fallen from the very top of the spiral stairs, and when the servants reached the spot there was only a crushed and bleeding mass of flesh left to show what had been so lately a beautiful, loving woman.

All that day I worked in the shop. I answered when they spoke to me, showed the apprentices how to polish the rough stone, and I believe I ate and drank as on other days.

My friend, have you had an opportunity to see that while you have made every one

hear your little grief, your nearest friend did not guess it, when the very foundation of your life was torn from its place?

Each night I lay with the cold marble figure in my arms, as if it could fill the emptiness of my heart; but on the third day, he, her murderer, came to the shop. He made an appearance of decent grief before the others; but I saw the fiendish laugh in his eyes as he asked that I should be sent with the monument and help to place it over her.

I went, and showed the men how to use the derrick they had placed beside the open tomb; and grappling the monument with the lewis-iron we swung it slowly above the walled tomb, where solid stone steps led down to the coffin that sat on trestles in the narrow vault. At a sign from Englehart, the workmen drove away; and I stopped the slowly descending granite to face him as he said, "You would n't care to kiss her to-day?"

I looked in his eyes, and—I was quite sane; do not make excuse for anything I did by saying grief maddened me; I was never more sane than while I wondered if the workmen were well out of hearing. Believing they were, quick as a flash I caught him with one of my powerful hands and dropped him down the six feet of granite wall that lined the tomb. I heard him shriek—I saw him overturn the coffin in his frantic rush for the steps; but I surged on the windlass, and with a grating jar ten tons of granite and marble settled solidly above the tomb.

It was very still then; there was not a sound save the wind sighing through an evergreen tree that shaded a sunken grave, and then the quick, sweet notes of some bird.

Day after day I worked in the shop, while men wondered and talked of the strange disappearance of the millionaire. They easily confused one night with another, and there were those who swore they had talked with him after he had seen the monument set. But the crowds who gathered to look at the statue, and coarsely admired her angel face, maddened me; and one night I took my heavy mallet, and of the lovely features on which I had toiled so long I left not a single trace. People said it was some sculptor jealous of my

genius who had defaced the statue; and that I should at once set to work and show the world my wondrous creative power. But I knew my work was done. I returned to Rome, lived on from year to year, but never again touched chisel or

mallet. There is her beautiful face, carved with the steel of agony on my heart. And when the Easter Day returns I live it all over again, and wonder if his fleshless bones are still tearing at the solid granite over his head.

AN INTERPOSITION

By MARIE ALLEN KIMBALL

IT WAS three o'clock; the little scholars had all gone home, and the young teacher sat alone in the primary schoolroom, correcting reproduction stories. She was not thinking, however, of the funny tales or the stiff, round, childish writing, but of a letter she meant to post that afternoon. It had been ready two days and she would delay no longer, and yet—no, she would think of nothing else.

The sun came slanting in at the open windows and shone on the polished desks; a bird perched on a pine limb burst into a sweet song.

The little teacher rested her round chin in her hand and looked out. Across the school-yard, up on the hill, was a cottage; its porch gleamed white from embowering locust-trees, little children were playing in the yard, a long line of clothes fluttered in the breeze, and a tired mother walked back and forth hushing a fretting baby.

"It would be like that," she thought, "and I should hate it."

She shut her white teeth hard and took up another paper.

"There are lots of different kinds of butterflies. Butterflies like the juice out of flowers," she read. "The old butterfly lays the eggs and hides them in a butterfly nest,"—that letter would give her a city home, pretty clothes, balls, theaters and travel. She read on—"And when they hatch they are a little worms and when they grow some they are caterpillars"—and an old husband,—"then they begin to have wings, and they begin to fly with other butterflies." She would send it. She wanted pretty things. She was tired of work and saving. She wanted to be a butterfly.

He was a gentleman, if he was old, and he was fond of her. She would live like a queen. If he had only asked her before she knew some one else!—some one young and tall and strong, with brown eyes that told a story,—some one she had watched this very morning, early, from behind her blind, going to his work in the mine, swinging his dinner-pail and whistling blithely.

The janitor glanced into the half-open door, and seeing her there went away again. The subdued hum of the rooms upstairs turned to a steady tramp as the files of children came down. Still she sat there. Some of the older girls lingered chatting in the lower hall. There was suddenly a rush of running feet, and a clear voice talking excitedly. She heard, "Accident in the North Star Mine! Blast! Two men killed,—others hurt!"

She tried to rise, to question, but a numbness and a blackness seized her; the sun seemed to go out, and the blackboards to turn round and round. Was fate going to decide it for her? O God! not this way—not this!

She thrust the papers into her desk, got her hat and went out. She must know, but she could not ask; she would go. She hurried through the quiet streets. In the distance the doctor's buggy was driving swiftly. The town was built close to the hydraulic mines, or the mines had been washed up to the town. The fences of many of the backyards were upon the edges of the great excavations.

The little teacher hurried on. Over on the bank of the North Star a crowd of people were gathered. She tried to go there, but could not. She turned away

and ran around to a sharp projecting point which overhung the mine. Here she could be alone. She looked down. Men were hurrying about; the monitor was still; the black water-pipes looked like dark lines on the red earth. Four men were coming out slowly with something on a stretcher. She caught her breath and clasped her hands tightly. What if—oh, it must not, should not be!

She stood far out on the edge. Particles of ground dropped now and then to the depths below. She saw nothing but that slow-moving group—the men climbing steadily up the steep path around the great boulders, bringing something that might be—.

She wondered why the people on the other side shouted so. How could they in the presence of death!

How slow they were! It seemed as if she had stood there half her life and grown old.

A rock went crashing down the bank beneath her. The ground shook, but she did not heed. Oh, if those people would stop calling! They need not shout it at her; she would know soon enough!

She seemed to feel every jolt of the rude litter. Now they were laying it down on the dried grass. It was death then! Could she get there? She must!

Then she felt herself caught and pulled backward, as the ground gave way beneath her feet. There was a thundering noise,

the crash of rolling bowlders, and a great cloud of dust as the bank caved down into the mine.

Dazed and frightened, it was some minutes before she recovered herself. When the air cleared, she saw a young man leaning against a pile of rocks. He was ghastly white and panting like one who has run far. A great joy surged into her heart.

"Oh," she cried, "it is you? You are not dead?"

"Not as near as you were."

She covered her face with her hands and burst into tears.

"And you cared," he cried hoarsely, "you cared like that!"

His arms were about her. "Darling," he whispered, "we must belong to each other. We will live for each other."

"Yes," she whispered; "love is every thing, after all."

It was dusk when they went down the steep street to the town, past the school-house and the little white cottage under the locust-trees. The clothes still fluttered on the line, the father was coming into the gate, the children playing about him, while the mother with a laughing baby came running down the path to nestle in his arms.

"It may be work," the little teacher thought, "but it will be like that," and she looked with love-lit eyes at the man beside her.



SUTTER'S FORT.

IT HAS been thought a very foolish theological problem—that medieval one of how many angels can dance on the point of a needle. Doubtless, we should rejoice that religious thought in modern times is busying

What Jesus would do

itself with far more important questions—such, for example, as “How would Jesus run a daily newspaper?” We are fortunate, too, in that the answer to this question has not been left entirely to argument and discussion, but has recently taken a concrete and actual form. We have had a week’s tally of daily newspaper issues, edited, printed, and disseminated, “as Jesus would do it.” Every telegraphic dispatch, every communication, every local item, and every advertisement has been subjected to the crucial test—“What would Jesus do with this?” The result is before the world, and, presumably, we now know how the founder of Christianity would conduct, for example, the *Examiner-Journal*, if he were on earth again and Mr. Hearst would give the management into his hands.

But do we know?

When Jesus was on earth, according to the New Testament accounts, he never did what any one expected him to do or thought he ought to do. His own mother was repeatedly surprised, and sometimes aggrieved, by his words and deeds. The band of disciples, living in close daily communion with him, failed repeatedly to divine his purposes. They were always misjudging his motives, misunderstanding his words, and misconstruing his actions. To the religious leaders of the time he was an enigma. Even John, who “lay in his bosom,” so far mistook his spirit as to call forth a stinging rebuke. All this suggests the query whether we who live to-day are really qualified to certify beforehand what Jesus would do if he were to appear again. Is it not probable, rather, that his words and his deeds would surprise us moderns as much as they did his old-time contemporaries?

It is a little strange that no one has thought to ask how Jesus would conduct England’s war against the Boers, how he would command a fleet of fighting-ships,

how he would vote on the Porto Rican tariff bill, what form of government he would recommend for the Filipinos, and what attitude he would take on the dismemberment of China. If any one judges it absurd to think he would do these things at all, some of the rest of us think it equally improbable that he would edit the *Topeka Capital* even for a week. He *might* do so—for, as remarked earlier, no one seems qualified to prophesy unerringly his course of conduct. But it is just as probable, if not more so, that he would surprise Mr. Sheldon at the editorial desk (as he did Peter at his fishing-nets, and Matthew in the receipt of customs) with a demand to arise, leave all and follow him. And it would take, very likely, full three years of following him before even his most earnest modern disciple would be prepared, as were those of old, to interpret the mind of Jesus to the understanding of the world. A new Sermon on the Mount, falling from his sacred lips, might be as unprecedented and alien in the midst of modern religious thought as were the Galilean utterances to Jewish tradition and ideal. Even the most devout and obedient follower of Jesus to-day might well hesitate to stand as an infallible interpreter of what the Great Master would do. And we must give Mr. Sheldon full credit for seeing this uncertainty which attends any such attempt, for he says:—

If a thousand different Christian men who wished to edit Christian dailies should make an honest attempt to do so, the result might be a thousand different papers in very many particulars. In other words, these Christian editors might arrive at different conclusions in the interpretation of what is Christian. It is, of course, the farthest from my purpose to attempt to show in a dogmatic way what is the one thing that Jesus would do in every case. The only thing I or any other Christian man can do in the interpretation of what is Christian in the conduct of this paper is to define the term “Christian” the best that can be done after asking for divine wisdom, and not judge others who might with equal desire and sincerity interpret the probable action of Jesus in a different manner.

This being so, it is evident that the question of how Jesus himself would have conducted the *Topeka Capital* during the week

beginning March 13, 1900, is still open to discussion. And if "a thousand different Christian men" would give a thousand different solutions, who then *shall* tell what "Jesus would do?"

IF ALL our metropolitan newspapers were to be conducted on the principles advo-

**Shall the
News be
Censored?**

cated by Mr. Sheldon, a decided interest would attach to the definition of *news* from that point of view.

Here is what is said about it in an editorial in the Topeka *Capital* of date March 13th:—

The word "news" will be defined as anything in the way of daily events that the public ought to know for its development and power in a life of righteousness. Of necessity the editor of this paper, or of any other with this definition of "news," will determine not only the kind, but the quantity of any particular events that ought to be printed.

Of course, the up-to-date and enterprising newspaper man will say at once that the censoring of news upon such a principle would ruin the modern newspaper with any ordinary constituency or circle of patronage; and this is unquestionably true. A newspaper, in order to win popular and continued success, is compelled to exactly reverse this principle. That is, it must not raise the question of what is morally good for its readers, and must ask solely what they want and will pay for. This is a business principle from which there is just now no escape. It applies, and persists, in every kind of business. Supply must be adapted, in quality and amount, to demand; this is the first condition of business success. The grocery-store that sold only such goods as could pass a strictly hygienic censorship would soon be a lonely place. In precisely the same way the newspaper must be the purveyor and vender of news and articles and editorial advocacies that will *sell in the market*. Unless the business principles in use and accredited in modern times are fundamentally wrong, this course on the part of the newspaper managers is as legitimate as it is necessary to success. They are doing business precisely as is the grocer, the dry-goods merchant, and the hotel-man. They use their wits and their observing powers to find out what the general public

demands or likes so well that it will pay for it, and this they aim to furnish.

But suppose now that some benevolent millionaire, finding that he has even more money than he can give away to churches or colleges or public libraries, proceeds to endow a newspaper so generously that the question of income in the ordinary way, through advertising and subscriptions, need not be considered at all. Every copy of an enormous daily edition can be given away freely if necessary, and the paper yet go on strongly, and so for all time. And suppose the purpose of the endowment is to present to the reading public "news" as defined by Mr. Sheldon, and only that sort of news. "What the public ought to know for its development and power in a life of righteousness,"—this, and this alone, is what the public shall get.

Now, with the purpose clearly conceived, and with the financial backing so firmly assured, how would the principle itself be applied? What *does* the public need, in the way of news, in order to advance "its development and power in a life of righteousness"?

An examination of Mr. Sheldon's practice in editing news columns during the famous week reveals the fact that he has not excluded all items pertaining to the dark, ugly, and wicked side of human life and deed. He has admitted the facts which show the inordinate greed of trusts, the facts which illustrate the dire evils of intemperance and the army canteen and the rum-traffic in general, the facts which uncover the prevailing corruption of politics, the facts which exhibit the sins of the rich tax-dodgers, and so on through quite a list of alleged abominations and evil practices threatening the civil and social safeties of our civilization. Presumably the principle is thus far conscientiously applied, and such news is given in the hope that the public will be aroused to oppose and extirpate these iniquities.

Well, but the question now arises as to the line beyond which news of this kind is *not* needed by the public "for its development and power in a life of righteousness." Where does the logic of the case turn a corner or call a halt on this editorial course? If the newspaper details, for example, the brutalities attending a prize-fight, will not the public the sooner be ready to put a stop

to this kind of "manly sport?" If the fiendish deeds of a lynching are itemized, shall we not be all the more disposed to insist on the regular proceedings of law? If the horrors of a cold-blooded murder are reported, will we not demand all the more loudly the prompt action of the courts and the speedy execution of the penalty? If the follies and crimes revealed by divorce proceedings are freely presented, will not this hasten a more intelligent solution of the confused problem of marriage? And shall we not be the more disposed toward peace between the nations if none of the atrocities involved in war are withheld from our knowledge?

Where, indeed, can the line of exclusion be reasonably drawn? To be sure, there must duly be an exercise of judgment as to the balance and proportion of the vast detail of news that the wires flash to every great newspaper. But should its editors shrink from reporting, within the lines of decent expression, any or all of the immoralities and villainies that curse the daily life of the world and defer the days of justice, peace, and social rectitude? Will not the sound development of righteousness be most safely and certainly advanced by a wide-spread knowledge among men of the truth, the whole truth, the reality, the actual state of things in the human world? If so, is it not the reasonable function of the newspaper to present daily what facts come to its knowledge duly certified, and then instead of censoring for the public, persuade its constituency to censure and oppose whatever evils are thus revealed?

In all conscience, the best newspaper in the world, the newspaper most deserving of support, the newspaper from which the most good for mankind is to be hoped, is the newspaper which most nearly approaches to a telling of the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. The truth, by and by, will make the world free.

DOCTOR WILLIAM PEPPERWELL MONTAGUE, of the university faculty at Berkeley, wants to do away, once and for all, with what he calls "the old-fashioned idea of Heaven as a place so small and subject to such petty restrictions as to exclude all who do

not belong to our little sect or all who have been sprinkled at their christening in a way different from the way in which we were sprinkled." His reason for this is that he "likes to think that all of the infinitely small atoms, which together with the universal ether make the external world, are destined to become centers of soul-life. In the simplest atom of hydrogen or carbon no less than in the wonderful atom that forms the vehicle of the human soul—in each and every one of these atoms God may have embodied a spark of his own divine energy, and therewith a capacity for infinite spiritual development."

This biological appendix to the physics of the famous Atomic Theory should quiet forever the skepticism of a certain small positivist philosopher whose confident unfaith was once voiced by Edward Rowland Sill, who was also, years ago, a professor at Berkeley, but in the lowly department of English literature. He wrote a poem entitled "Five Lives," in which he recorded the brief and scanty biographical data concerning certain representative monads:—

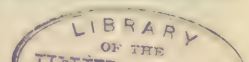
Five mites of monads dwelt in a round drop
That twinkled on a leaf by a pool in the sun.
To the naked eye they lived invisible;
Specks, for a world of whom the empty shell
Of a mustard-seed had been a hollow sky.

These invisibilities met with varied experiences, and entertained differing ideas and ideals. But here follows what is said concerning the opinions and expectations of one of them:—

One was a barren-minded monad, called
A positivist; and he knew positively:
"There is no world beyond this certain drop.
Prove me another! Let the dreamers dream
Of their faint gleams, and noises from without.
And higher and lower; life is life enough.

This was distressing unbelief; but now the voice of authority (one of the "noises from without") speaks forth from the department of Logic and Theory of Knowledge in the University of California and monadic heresies are rebuked and silenced. Monads—atoms—have "a capacity for infinite spiritual development," and the boundary stakes of heaven must be set farther out to provide for their permanent and perpetual inhabitation.

It would be selfish to object to this, and an unfair opposition to the innumerable com-



pany of the promising atomic family. They are a million to one, as compared with human beings, in a census of the universe; and let it be far from us who live in a democratic country to put the mountain of our unbelief in the way of a single one of these diminutive heirs to immortality. And besides, it is a comfort to know how broad and all-embracing the modern faith has come to be. Once it was the *few* who should enter within the gates; now we can think of every several and separate atom of the universe as destined to the immortal realizations.

ATOMS we have never seen, and even find an effort necessary to imagine their existence or conceive the mode of it. Naturally, therefore, while we take a speculative interest in them, they fall to arouse our feelings, whether complacent or anti-pathetic.

Animal Immortality

With the animals the case is very different. They share the world with us, as habitation, home, and field of activity; indeed, were here long before us. What is more, science has startled us with proofs that they are all, from mastodon to mosquito, more or less distant relatives of ours, the biological *plebs* from which the human aristocracy arose. And further, they affect us emotionally. Some we fear, and welcome the protection of distance from them; some we hate, and have toward them the slayer's impulse; but others attract us, and we make overtures of friendliness to them, or take them into near relations as pets, attendants or trusted servers of our needs. Take it all in all, the biological setting in which man finds himself has made life for him here very different from what it otherwise would have been.

These facts give a special interest to Mr. Montague's lesson of a larger hope in its application to animals. He admits that "man has a somewhat better chance of immortality than the brute," and yet "only a little better." For he holds that "almost all the arguments which can be used to support human immortality can also be used to support universal immortality." And he avers that "there is a growing interest in the fate of the lower animal and a growing feeling that immortality is possessed by all

animals or by none." That is, man, being of the animals, must not be too sure that he alone from among them is to live forever.

This is at least a delightful philosophy to teach to children who have always so earnestly resented the doctrine that their pets perish into nothingness, protesting with tears that Tabby or Towser or the lamb "ought to go to heaven." What group of our human little ones has failed to hold a funeral in the back-garden over the "mortal remains" of some brute or bird that has shared the buoyant joyousness of their lives? There is hardly a home plot in all the civilized world that has not a little mound or two marking "the last resting-place" of the kitten whose graceful gymnastics had excited the children's glee, or the pup whose awkward and almost clownlike frolics had given them laughter. Is it any wonder that the child appeals to its elders for a hope that his pet is not utterly gone and lost, sinking into the stillness of forever and a day?

But if the animals who have shared this world with us are all immortal, and are to share also with us the "realms beyond," there are some speculative difficulties attending the question of ultimate adjustments.

Undoubtedly, Earnest Seton Thompson would welcome in the eternal world a renewed acquaintance with the "animals he has known," for he has known them kindly and sympathetically. But what will be the case with some of the rest of us? How, for example, shall we meet that honest old horse that we have overworked, wearing him out with draft and burden and turning him forth to die in the weakness of his old age? How will the boys feel when they see again the elephant they have teased at the circus, or the dog who fled up the street to the music of tin-cans tied to his tail? Shall we enjoy, without a dissonance of memory, the song of the canary whom death alone freed from capture and caged confinement at our hands? How shall we that are flesh-eaters look into the faces of animals whom we have slaughtered and devoured? Will the soft and lustrous eyes of the deer comfort the sporting huntsman? And how about the recognition that shall take place between the grizzly and the man who fought to the death with claw and knife in some fastness amidst the mountains? Finally, it remains to be asked

how Saint Patrick will take it when he sees snakes creeping through the grass of the celestial world.

All these illustrations suggest that there are many little matters of disagreement, and some greater ones, having their roots and beginnings in the passions of the present life, which must needs be settled up before all the immortal animals, human and bestial, can find the terms of a perfectly happy and free and cordial co-existence in the world to come. Unless, indeed, the reason for the immortal survival of the lower animals is that they may furnish perpetual resources for our service, our conscienceless pleasure, our hunter instincts, and our food necessities. But concerning this we have no enlightenment from Berkeley; the "deponent sayeth not."

Perhaps there will be equal, if not greater, difficulty in readjusting the relations of the lower animals themselves. The human being is constrained to insist that immortality will be worthless unless it leave man to be just man, and nothing else or other. Each animal tribe may venture a like insistence on its own nature-developed preferences and prejudices, and positively decline to be immortal, or to share life along with the other immortals, except on condition that it shall remain its own proper and characteristic self. The lion, for example, may refuse to "eat straw like the ox." If so, what ground will the ox have for peaceful assurance? The terrier and the rat, the cat and the mouse, and, in turn, the terrier and the cat,—how will their well-known difficulties be composed? Will the sheep-flock browse on when the wolf's howl is lifted over to them on the morning wind? The boa in the tree-crotch and the stag threading the shaded trail—what will their encounter be? And as to pestiferous insects—what bovine immortal will be entirely satisfied with an eternal life under the perpetuated annoyance of these equally immortal plagues?

Last of all comes a dubious question about the future of the *missing link*. Professor Le Conte, in the March *Popular Science Monthly*, says that Du Bois has recently found, in Java, "the skull, teeth, and thigh-bone of what seems to be a veritable missing link." The discoverer has decided upon a name for his find which is likely to prove unhandy and preclusive of social familiarity in any

life, here or hereafter—*Pithecanthropus erectus*. But to this is added the fact that there is grave scientific doubt whether this long-sought species "should be regarded as an ape more man-like than any known ape, or a man more ape-like than any yet discovered." A still more serious question, however, for present consideration, relates to a fitting and comfortable place and part for him in the pan-animal society of the other world. Will he really belong *anywhere*? Or will he forever be merely a *link*, fated to wander about, piteously repeating his Latin name over and over, with a sense of alien loneliness in that multitudinously populous country of our universal and impartial hope?

But enough has been said, no doubt, to show that we take a deep interest in the fact that the Berkeley Philosophical Department proclaims a wide-open door for all—for an all so comprehensive and absolute—into the vast forever. If we have seemed to be in a smiling mood over it, this is because we are made glad by a sign that we are not after all in so skeptical an age. Its faith, under the fostering of the universities, bids fair to be immeasurably larger than that of any preceding period. And certainly we begrudge infinite chances of development in an endless existence to no least atom that ever flashed as a spark in the original firemist, to no living creature, whether fowl of the air, or fish of the sea, or cattle on a thousand hills, or beast of the earth, or creeping thing, and to no human soul that has come to consciousness, and to the bewildering experiment of life, amidst this mystery of creation and of being. It is with an honest cheerfulness and with a social enthusiasm that we are ready now, and always shall be, to lift the hailing cry: *Vive l'atome! Vive l'animal! Vive l'homme!*

About That Capture of Guam

To the Editor of the Overland Monthly—

As there seems some doubt about the reception the governor of Guam extended to the commander of the *Charleston*, and as Mr. White in his article on the capture of the Ladrone group sees fit to express an opinion that all other accounts given are untrue and attempts to magnify the capture into a glorious deed at arms, and as I have described this capture as "an opera-bouffe affair," I wish to fortify my view of the

matter by a statement as to the source of my information. The *Australia*, then doing service as a United States transport, counted among its officers a Captain Hallett, who was the only navigator of the Expeditionary Forces having ever visited the Ladrões. He it was who guided the *Charleston* through the narrow entrance to the beautiful bay of San Luis de Apra.

Upon his return to the transport I questioned him closely as to every word and gesture of the port physician and collector, and detailed his conversation in his exact language in writing to *Frank Leslie's Weekly*, and in the appendix to a "History of our New Possessions," published by the Whitaker & Ray Company, of this city. An officer of the United States navy was recently interviewed on this subject at New Orleans, and the interview published on February 25th. As this interview is a repetition of everything that I have written at different times, I simply append it in corroboration of my statements:—

Commander Gibson, who will soon be promoted to captain, talked in the most interesting manner of his ship and his own experiences during the war with Spain. When that war started he was located in the navy-yard and was ordered to take charge of the big transport *City of Peking*. This vessel sailed from San Francisco for Manila with the *Charleston* and two other transports. The *Charleston* was given orders, which Commander Gibson brought from Washington, to stop on the way to the East and destroy the fortifications on the Isle of Guam. After a most delightful stay in Honolulu, where the people looked after the soldiers as if they were returning heroes, the fleet moved further to the east and ran into the little harbor. Three small forts were found and the *Charleston* easily shelled these.

The port physician came off to the cruiser, and after being entertained by Captain Glass, apologized for not returning the salute of the *Charleston*. He added that the guns were unsafe and he had no ammunition. Up to that time the Spaniard was totally ignorant of the beginning of the war. He mistook the bombardment of the *Charleston* for salutes, and when told that he was a prisoner of war, the Spaniard was speech-

less with amazement. He had previously apologized for the non-appearance of the governor of the island, calling attention to a rule of the Spanish service. No government officer is allowed on board a foreign man-of-war. Once a governor was kidnaped in Havana, and since that occurrence the Spanish government issued the order, which has never been revoked. The Spanish officer was allowed to go ashore and notify the governor of his discovery. The next day an armed force was landed and the Spanish garrison surrendered. The Isle of Guam had become the property of the United States, and the amusing incident passed into history.

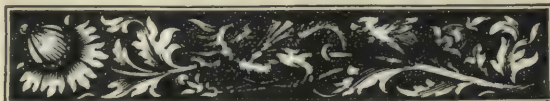
The prisoners were taken to Manila, and when the troops were landed the *City of Peking* was ordered back to San Francisco. When she arrived in California the war was over, and Commander Gibson was ordered to Washington.

Captain Hallett did not furnish the commander with the information regarding the *ourparlers* that went on between Captain Glass and the Spanish officers. Commander Gibson doubtless secured his information from the prisoners of Guam while in conveyance to Kavite. I might add that Fort Santa Cruz had not been occupied for nearly thirty years. According to the governor of the island, this fort was never intended for protection against sea attack. It was intended as a refuge in case of attack by the islanders. I visited the fort and found it encumbered with undergrowth. The approach to the fort was barred by coral growths and a maze of fish-weirs. I have no desire to infer that Captain Glass is not entitled to credit for the capture of the group, nor do I wish to detract from the diplomatic ability of Lieutenant Brauner-reuther. Guam is a valuable little island, with a splendid bay, and if the Spanish governor had so minded he might have retired to the mountainous regions of the island and defied our force for months.

Very truly yours,

PIERRE N. BERINGER,
Ex-war artist-correspondent with the first expedition.

San Francisco, March 6, 1900.



BOOK REVIEWS

FOR FULL TITLES, PUBLISHERS, ETC., SEE LIST UNDER HEADING OF "BOOKS RECEIVED"

Cyclopedia of American Horticulture, Vol. 1.

FOR SEVERAL years past, Professor L. H. Bailey, of Cornell, who is one of the most widely known and successful men in his line of work, and the author of many useful books, has been engaged, with able assistants, in the preparation of the largest, most authoritative, and best-illustrated encyclopedia of horticulture in the language. The first volume, of 509 quarto pages, superbly illustrated and beautifully printed, has now appeared. Three other volumes, it is said, will complete the work; but since this one carries the reader only through four letters of the alphabet, it seems to us probable that a supplementary volume will be needed. At the same time it is possible to add fifty or sixty pages to each of the future volumes, and this might carry the work through.

More than two hundred prominent horticulturists are listed as collaborators in this cyclopedia. Among these we note five Californians, Dr. F. Franceschi, of Santa Barbara, George H. Hansen, of Berkeley, J. Burt Davy, of the Botanical Department of the State University, and Professor E. J. Wickson and Inspector Charles H. Shinn, of the Agricultural Department of the same institution.

Heretofore the best general work of reference in this line has been Nicholson's "Dictionary of Gardening," an English publication in four volumes appearing from 1884 to 1887, and costing twenty dollars. It is perhaps too much to say that this will be immediately and altogether superseded by Professor Bailey's later and more complete Cyclopedia, but so many new plants have appeared since 1887, so many changes in nomenclature and classification have been accepted, that no progressive horticulturist can longer depend upon Nicholson alone, but must add Bailey to his library, even when the long-promised fifth volume of Nicholson appears. Any work of reference needs constant revision, and in less than a quarter of a century these stately and beautiful pages

will be entirely rewritten. But it is a great thing for publishers, editors, and collaborators to have produced at the close of the nineteenth century so readable, so well-arranged, and so comprehensive a Cyclopedia of Horticulture. Nothing like it has been attempted before in America; and if its sales are commensurate with its merits, every college, every public library, and every intelligent horticulturist will before long possess a copy. A work principally intended for reference is usually fit for nothing else; but the high literary quality and consequent readableness of very many of the articles in this volume are worthy of especial mention.

Glimpses Across the Sea

IN THIS little volume, Sam T. Clover gives a chatty and charming account of sixteen vacation-days spent in London and Paris. The entire trip from Chicago to Europe and return was accomplished in forty-two days, and yet this was not, it is protested, the ordinary grip-in-one-hand-umbrella-in-the-other tour of the American Man-in-a-Hurry. The impatient haste of the average American business man to get on from point to point, even in his vacation, the author calls "a disease," of which he says:—

The entire American nation is inoculated with it. Englishmen stand aghast at our notion of holiday-making, and well they may. We have n't yet learned the gentle art of serenity; our sons' sons may acquire it, but it will take two generations at least for the American to calmly and leisurely transact his business, pursue his wooing, enjoy his outings and peacefully glide into smooth old age.

We would hardly expect from one who spends little more than a fortnight in London and Paris, an account of those two great cities which would convey any considerable amount of valuable information or give vivid pictures of life, customs, and famous sights and scenes. But the reader will find himself happily disappointed in this. Here is a tourist who avoids the tedious and generally

superficial estimates, which travelers often make, of national character, and gives us almost photographic sketches of the streets and buildings and passing throngs of London and Paris, together with entertaining incidents and bits of conversation. The book shows how much can be accomplished in a very little time, if one undertakes it intelligently, and at what little expense, the cost of the trip being given in classified items. The text is accompanied with a number of entertaining thumbnail sketches by Bert Cassiday.

Cyclopædia of Classified Dates

A REMARKABLE book of references comes to us from that enterprising publishing firm, the Funk & Wagnalls Company, of New York. *The Cyclopædia of Classified Dates* is a marvel of literary industry, representing years of the most painstaking research, and illustrating the great advantages of co-operative scholarship, which in this instance has produced a labor-saving volume concerning which the reviewer can hardly be too enthusiastic. Here is far more than an ordinary book of dates. It is also a compendium of general historical events, a chart of all the greater periods and lesser subdivisions of history, a series of outlines showing the development of events under several leading topics, a geographical gazetteer of the world, and a biographical dictionary recording the dates of birth and death and several other general facts concerning many thousands of persons who have taken leading parts in the achievements of the race.

All the principal known events of seventy centuries have been recorded, and yet so arranged and systematized that everything stands in its logical and ordered place. The materials of the book have been put together upon an entirely original plan, furnishing devices for quick reference which are like guiding threads in a labyrinth, so that the student is never lost and never loses the trail of any event or series of events.

There is a three-fold classification of all items: First, a classification by national or geographical divisions, grouping the historic records of seventy-nine different countries under their respective names. Since the book was designed for service chiefly in America and Great Britain, nearly one half the space is allotted to those two countries. Second, a

classification by dates, following the chronological development of history in each of the national or geographical divisions. Third, a classification of events according to their nature. This is secured by a grouping of all matter under nine topical heads—(1) Army and Navy, giving military and naval equipments, expeditions, sieges, battles, etc.; (2) Art, science, nature, recording the progress of the fine and industrial arts, discoveries and inventions, the founding of scientific organizations, and notable natural phenomena; (3) Births and Deaths of noted persons; (4) Church, tracing the rise and development of religions, sects, and other organizations, councils, assemblies, international gatherings, revivals, heresies, etc.; (5) Discovery and Exploration; (6) Letters, including whatever relates to education and literature, schools and educational societies, books, magazines, newspapers; (7) Society, including facts concerning social congresses and conferences, benefactions, brotherhoods, asylums, hospitals, and also crimes, prize-fights, lynchings, suicides, strikes, oppressions, and indications of social unrest; (8) State, giving facts relating to governments, administrations, political agitations, parties, campaigns, revolutions, alliances, treaties, and the like; (9) Miscellaneous, recording facts and events not easily classified under any of the preceding heads, such as commerce, railroads, accidents, wrecks, fires, panics, epidemics, etc.

We have been thus explicit in order to show how invaluable this book will be to the general reader, and also to the student of history whether he investigates topics or periods. Through the devices of general arrangement, and by the further aid of a comprehensive index every event may be traced to its chronological place and also studied in the midst of its setting of other events, contemporaneous, antecedent and consequent. We do not know of a more valuable book for the reference-table, and would class it with the general cyclopedias and leading dictionaries.

North American Forests and Forestry

IT SEEMS likely that more books on forestry will appear in the United States in the next fifty years than in the rest of the world put together. Forestry will soon become one of the great and living indus-

tries, and it will attract the attention of highly trained specialists in every American State. The present volume occupies a somewhat different field from that of most forestry books. It cannot be called a manual of modern methods, for it does not go into the minute details essential to a practical handbook. It is more nearly a discussion of forests and forestry as related to the national life. This discussion naturally includes chapters upon Forest Industries, Forest Finances and Management, Forest Taxation, Forestry as a Profession, and cognate topics.

Mr. Bruncken, who was the secretary of the late Forestry Commission of Wisconsin, has written a very timely book which should attract many readers and make them proselytes to the great cause of forestry. We should have better laws if our legislators read his chapter on "Reform in Forestry Methods." Respecting the large forest reserves, for instance, he says:—

The policy of our federal government with regard to its forests cannot be called a truly rational one until the beginning has been made to exploit them with due regard to reproduction and improvement. . . . When such operations are fairly under way, the people of those Western States will discover that far from being a drawback to the development of the country, their mountain forests will be one of the greatest sources of wealth at their command.

Politics for Young Americans

THE American Book Company brings out a newly-revised edition of Charles Nordhoff's little treatise bearing the above title and first published by Harper & Brothers in 1875. A peculiar interest attaches to this book in that it was written in the belief that our political system is a just interpretation of Christian principle—a faith which should do good to the heart of Rev. Mr. Sheldon of the Topeka Capital. The author says:—

I believe that free government is a political application of the Christian theory of life; that at the base of our Political System lies the Golden Rule; and that to be a good citizen of the United States one ought to be imbued with the spirit of Christianity, and to believe in and act upon the teachings of Jesus. He condemned self-seeking, covetousness, hypocrisy, class distinctions, envy, malice, undue and ignoble ambition; and he inculcated self-restraint, repression of the lower and meaner passions, love to the neigh-

bor, contentment, gentleness, regard for the rights and happiness of others, and respect for the law.

It seems to me that the vices he condemned are those also which are dangerous to the perpetuity of free government; and that the principles he inculcated may be properly used as tests of the merits of a political system or a public policy. In this spirit I have written, believing that thus "government of the people, by the people, and for the people," can be most clearly justified and explained.

In this revised edition Mr. Nordhoff has added several new chapters covering "important questions bearing on constitutional government which have become prominent since the book was first written." In looking over these new portions we note that Mr. Nordhoff is a conservative as to the Government ownership of railroads and telegraphs, a gold bug in finance, a pronounced enemy of monopolies and trusts, and a consistent imperialist in his view of what ought to be done with the new island possessions of Uncle Sam.

Scandinavians in the United States

AT the hands of some twoscore contributors and editors the history of the Scandinavians in the United States is elaborately treated in a book of some nine hundred pages. The present edition is a careful revision and combination of two volumes previously published—volume I in 1893, and volume II in 1897. The history is now brought down to 1900. The work of the corps of contributors and that of the editors seems to have been done with great thoroughness and completeness, so that Scandinavian residents in the New World may congratulate themselves on a reliable history of their enterprising immigration hither and of their successful and prosperous settlements in the various American commonwealths.

Nearly a third part of the book is devoted to carefully prepared biographical sketches of eminently successful and influential Scandinavians in Minnesota, Iowa, and Wisconsin. The special religious bent of the Scandinavian mind is evidenced by the very considerable space given to the history of their various churches and ecclesiastical organizations. There are, however, extended chapters on such topics of general interest as "The History of Scandinavian Immigra-

tion," "The Icelandic Discoveries of America," and "Characteristics of the Scandinavians." Upon this last topic the editor admits with approval, the statement of Professor Babcock, of the University of Wisconsin, as follows:—

The Scandinavians, with all their virtues, are not without faults. They are often narrow-minded, in the city sometimes clannish and given to making demands, political and social, as Scandinavian-Americans. The Swede is frequently jealous of the Norwegian, and *vice versa*. But as a class they are sober, earnest, industrious, and frugal. They are not driven here; they come of their own accord and come to stay, not to get a few hundred dollars and return to a life of idleness. They come not to destroy our institutions, but to build them up by adopting them. They come from countries not potent or glorious in European affairs, and therefore the more readily denationalize themselves, that they may become entirely American. The most of them are plain, common people, strong, sturdy, and independent, required to unlearn little, ready and able to learn much and learn it well. They still have the same powers of adaptability and assimilation that made Rollo and his Northmen such good Frenchmen, and Guthrun and his Danes such excellent Englishmen; and using these powers among us to-day, they are, or are rapidly becoming, irreproachably and unimpeachably American.

A chapter of special interest is that on "The Nationality of Criminal and Insane Persons in the United States," in which, it need scarcely be said, the Scandinavians appear to advantage over all other nationalities.

The Calaveras Skull

IN C. W. Holmes's *Preliminary Revision of the Evidence Relating to Auriferous Gravel Man in California* the reader will find, amidst other interesting matter, an extended review of the celebrated case of the Calaveras skull. The evidence for and against the scientific value of the skull is very carefully weighed, and the following conclusion reached:—

The so-called Calaveras skull exhibits nothing in its character, condition, or associated phenomena incompatible with the theory of recent origin, and very much that may be justly construed as favoring that theory. . . . I find myself confirmed (upon an examination of the skull itself at Cambridge) in the conclusions that the skull was never carried and broken in a Tertiary current, that it never came from the old gravels in

the Mattison mine, and that it does not in any way represent a Tertiary race of men. If the existence of Tertiary man in California is finally proved, it will be on evidence other than that furnished by the Calaveras skull.

Books Received

Cyclopedia of American Horticulture. Comprising suggestions for cultivation of horticultural plants, descriptions of the species of fruits, vegetables, flowers, and ornamental plants sold in the United States and Canada, together with geographical and biographical sketches. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1900. Sold by subscription at \$5.00 per vol.

North American Forests and Forestry, and Their Relations to the National Life of the American People. By Ernest Bruncken. 12mo, 364 pages.

Glimpses Across the Sea. By Sam T. Clover. Illustrated by Bert Cassidy. Evanston, Ill.: Windiknowe Pub. Co.

Cyclopedia of Classified Dates. By Charles E. Little. Large 8vo. 1450 pages. Cloth, \$10.00; Sheep, \$12.50; Half Morocco, \$15.00; Full Morocco, \$18.00. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co.

Politics for Young Americans. By Charles Nordhoff. A newly revised edition for Schools and Colleges. New York: American Book Co.

History of the Scandinavians in the United States. Vols. I and II; Second Revised Edition. Compiled and edited by O. N. Nelson. Minneapolis: O. N. Nelson & Company.

Preliminary Revision of the Evidence Relating to Auriferous Gravel Man in California. By William H. Holmes. From *The American Anthropologist* (N. S.).

Annual Report of the Department of Posts of Cuba. Havana: Ruiz & Brother.

Report of the Commissioner of Education for the Year 1897-1898. Washington: Government Printing Office.

The Man With the Hoe. By Edward Ham. With notes by the author. Illustrated. New York: Doubleday & McClure. 50 cents.

True Motherhood. By James C. Fernald. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. 60 cts.



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and said he was going to ride with her, open the door and light up the house. She did n't want him to, but she got in and he followed.

As they rode along swiftly she got over her "pet." He was a pleasant fellow, a well-known man about town, and he talked himself into her graces. When they reached the house he dismissed the carriage. She was n't going to let him open the door; and she did n't. At the darkness, however, she hesitated, only for a second, but in that second he passed in and with a laugh she and he found the button and pressed up the electric light.

"Now," she said, "I'll go up-stairs. You stay down here, and when I'm all cozy and comfortable I'll call down to you. Then you can say good-night."

"That's sensible," he said, and he waited.

Her room was in order. She looked all around her, up and down the hall.

"Good-night," she called.

"All right?" he turned off the lights below. "Good-night," he said.

The front door slammed and the woman returned to her room.

It was warm and she sat down in her wrapper to read. The creaking of the house disturbed her, but she controlled her nerves pretty well. She looked up now and then, and she had a strong impulse to go out in the hall to look down the stairway. That creaked the worst of all. She remained quietly reading, however, till suddenly with half an eye over her magazine she saw—she was sure of it—a face.

It was the half-face of a man, one eye staring in at her through the half-open door. She held her breath, she grew cold, but she did not look up—and the eye was withdrawn. If only she could close the door. To move had become impossible, and as she thought, more and more coolly, she saw it would be unwise. She must not have seen, and no matter what happened she must not see or hear anything. The jewels were her hope. When she had decided upon her course, she undressed, piled her jewels in a neat heap on the dressing-table, and, putting out the light, she went to bed without closing the door.

Feigning sleep she lay waiting. Half an hour passed, then she heard a step, very light, just a foot movement, and she felt the man cross the room. He was coming toward her bed. She could have screamed; but she did n't. She must breathe easily, regularly,

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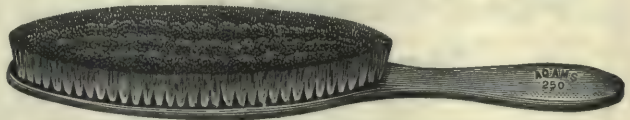


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and that was almost impossible when the man's head leaned over her face and he looked and listened intently and long, very long.

But he was satisfied, evidently, that she slept, for she felt him go away, heard him gather up the jewels, felt him go across to the door, felt him pause there to listen and look back. Then he was gone. The stairway creaked. The front door opened and closed. He was gone.

The woman jumped up, ran to the window and saw the man pass the gas-light in the street. He looked up, and—she was sure.

The next day she went, not to the police, but to her lawyer. He wrote a note, a strong, but carefully-worded note, on the chance that she was right, though he was not so sure as his client that she was right. The man was such a gentleman. But the man came—the man who accompanied her home—and he returned all her jewels.

"I was desperate," he said. "I had no money. My father has cut me off, my brother will do nothing. I had debts. I'm in a corner. I was so desperate——"

He turned to the woman.

"I was so desperate that I would have killed you. I knew I ought to when I leaned over you, but your regular breathing deceived me."—[New York Commercial Advertiser.

—:0:—

Washingtonian.—Johnny—"Papa, if a man would n't tell a lie now, like George Washington did, would he be a great man like Washington was?" Papa—"I don't know, my son. I don't think any of them ever tried."—[Detroit Free Press.

—:0:—

The New York Method.—First Street-Railway Magnate—"This increase in traffic means that we must get more cars." Second Street-Railway Magnate—"Nonsense! We'll put more straps in the old."—[Harper's Bazaar.

—:0:—

We were in a bitterly reflective mood today. "To marry," we mused, "is to purchase bliss at a dear price." "And you don't get it any cheaper at wholesale, either," put in the Sultan of Sulu, who had now to be reckoned with.—[Puck.

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PUBLISHERS' COLUMN

Notice is called to the change of address of our New York office, (page XX). We have no further connection with Messrs. Foltz & Rambo. Our Eastern Representative is Miss E. G. Crommelin.

—:O:—

The Term Usually Applied.—She—"What is the term applied to one who signs another person's name to a check?"

He—"Five or ten years usually."—*Chicago News.*

—:O:—

If you want to know all about the ELEC-TROPOISE, an ingenious little machine that cures many diseases without medicine, write to John Mulhern, agent, 124 Market Street, San Francisco, for circular of information.

—:O:—

He—"Is your husband laying anything up for a rainy day, my good woman?" She—"No, sir; but he's saving up to buy a snow-shovel."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

—:O:—

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—:O:—

Blushing Leaves.—Kathryn—"I wonder what makes the leaves of the trees turn red in the fall?"

Zaneta—"Probably blushing at their bare limbs."—*Harlem Life.*

—:O:—

Secure a home of your own. THE CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION has helped others, it will help you. They will give you a booklet with full information for the asking.

—:O:—

His Wondrous Faith.—Hix—"Weeks seems to have a lot of faith in homœopathy, does n't he?" Dix—"Never saw anything to equal it. Why, last summer when he had an attack of hay fever he married a grass widow."—*Chicago News.*

THOS. COOK & SON, Tourists' Agents, have been remarkably successful in arranging quick dispatch for their patrons over the several transcontinental steamship lines to Europe, saving them trouble and delay. It would be well for intending travelers to note the fact.

—:0:—

Willing to Give It Away.—Hix—"Say, you want something for that cough, old man." Dix—"No, I don't. I'll give it to any one for the asking."—*Chicago News*.

—:0:—

Really, it is not necessary nowadays to "do Europe" in order to see grand scenery, beautiful cloud effects, or revel in Spa's baths, mineral springs or mountain fastnesses. California contains them all, and nowhere in greater profusion than along the line of the 'campers' paradise," the CALIFORNIA NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY. The several streams tributary to the Russian River in Sonoma and Mendocino Counties give promise of great sport to anglers this season. For several years they have been stocked from the railroad's own hatchery at Ukiah, and they are alive with trout.

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—:0:—

"Has the furnace gone out, Bridget?" "Well, if it did, ma'am, it must 'a' gone out th' cellar windy. Shure it did'n't go t'rough here."—*Philadelphia Record*.

—:0:—

The Annual Reports of The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York are successive records of great achievements. Year after year a rapid growth is indicated; year after year its beneficial progress is made manifest, establishing this institution as being not only the largest but the most progressive life insurance company in the world.

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Of baking powder, which, you know, beginners oft omit:

Then she stirred it all together,

And she baked it for an hour;

But she never quite forgave herself
For leaving out the flour!

—[Tit-Bits.

—:0:—

How to Distinguish Them.—‘What is the difference between poetry and versification?’ asked the ignorant one. ‘Poetry,’ replied the wise one, ‘is what a man writes himself; versification is the rhyming done by others.’—[Chicago Evening Post.

—:0:—

NIRVANA.

A little girl, who was trying to tell a friend how absent-minded her grandpa was, said:

“He walks about, thinking about nothing, and, when he remembers it, he then forgets that what he thought of was something entirely different from what he wanted to remember.”—[Collier's Weekly.

—:0:—

The income of Queen Wilhelmina of Holland is said to be £50,000 a year, and she possesses six palaces. As a linguist she is extremely proficient. Besides the ordinary Continental languages, she has acquired Malay distinctly—an unusual acquirement. She learned this tongue of her own accord, because she wished to be able to understand the thirty millions of subjects in her East Indian dominions.—[Tit-Bits.

—:0:—

Domestic Reminders.—Wife—“Do you know what you remind me of?” Husband—“No; but I do know what you remind me of.” Wife—“What?” Husband—“Of every little thing I forget to attend to that you ask me about.”—[Detroit Free Press.

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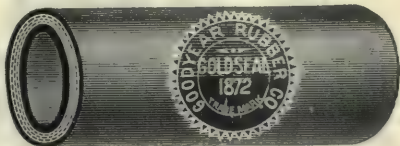
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IN KENTUCKY.

A certain youth of Louisville while calling
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her gracious manner to him that he flung his
arms around her neck and kissed her."If you ever do that again," exclaimed the
tousled girl hotly, "I shall tell papa."The young man took this for a mere femi-
nine bluff and promptly repeated the dose.The outraged girl flung out of the room
and into her father's study. She found him
oiling his gun. Somehow the sight sobered
her, so she merely said: "There is some one
in the parlor who wishes to see you." Then
she went up to her room to have a good cry.The father stepped briskly into the other
room, still holding his half-oiled gun in his
hands.At the sight of the old man with the gun
the young man lost no time, but jumped
clear through one of the parlor windows and
vanished over the garden wall before the
hospitable colonel could even ask him what
he would take.After this startling episode in Kentucky
high life many months waned before the par-
ticipants in it could be brought together
again.—[Collier's Weekly.

—:O:—

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ASSETS

Real Estate	\$2,049,222 72
Cash on hand and in Bank	1,810,269 96
Loans on bonds and mort. real estate	5,981,842 52
Interest accrued but not due	245,993 39
Loans on collateral security	1,497,175 51
Loans on this Company's Policies	1,305,307 27
Deferred Life Premiums	340,997 04
Premis. due and unreported on Life Policies	259,449 36
Government Bonds	789,016 96
County and municipal bonds	3,114,997 64
Railroad stocks and bonds	7,819,225 19
Bank stocks	1,258,674 00
Other stocks and bonds	1,288,350 00

Total Assets \$27,760,511 56

LIABILITIES

Reserve, 3½ per cent., Life Department ..	\$20,406,734 00
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accident Department ..	1,500,369 22
Present value Installment Life Policies ..	783,193 00
Reserve for Claims against Employers ..	586,520 26
Losses in process of adjustment	219,833 02
Life Premiums paid in advance	33,178 11
Special Reserve for unpaid taxes, rents, etc.	110,000 00
Special Reserve, Liability Department ..	100,000 00

Total Liabilities \$23,739,827 61

Excess Security to Policy-holders \$ 4,020,683 95

Surplus \$ 3,020,683 95

STATISTICS TO DATE

LIFE DEPARTMENT

Life Insurance in force	\$100,334,554 00
New Life Insurance written in 1899	17,165,686 00
<i>Insurance on installment plan at commuted value</i>	
Returned to Policy-holders in 1899	\$1,522,417 06
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864	16,039,380 95

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT

Number Accident Claims paid in 1899 ..	15,386
Whole number Accident Claims paid ..	339,636
Returned to Policy-holders in 1899	\$ 1,227,977 34
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864 ..	23,695,539 94

TOTALS

Returned to Policy-holders in 1899	\$ 2,750,394 40
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864	39,734,920 89

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standing he may be frightened at first, so that in a short time he will not be afraid of anything brought near him.

All the whipping and spurring of horses for shying, stumbling, etc., is useless and cruel. If he shies, and you whip him for it, it only adds terror, and makes the object larger than it would otherwise be; give him time to examine it without punishing him. He should never be hit with whip, under any circumstances, or for anything that he does.

As to smearing oil, there is nothing that assists the trainer to tame his horse better. It is better to approach a colt with the scent of honey or cinnamon upon your hand, than the scent of hogs, for horses naturally fear the scent of hogs, and will attempt to escape from it, while they like the scent of honey, cinnamon, or salt. To affect a horse with drugs you must give him some preparation of opium, and while he is under the influence of it you cannot teach him anything more than you can a man when he is intoxicated with liquor.

Another thing, you must remember to treat him kindly, for when you require obedience from any subject, it is better to have it rendered from a sense of love than fear.

You should be careful not to chafe the lips of your colt or hurt his mouth in any way; if you do he will dislike to have the bridle on. After he is taught to follow you, then put on the harness, putting your lines through the shaft straps along the side, and teach him to yield to the reins, turn short to the right and left, teach him to stand still before he is ever hitched up; you then have control over him. If he gets frightened the lines should be used as a telegraph to let him know what you want him to do.

No horse is naturally vicious, but always obeys his trainer as soon as he comprehends what he would have him do. You must be firm with him at the same time, and give him to understand that you are the trainer and that he is the horse.

The best bit to hold a horse, to keep his mouth from getting sore, is a straight bar-bit, four and one half inches long between the rings; this operates on both sides of the jaw, while the ordinary snaffle forms a clamp and presses the sides of the jaw. The curb or bridoon hurts his under jaw so that he will stop before he will give to the rein.

To throw a horse, put a rope twelve feet long around his body in a running noose, pass it down to the right fore foot through

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a ring in a spencil, then buckle up the left or near fore foot, take a firm hold of your rope, lead him around until he is tired, give him a shove with your shoulder, at the same time drawing up his right foot, which brings him on his knees, hold him steady, and in a few moments he will lie down. Never attempt to hold him still, for the more he scuffles the better.

Take your colt into a tight room or pen, and with a long whip commence snapping at the colt's hind legs, taking care not to hit above the hocks, stopping immediately when the colt turns his head toward you. While his head is toward you, approach him with the left hand extended toward him, holding your whip in the right, ready to snap him as soon as he turns his head from you. In this way you can soon get your hands upon him. As soon as you have done this, be careful to caress him for his obedience, and snap him for disobedience. He will soon learn that he is safest in your presence with his head towards you, and in a very short time you cannot keep him away from you. Speak kindly and firmly to him, all the time caressing him, calling by name and saying "Ho, boy," or some familiar word that he will soon learn.

If a colt is awkward and careless at first, you must bear with him, remembering that we too were awkward when young; allowing him his own way, until by degrees he will come in. If he is willful, you must then charge your course of treatment by confining him in such a way that he is powerless for harm, until he submits. If he is disposed to run, use my pole-check on him; if to kick, fasten a rope around his under jaw, pass through the collar, and attach it to his hind feet. One kick will cure him, as the force of the blow falls on his jaw. If he should be stubborn, lay him down and confine him until you subdue him, without punishing him with the whip.

Colts should be broken without blind-bridles; after they are well broken, then you may put on blinds. Bridles without blinds are the best unless you want to speed your horse, when it will be necessary to keep him from seeing the whip.

Colts should be well handled and taught to give readily to the rein before they are hitched up. If you hitch them up the first thing and they become frightened, you have no control over them; but if you teach them to start, stop, and stand at the word before they are hitched, then you can govern them. —[Rarey.

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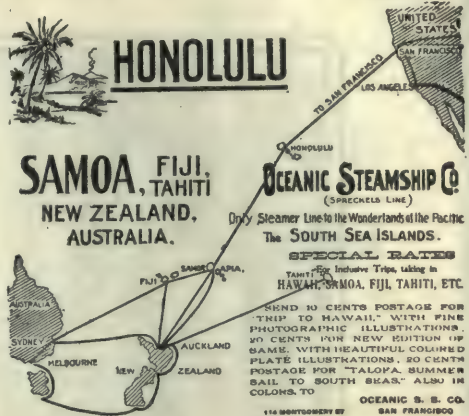
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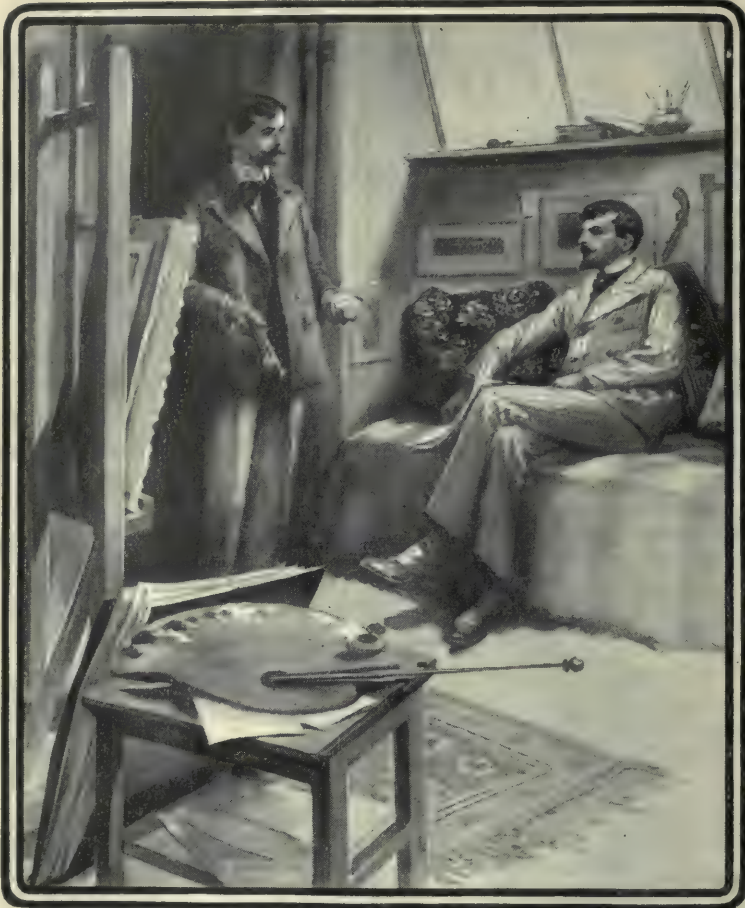
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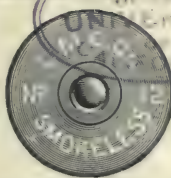
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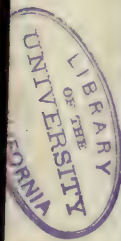
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"From a Woman's Point of View," will be the collective title of several pages of comment upon the "short-comings and long-goings" of the world, looked at microscopically and telescopically by a woman writer who is more than ordinarily endowed with a sense of humor and a sense of proportion. This department is bound to be read with sustained interest by women everywhere, as it will have something to say worth attention, on topics with which women everywhere are closely concerned.

There will be another valuable article, profusely illustrated, on Paris and the Exposition, in continuation of that in the current issue.

An article on Oriental Rugs, with illustrations of fine examples of valuable specimens, will be another feature of general interest in the June OVERLAND, as rug collecting has passed from the stage of the fad of the few to that of a passion with both men and women who appreciate elegant surroundings.

"Pictures of People Worth Knowing, and of Places Worth Seeing," will introduce to OVERLAND readers the best of the latest work by professional and amateur photographers.

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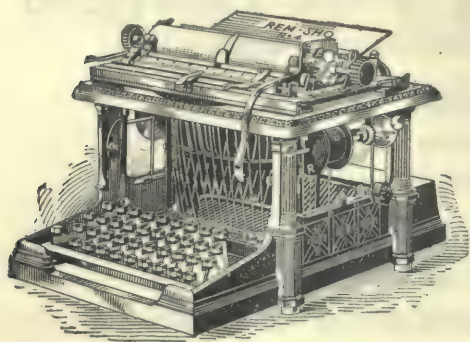
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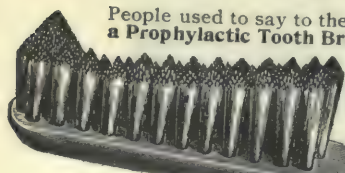
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VOL. XXXV

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CALIFORNIA MINING NOTES.

The steam borer is now used in testing ground in the Klamath River at Buckeye Bar, above Oak Bar, and for some distance up stream, with a view of operating a dredger. The Postelthwaite Dredger Company is a syndicate of English capital, and the method of testing the ground with steam boring apparatus makes a sure thing of setting the dredger where the prospects indicate the certainty of good pay. The dredging process of working all the gulches, creeks, and rivers in this county, to secure gold, seems to be the most successful method, but there must be water enough at bedrock, when reached, to float such an outfit. A dredger can work diggings fifty feet deep, but no more, and forty feet is really as low down as can be mined advantageously. With this process, ground yielding ten cents to the cubic yard will prove profitable.—[Yreka Journal.]

Downing & Co., who found a rich pocket a few weeks ago at their ledge on Klamath River, near Ash Creek, have struck a permanent ledge which, the *Yreka Journal* says, yields handsomely on prospects made lately.

A company has been organized in Chicago for building a steam dredger on McAdams Creek if the result of their prospecting warrants. The representative of the company is already here, and has arranged with the Yreka Creek Gold Dredging Company for the use of their steam boring machine, to use in sinking numerous prospect holes to bedrock. McAdams Creek was one of the famous California gold streams, and is to-day ideal dredging ground. There is no heavy wash to render the work difficult, and the immense amount of bedrock gravel that would pay but four dollars to six dollars to a set of timbers was left when the main channel was drifted, as it was not considered rich enough to pay five dollars a day wages. This ground, together with the rich pillars still standing in the main channel, will bring the average of the millions of cubic yards of the top dirt much higher, says the *Yreka Journal*, than is necessary to make this new process of working it a success.

Colonel S. M. Mansfield and Major W. H. Heuer, the United States Government Debris Commissioners from San Francisco, were at Gold Run March 27th for the purpose of inspecting the restraining dam located in Squires' Canyon, about one mile

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northeast of the town. The dam was accepted. It is for the purpose of catching and retaining the waste from the hydraulic washings of A. E. Moody's mine, which will soon be put in operation.—[S. F. Chronicle.]

In the Coulterville mining district increasing interest and activity is being shown in mining properties as well as in other sections of the county. Old mines that had formerly yielded large quantities of precious metal, but that have for years lain idle, are

being put in shape to make them again stand as the leading gold-producers of the State. Many new claims are being located and developed, and in many cases the prospects are very promising.—[Mariposa Gazette.]

—:O:—

Family Trees.—First Chicken—"Me father came from Shanghai." Second Chicken—"Huh! that's nothing. Me mother was an oil-stove from Paris."—[Frank Leslie's.]

—:O:—

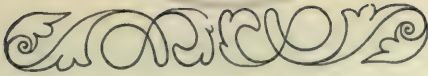
GOOD REPORTS FROM SHASTA COUNTY.

The mining industry in Shasta County continues to flourish. Encouraging reports are heard from many districts.

A pocket containing two hundred and fifty dollars was taken out of the Good Luck mine near Furnaceville one day during the past month. The Good Luck adjoins the Daisy Belle, and is owned by the same parties. The Daisy Belle produced five thousand dollars in pockets in a few weeks last spring. The output of that property caused a miniature rush to the Furnaceville district at the time.

A six-foot ledge has been struck at the 200-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE X.)



THE VETERAN

WHEN Honor sent her sons to
war—

When regiments were marching
through,

When trumpets called and bugles
blew,

He stood from all the crowd apart,
With but one thought in his old
heart:

“I will be ready, too!”

He took his musket from the wall,
His overcoat of faded blue,
His hat, with bullet-holes pierced
through—

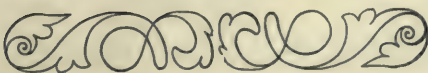
If memory moistened his old eye
His valor still held to the cry:

“I will be ready, too!”

Aye, ready! even to the end.
Undaunted still, but lowly too,
He hopes that at God's last re-
view,

His name will in the roll-call be
And he will answer, faithfully,
That he is “ready, too!”

Rebecca Epping.





AMERICAN PAVILION

See "National Pavilions at the Paris Exposition"

Overland Monthly

VOL. XXXV

May, 1900

No. 209



Photo by Pierce, Los Angeles

On the Links at Redondo

GOLF IN CALIFORNIA

By ARTHUR INKERSLEY



THE oldest golf-course in California, and one of the first in the United States, is at Riverside. The links of the Riverside Polo and Golf Club were laid out in March, 1894, the names and distances of the nine holes being as follows:—

1. The Goal.....240 yards.
2. The Grave.....220 yards.
3. The Styx.....120 yards.
4. Paradise.....425 yards.
5. The Valley.....235 yards.
6. Sudden Death.....150 yards.
7. Hades.....145 yards.
8. Devil's Own.....300 yards.
9. Home.....200 yards.

The amateur record, made by A. Butcher in March, 1898, is 39. The club numbers among its members that excellent golfer and polo-player, C. E. Maud, who is president of the Southern California Golf Association, and who won the Del Monte

Cup at Monterey in August of last year. The Riverside Polo and Golf Club, unlike most organizations of its kind, has the great merit of exacting little from its members, the entrance fee being only five dollars, and the annual subscription seven and a half dollars. Riverside, from the fact that so many Britishers of good education and antecedents (I would write "gentlemen," were it not that the term is so ludicrously abused in these United States that it has ceased to have any meaning) have chosen it as a place of residence, is much addicted to outdoor sports. Though it has only eight thousand inhabitants, it has three golf clubs—the Polo and Golf Club already mentioned, the Rubidoux and the Pachappa Golf Clubs. There are also private courses.

A little to the north of Riverside is Redlands, which has two golf-courses—that of the Redlands Golf Club, and that of the

Casa Loma Hotel. The latter is on level ground, having no hills or even any undulations; but some artificial bunkers have been constructed, and several roads serve as hazards. The course is about a mile from the Casa Loma Hotel, and has a length of 2,425 yards. The links of the Redlands Golf Club are in the foothills of San Bernardino, the land being so rugged that the laying out of the course was no easy task. There are nine holes, having a total length of 2,129 yards. One drawback to the course is its distance from the



C. E. Maud
President of the California Golf Association

town of Redlands, and another is the fact that several of its putting-greens are on a considerable slope. The president of the Redlands Golf Club is A. L. Auchenloss.

The Santa Barbara Country Club, organized in 1894, has a golf-course at Montecito, about a hundred yards from the depot of the Southern Pacific Railroad. The fees of the Country Club are somewhat high, being thirty dollars on entrance, and fifty dollars a year. The course was laid out in 1896, and, being along the seashore, commands fine views of the Santa Barbara Islands on one side and of the Sierra Madre Mountains on the other. It has a length of 1,220 yards, and is quite devoid of turf. The president is R. B. Canfield, and the secretary is R. Barrett Fithian, who is now cruising in his schooner-yacht *Rover*.

Santa Monica is a favorite resort for

residents of Los Angeles and for tourists. Outdoor sports of all sorts are in vogue, and there are two golf-courses—the Ocean Park links, owned by Messrs. Dudley and Warner, and the links of the North Side Golf Club. The Ocean Park links are not in good order, and the North Side course is not well laid out. But a good deal of golf is played in Santa Monica, where H. B. Goodwin, the captain of the San Francisco Golf Club, learned the elements of the game he now plays so well.

A little to the south of Santa Monica and about twenty miles from Los Angeles, is Redondo Beach. Connected with the Redondo Hotel is a golf-course on which the railroad-track and several rows of eucalyptus-trees are the hazards. Being intended chiefly for beginners and elderly people, the course is easy, and, the soil being quite sandy, it has the advantage of being never muddy nor very dusty. It is much used by the visitors to the hotel during the summer, and play even in warm weather is rendered agreeable by the cool breezes from the ocean.

The Coronado Golf Club has a course on perfectly level ground, with several bunkers and road hazards. The nine holes are laid out near the ocean. They have no names, but their total length is 2,730 yards. Originally the putting-greens were of grass, but the task of keeping them green was found too arduous, and now only the home green is turfed. The clubhouse is small, but comfortable and convenient. In summer the course is pretty dusty, but the rains of autumn and winter greatly improve its condition. In the fall of 1899 the club engaged as an instructor the well-known golfer, Alexander Smith, brother of W. B. Smith, open champion of the United States. The bogey of the course is 39, but Alec. Smith has made the nine holes in 37.

Three miles from San Diego the Country Club has a nine-hole golf-course which was laid out in 1897. The links are in the northeast corner of the City Park, within easy driving or cycling distance from the town, and less than ten minutes' walk from the University Heights Electric Railway. The club-house has a large and comfortable reception-room with all necessary conveniences for the seventy

members. The first teeing-ground is near the clubhouse, from the veranda of which, with the aid of a field-glass, players may be observed as they go round the course, which is about a mile and a half in length and roughly triangular in shape. There are several hazards, including groups of rocks, a fence of wire network, and a precipitous barranca known as the Cañon du Diable, which requires a clean carry of 126 yards to clear it. Ladies usually play round the head of this ravine, but the men consider themselves in honor bound to try to drive over it. It is said that, when the club was founded, the ravine was infested with rattlesnakes, but that the golfing tyros filled the air with language so vio-

lently that the president is Captain W. R. Maize, the vice-president is Charles P. Douglas, and the secretary is Robert C. Vroom.

One of the most picturesque and sporty courses in California, or indeed in the Western States, is that of the Santa Catalina Golf Club, at Avalon. It is the property of the Banning Company, but the management of the golf club is vested in a board of directors, John H. Schumacher being president, Charles Frederick Holder (the well-known writer and former editor of the *Californian Illustrated Magazine*) vice-president, and Norwood W. Howard secretary. The course when first laid out had a length of 1,818 yards, but has recently been lengthened to 2,102 yards.



San Diego County Club Links

lent that within six months all the venomous reptiles had abandoned the region. The "greens" are from fifty to seventy feet in diameter, of rolled adobe sprinkled with sand. The best man's score for the nine holes is 44, and the record score for a lady is 57. The club-house is supplied with a range, culinary utensils, and tableware, and informal luncheons or supper parties are of frequent occurrence. The

The names and distances of the holes are as follows:—

1. Cruz	266 yards.
2. Miguel	179 yards.
3. Nicholas	256 yards.
4. Anacapa	157 yards.
5. Catalina	234 yards.
6. Clemente	245 yards.
7. Rosa	334 yards.
8. Barbara	230 yards.
9. Guadalupe	201 yards.

The club-house stands on a pretty hill a few hundred yards from the Hotel Metropole at Avalon, and a little to the left is the first teeing-ground, the first "green" being about fifty yards below. The natural difficulties of the ground are so great that it has been found necessary to create only one bunker—a high wire fence protecting the second hole. From the third teeing-ground you play on to a plateau about seventy-five feet above you. The seventh hole is also a very sporty one, the drive carrying the ball across a ditch,

the year is covered with natural grasses and alfilerilla, which are kept short by systematic sheep-grazing on days when there is no play. The "greens" are twenty yards in diameter, rolled and watered, and are said to be absolutely true. There are both natural and artificial bunkers, one of the latter of which, made of wire netting, with a ditch at the foot of it, has been condemned as a wholly illicit and unfair obstacle. The champion of the club is C. E. Orr, who is locally known as "The Pride of Pasadena." He is a Scotchman,



Photo by Swenson, Avalon

Seventh Hole — Santa Rosa, Santa Catalina Links

an iron shot bringing it to the base of a precipice, over which it must be lofted. Even then it will scarcely reach the "green," so that, though the length of the hole is only 334 yards, the man who makes it in six strokes is playing good golf.

In Pasadena, where so many people of wealth and leisure reside, it is not surprising to learn that there are two golf courses—one belonging to the Pasadena Country Club, and the other to the Hotel Green. The links of the Country Club are about three miles from the city and in the midst of very pretty country. The course is one of the best in the State, being well laid out and kept in good condition. It is on undulating ground dotted with live-oaks, and during most of the months of

and played for six years in the International Football Team for Scotland. He has recently won the amateur golf championship of Southern California, and is a brilliant golfer. He drives the longest ball in Southern California, and his approach shots are beautifully clean, as they must be on a dirt course.

The links connected with the Hotel Green are distant about a mile from the hotel. The course is laid out on undulating land and occupies about fifty acres. It twice crosses a wagon-road, and is dotted here and there with fine oaks, which, though they add to the beauty of the course, create a good deal of trouble for the unlucky or inexperienced golfer. In a corner of the grounds there is a comfort-

able club-house, provided with all conveniences for players, instructors, and caddies. The links are in charge of William Watson, who hails from St. Andrews, Scotland, and during last season was the instructor of the Minnekahda Club of Minneapolis. The nine-hole course has a total length of 2,143 yards. The Hotel La Pintoresca at Pasadena has a six-hole course for the use of people staying there.

The Los Angeles Country Club is the best-equipped club of its kind in Southern California, and, though it has facilities for other sports, makes golf its chief concern. The Country Club has quarters which cost nearly ten thousand dollars, and which furnish every convenience that the golfer needs. The course is one of the very few full eighteen-hole courses in the State, or on the Pacific Coast, and has a total length of 5,548 yards. It extends over eighty acres of rolling land, and has several fine natural hazards. It was laid out

planned with the special object of making good golf essential, and of penalizing poor play. The difficulties are so numerous that they discourage all who are not animated by a true love of the game. The names, distances, and bogey scores of the eighteen holes are as follows:—

1. Escondido	225 yards, 4
2. Windward	357 yards, 5
3. Terrace	217 yards, 4
4. Turi	213 yards, 4
5. Dinky	111 yards, 3
6. El Puente.....	265 yards, 4
7. Lookout	396 yards, 5
8. Adobe	437 yards, 5
9. Midway	300 yards, 4
10. Punch Bowl.....	181 yards, 4
11. Long Acre.....	590 yards, 6
12. Round Top.....	190 yards, 4
13. Hillside	400 yards, 5
14. Toboggan	275 yards, 4
15. Mesa	318 yards, 5
16. El Rincon.....	317 yards, 4
17. Pico	292 yards, 4
18. Home	450 yards, 6

Total 5624 yards, 80



Photo by E. N. Hart, Chicago

N. W. Howard Driving Off to Eighth Hole — Santa Catalina Links

under the direction of J. F. Sartori, E. B. Tufts, and J. E. Crooks, assisted by H. Grindley, who learned the game on the links at St. Andrews, Scotland. It was

The name "Escondido" (hidden) is given to the first hole, because it cannot be seen from the teeing-ground, the view being cut off by an intervening hill.



Photo by Marceau, Los Angeles

C. E. Orr,

"Terrace," the third hole, is on an elevation, and the fifth hole is called "Dinky," from its short length. It has been made in a single stroke by Hugh May, a retired British military officer and a well-known member of the Los Angeles Country Club, who played excellent golf at the first tournament for the amateur golf championship of Southern California, losing his match against C. E. Maud by only one stroke. Hugh May recently won the open championship of the Los Angeles Country Club, against nearly all the best golfers of Southern California. "El Puente" means the bridge and Long Acre is the longest hole, being nearly 600 yards. Round Top, Hillside, and Mesa are so named from the nature of the ground in which they are situated, and "El Rincon" (the corner) is in a corner of the links. For women and duffers there is a short course, consisting of the first six and the last three holes of the long course, making a distance of 2,537 yards, with a bogey of 38. The old links—near West Pico Street—of the Country Club are now used by the Westmoreland Golf Club. The women's championship of

the Los Angeles Country Club was won in November last for the second time by Mrs. A. H. Braly, and the men's championship by Walter Cosby.

The first tournament for the women's championship of Southern California was held on the links of the Pasadena Country Club on Friday and Saturday, January 26th and 27th of this year, the winner being Mrs. Jean W. Bowers, of Garvanza, and the runner-up Mrs. John D. Foster, of the Los Angeles Country Club. The men's amateur championship of Southern California was contested on the links of the Los Angeles Country Club on February 22d, 23d, and 24th, and, with the exception of Walter Cosby, E. Conde Jones, and H. T. Hayes, of Rudidoux, who for various reasons were unable to be present, brought out all the best golfers in that part of the State. The eight who qualified in the medal play over thirty-six holes were C. E. Maud of Riverside, Hugh May, C. E. Orr of Pasadena, E. B. Tufts, J. F. Sartori, E. D. Silent, J. H.



Photo by Marceau, Los Angeles

Mrs. J. W. Bowers

Nicoll, and J. A. Brown of Hemet. After much interesting and close play, the championship for 1900 was won by C. E. Orr, who defeated C. E. Maud six up four to play.

The Santiago Golf Club has recently been organized at Santa Ana, in Orange County, and a course has been laid out on the San Joaquin ranch, El Modena, by H. W. Grindley, the green-keeper of the Los Angeles Country Club.

Throughout Southern California the turfed putting-green is chiefly conspicu-

discourage good 'approaching, since a ball, if it touches the green, rolls across it to the farther side, and, even if it comes to rest on the green, may be started by a wind. This, combined with the iron hardness of the fair green in dry weather, offers a premium on a kind of game which is not golf, but somewhat resembles the old-fashioned and despised croquet.

But, if too much space is taken up with a description of links in Southern California, none will be left for an account of



Photo by B. Y. Morris, Oakland

Oakland Golf Club House — Adams Point, Oakland, Cal.

ous by its absence. An attempt was made to keep up turfed greens at San Diego, but in that dry climate the task proved too difficult. One after another the greens became denuded of grass and returned to their primitive bareness. The "greens" in Southern California are not "greens" at all, but rather "browns," being made of soil and sand tightly packed, watered and rolled. When well made and cared for they are true, but they introduce quite a new element into golf. They are easy to putt on, offering little resistance to the ball, and having a perfectly level surface; but they

the links in the northern part of the State. Coming up towards San Francisco, we find at the Hotel del Monte, Monterey, an excellent nine-hole course, which formerly covered 2,319 yards, but has recently been lengthened to 2,900 yards. The ground is rolling, and has several natural and some artificial hazards, which make the course interesting and sporty. The links were at one time in the charge of T. W. Tetley, who gave the first instructions here to many Californian golfers. The resident professional is James Melville, who was born thirty-five years ago near St. Andrews, in Scotland, and learned the game

in his boyhood. In 1884 Melville came over to the United States, and spent nearly fourteen years on ranches and railroads. In 1897 he chanced to get employment on the Oakland links, where he took up golf again and soon became expert. In the recent professional tournaments he has

links at the Burlingame Country Club, in San Mateo County. The course has nine holes, and a total length of 3,200 yards. In winter it is well grassed, but in the dry season it is somewhat hard and dusty. So many of the relatives of members of the Country Club now play golf that it has



Photo by S. F. Call

Willie Anderson, Professional — Oakland Golf Club

held his own with Willie Anderson, Horace Rawlins, and David Stephenson, having tied with Stephenson and beaten Anderson at the Oakland professional tournament, and having beaten Horace Rawlins at the Burlingame competition.

Still nearer to San Francisco are the

been found necessary to make the golfers contribute towards the expense of keeping the course in good condition. In future, members will have to pay six dollars per quarter in advance for each lady or minor of their families using the links, and men who are not members must have visitors'

cards, which cost a dollar and a half per week, or five dollars per month.

In the immediate environs of San Francisco there are three golf-courses, belonging to the San Francisco, Oakland, and San Rafael clubs. The San Francisco Golf Club was organized in 1896, the course having been laid out by William Robertson late in the previous year. The course is on the United States Military Reservation, and, having genuine springy turf and sandy soil, more nearly resembles the Scotch links than any other in the State. The grass is strong and holds the ball up well, while the rains of winter and the damp fogs which sweep in from the Pacific Ocean in summer keep it nearly always green and reasonably soft. The club-house stands just outside the reservation, and is one of the handsomest on the Pacific Coast, having a large living-room, a ladies' sitting-room, a workshop, bath-rooms, and quarters for the instructor, green-keeper, and housekeeper. The club, however, labors under the serious disadvantage that it can get no title, nor even a lease, to its course, and, being dependent upon the good will of the military commandant of the Presidio, it does not feel justified in going to great expense in improving its links. The fair green is often badly cut up by the hoofs of artillery horses, and the putting-greens, which are well-turfed, have to be protected by wire fences. But notwithstanding these drawbacks, the Presidio course affords recreation to many enthusiasts and has developed many good players of both sexes. The membership includes 125 men and the same number of ladies, and both in team and individual play the club has manifested greater strength than any of the local clubs. David Stephenson, the instructor, came out from Scotland to this country last fall, and, though he is little more than twenty years of age, plays a very strong game, having beaten Rawlins and Melville at Burlingame, and Willie Anderson on the Oakland links. Among the best-known players of the San Fran-

cisco Golf Club are H. B. Goodwin (the captain), R. H. Gaylord (secretary and winner of the first contest for the Council's Cup for men), E. J. McCutchen, Charles Page, H. D. Pillsbury, J. W. Byrne, S. L. Abbot, Jr. (winner of the second contest for the Council's Cup), John Lawson, L. O. Kellogg, and A. B. Williamson. The strongest amateur golfer in the neighborhood of San Francisco is John Lawson, a Scotchman, who has been playing the game from childhood. He won the first tournament for the championship of the Oakland and San Francisco golf clubs, the runner-



W. P. Johnson, of Oakland Golf Club

up being E. Conde Jones, of the Los Angeles Country Club. Among the ladies the best players are Miss Alice C. Hoffman, Miss Maud Mullins, Miss Sarah Drum, Miss Mary Scott, Miss Caro Crockett, Miss Maud O'Conner, Mrs. R. G. Brown, Miss Mai Moody, Miss Rowe, Miss M. B. Houghton, and Miss Ella W. Morgan, who represented the San Francisco Golf Club in the ladies' home-and-home match against Oakland, won by the San Francisco team, 28 up. In this match Miss Mary Scott defeated Miss Alice Moffitt, champion of the Oakland Golf Club and winner of the cup presented by Prince André Poniatowski at the Burlingame

tournament in 1899, by the handsome margin of nine up.

The Oakland Golf Club occupies about a hundred acres of picturesque land, dotted with graceful oaks, at Adams Point,

whose tuition many of the members have made good progress. The strongest players among the ladies are Miss Alice Moffitt, Mrs. H. H. Sherwood, Mrs. Le Grand Cannon Tibbetts, Miss Lucy Moffitt, Mrs.



Photo by Lorillard & Bratt, San Rafael

R. A. Parker, ex-Captain of the San Rafael Golf Club, Driving Off from Ivy Tee

which juts out into Lake Merritt. The club-house stands on a knoll and commands an extensive view. There is a short course of 2,184 yards, and a long one of 2,890 yards, making 5,074 yards in all. It is not quite strictly a full eighteen-hole course, as there are only fourteen greens; but these are all of good turf, well rolled, and kept in excellent trim. The captain of the Oakland Golf Club is Orestes Pierce, and its vice-captain is P. E. Bowles. Both have worked most enthusiastically for its success. Home-and-home matches are played between the San Francisco and Oakland clubs, the teams consisting of eight men each. In 1899 the San Francisco men won the first match, and the Oaklanders the second. The tie, played off at Burlingame, resulted in a victory for the Oakland team. Among the strongest Oakland players are E. R. Folger, C. P. Hubbard, W. P. Johnson, G. D. Greenwood, R. M. Fitzgerald, J. C. McKee, H. E. Knowles, P. G. Gow, and F. S. Stratton. In October of last year the club engaged as professionals Willie Anderson and Horace Rawlins, under

W. P. Johnson, Mrs. Frederick E. Magee, Mrs. P. E. Bowles, and Miss Palmer.

The San Rafael Golf Club has a beautiful links and a pretty club-house in Happy Valley, about two miles from San Rafael. It also has the only full eighteen-hole course in Central California. The putting-greens are all well turfed, water being conveyed to every one by pipes. The course has a length of 3,145 plus 2,985 yards, or a total length of 6,130 yards, and is very sporty and picturesque. There are two or three water hazards. One of the greens is in the middle of an orchard and another is on the top of a hill. Till recently the instructor has been T. W. Tetley, who, with Mrs. Tetley, had entire charge of the course and club-house. Among the golfers who frequent the San Rafael course are Baron von Schroder, Baron Alex. von Schroder, R. J. Davis, Carter P. Pomeroy, C. P. Eells, George Hazelton, S. H. Boardman, H. P. Sonntag, Mr. and Mrs. R. Gilman Brown, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Crooks, Miss Morgan, and Miss Thérèse C. Morgan. Fortnightly tournaments are held regularly during the season, and on

public holidays general tournaments open to the members of any golf club.

In addition to the golf clubs named above, there are also courses at Santa Cruz, San Jose, Palo Alto, Marysville, and other places.

Before closing my account of the local golf clubs, I should like to remark that hospitality to the poor devils who write for the newspapers assumes to me the proportions of a great virtue, and in this the San Francisco Golf Clubs excels, with the San Rafael Golf Club, under the management of Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Tetley, a good second.

There is at present no organization embracing all the golf clubs in the State, but the principal clubs in the South are included in the Southern California Golf Association, the president of which is C. E. Maud, the vice-presidents being J. B. Miller and A. S. Auchenloss, and the secretary J. F. Sartori. The associate members are

for the men's and the women's championships of Southern California are held under the management of the association. In January of this year an inter-club team match was held on the links of the Pasadena Country Club, and was won by the team of the Los Angeles Country Club, the four representatives of Pasadena taking second place.

Golf has spread with great rapidity throughout California, and, though many people may have taken it up from an idea that it is the correct thing, the game will always be popular, especially in the Southern part of the State, where more people of leisure live than in the northern part, and where the large infusion of British and Eastern residents tends to foster a love of outdoor sports. Golf may be played in any part of Central or Southern California on any day in the year when a gale is not blowing or heavy rain falling. Occasionally the strong winds render golfing somewhat arduous, but the enthusiast



Photo by Arnold Genthe, S. F.

On the San Rafael Links

the Los Angeles and Pasadena Country Clubs, the Riverside Polo and Golf Club, and the Redlands, Santa Monica, and Pachappa golf clubs. The allied members are the Coronado, Santa Catalina, and Hemet golf clubs. The annual meetings

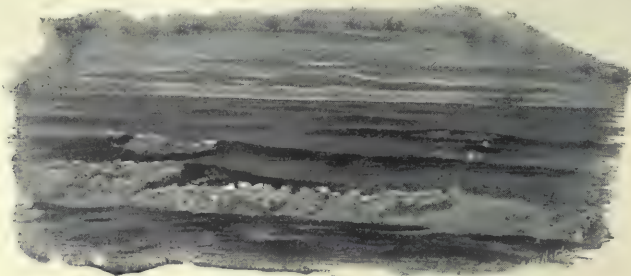
can play on about three hundred and fifty days in the year. Nor can the complaint be made that competent tuition is lacking; for Horace Rawlins, one of the professionals at Oakland, won the open championship of the United States in 1895;

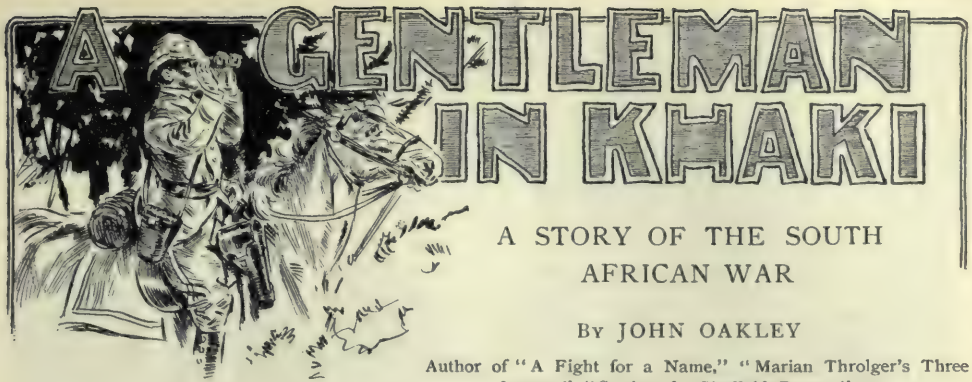
Willie Anderson, also at Oakland, was second in 1897; Alexander Smith, now at Coronado, was third in 1898, just beating Willie Anderson by one stroke; William Watson is at Pasadena; while David Stephenson and James Melville have proved themselves able to hold their own in open competition with Rawlins and Anderson. Among amateurs John Lawson, C. E. Maud, and C. E. Orr, all of whom hail from Great Britain, are hard to beat, and Walter Cosby and Conde Jones are skillful golfers of American birth. These five with E. R. Folger, H. B. Goodwin, and Hugh May, are probably the strongest eight amateurs in the State.

Several of the golf-courses of California are very picturesque, those at Santa Catalina, the Presidio, Redondo Beach, Santa Monica, and Santa Barbara commanding fine views of the Pacific Ocean, while the Oakland course looks down upon Lake Merritt and the Bay of San Francisco. The links of the San Rafael Golf Club and of the Pasadena Country Club are also situated in the midst of beautiful scenery.

A few words with regard to the social side of golf in California. As in other parts of the United States, the game has been almost exclusively taken up by the rich, and is consequently regarded by the "average American" with that air of tolerant and half-contemptuous amusement with which the sports and vagaries of his wealthy fellow countrymen are commonly viewed. The every-day American looks with good-humored unintelligence

upon the tartan caddie-bags, the queer clubs with strange names, the scarlet jackets, large-patterned knickerbockers, and gay stockings of the golfer. If he is that *rara avis in terris*, a genuine republican, he is inclined to regard with disfavor the caddie system, by which one freeborn American renders himself personally useful to another for hire—a thing that revolts the soul of your true-hearted democrat. He finds it hard not to smile when he sees stout gentlemen sweltering on a hot summer's day in California in garments of heavy homespun, which were intended to keep their wearers warm in an English November, or when he observes ladies no longer young or slim arrayed in showy plaids designed to relieve with a touch of brightness the gray hues of a Scotch landscape. He does not entirely understand why a thirst born of Californian heat must on no account be slaked except with liquor redolent of the peat-smoke of a Caledonian bog. Yet so far has the education of the wild Westerner progressed—in certain favored localities—that he can now look without dangerous emotion upon a "prominent citizen" disguised in a garb which half-a-dozen years ago would have caused the wearer to be followed on the streets at a disrespectful distance by a jeering crowd of vulgar little boys. Golf is thus becoming a factor in the education of the masses; it is teaching them toleration of the eccentric and unfamiliar, and is gradually instilling into them the good manners of the red Indian, who, when confronted with the noisy marvels of modern civilization, exhibits no trace of surprise.





CHAPTER I.

TWO FAIR COLONISTS.

WHEN the great surrender of 1881 saw the end—for the time being—of British dominion in the Transvaal, and occasioned among the Boers a severe attack of that uncouth disease—which Doctor my Lord Roberts is doing his best to cure—known on the London streets as “swelled head,” Piet Rieker formed one of a small number of Dutchmen who crossed the border, preferring to remain under the Union Jack rather than test the dubious virtues of the Vierkleur, the four-colored flag which the Triumvirate hoisted at Pretoria. They were not many, these emigrants from the new republic, and most of them had a strain of English blood in their veins. Piet Rieker had not only English blood from his mother, but had married an English wife, whose gentle patriotism it was as much as anything that stimulated the phlegmatic Dutch side of her husband’s being to follow humbly at the heels of his English blood. Besides which, Piet Rieker the elder, the father of our Piet, was born in the Cape Colony, and had lived there thirty years ere he trekked into the Transvaal and bought a vast stretch of rolling veldt some 2,500 morgen (5,000 acres), for £12 down and two yoke of oxen, so that the Union Jack was really the Rieker flag hereditarily, as well as by inclination. Piet crossed over into Natal with his wife and two tiny daughters and took up his residence in that triangle which, roughly

speaking, has its apex at Laing’s Nek, and its base on the banks of the Tugela.

Were I writing the story of the Riekers at any other time than this, I should doubtless have to say more about their home and its surroundings; but whatever the war has or has not done for us Englishmen, it has certainly taught us South African geography as we could never have learnt it in a century of schooling, and I do not doubt that my readers know quite as much about Northern Natal as they do about, let us say, the Derbyshire Moors, or Hampstead Heath, or the Lincolnshire Fens, or anywhere else. So that we need waste none of our time in description—which is a matter for thankfulness.

Grietje and Hilda were the two girls. Piet and his wife had come to a compromise as regards names, the eldest bearing a Dutch label, the younger the mother’s own name; and perhaps it was by reason of this, perhaps for other reasons, that Hilda was as the apple of the old man’s eye, while Grietje had to content herself with Saul’s diplomatic query, “What can he have more than the kingdom?” Grietje was only twelve years old when her sweet-faced English mother from the northern moors of Devonshire died, but she had stepped into the position of *hausvrouw* at once, and Piet on all things domestic and a good many more besides would have taken her advice against that of the whole Legislative Council in Maritzburg, the Governor included. Hilda, though she was but three years her sister’s junior, acknowledged her authority as if the difference had been nearer twenty-



three years, and everybody on the farm followed suit. The Kaffir "boys" thought more of Miss Grietje's tongue and feared it more even than Baas Rieker's whip-lash, while Piet himself said she was the best *hausvrouw* from Majuba to Durban—which, again, was perhaps the reason why all the lovers came for Hilda, while Grietje pursued the even tenor of her way undisturbed by the youthful god with the bow and arrows. They were both good-looking girls. Grietje's was a stately, sedate stamp of beauty, Hilda's the sweet, almost fairy-like, prettiness which had captivated Piet when he had made that one visit of his life to his mother's home in Devonshire five-and twenty years before. For the rest there was not much difference between them. They had both spent some years in one of the few ladies' schools in Maritzburg; they were both excellent housewives, for Grietje's superiority in this respect was purely the result of circumstances, and a good deal more apparent than real, while both could ride like Centaurs and shoot like Boers,—which is the highest praise in that particular line,—coupled President Kruger with Nero and Robespierre in their prayers, and dreamt of a coming red-letter day, when they would go "home" on a visit to see those Devonshire moors of which their mother had so often talked, and for which, in secret and silence, she had so fervently pined.

And they looked, too, with an almost ferocious longing to the time when somebody in a red coat would come jauntily up from Durban to "avenge Majuba." They were, in fact, more English than if they had no Dutch blood in their veins,—perhaps all the more because of that same Dutch blood. The old man laughed at them in his phlegmatic fashion, and had many friends and some relatives across the Transvaal border whom sometimes he went to see, who sometimes, on their way to the markets of Durban or Maritzburg, would call on him.

Of these latter was Oom Ficks, as the girls called him, and Cornelius, his son, a youth of six feet three, with promise of being in later years "as broad as he was long," as the saying has it. Cornelius came sometimes with his father, more

often without him, sometimes for the markets, more often, though on this he was discreetly silent, to catch a glimpse of Hilda's sweet face. Hilda would as soon have thought of falling in love with the statue of Sir Treophilus Shepstone in Maritzburg as with a Dutchman, and especially with a Transvaal Dutchman. But love is proverbially blind, and Cornelius went on hoping.

Oom Ficks had no very great idea of Hilda; but like everybody else he bowed down and worshiped Grietje, and thought his son a fool that he wanted the younger sister.

It was early in the June of 1899 that Cornelius brought matters to a head. He had ridden into Natal, a two-days' journey from his father's place, and reached Rieker's Farm late in the afternoon of the third day. Piet was seated by the door beneath the veranda which ran round three sides of the building. He nodded as the youth rode up.

"*Dag, Oom Piet,*" was Cornelius' salutation.

"*Dag, neef,*" came the reply cordially, though without enthusiasm as to one whose presence is more or less a matter of course.

Cornelius dismounted and handed his horse to one of the Kaffir "boys," then seated himself by Piet's side and began to converse on the crops and the weather.

At Rieker's Farm English is what one might term the official language, but all the inmates could speak with equal ease in the Transvaal Dutch, which, be it remarked, is not precisely the Dutch of Holland. Cornelius could speak English, too, but he never would if he could help it, and more than once Hilda had aroused his wrath by persistently replying in English to all his remarks in Dutch. Indeed, their conversation as often as not resembled one of those "Traveler's Guides to Foreign Language," which innocent but misguided tourists firmly believe will carry them in safety through all the trials of "a trip on the Continent."

When at last Cornelius managed to escape from the civilities of the old man, in order to go in search of Hilda,—for it was she he had really come to see,—he found her seated on the grass by the side

of the spruit which ran through the greater part of the farm and eventually joined the Tugela many miles farther on.

She was reading an English book, brought from Maritzburg at her father's last journey, and after preliminary formalities had passed she returned to her novel, apparently utterly oblivious of the youth at her side.

He did not seem at all put out by his frigid reception, and having disposed his cumbersome length as gracefully as he could some three feet distant from her, he lay lazily watching her for nearly a quarter of an hour.

"*Is het ook so droog big julle?*" he said at last.

"We haven't had any rain for six weeks," said Hilda composedly.

"Ja."

Then again a silence, which at last Cornelius, who was beginning to feel very nervous, broke with a sudden, almost frantic burst.

"*Weet je, Hilda, ik het jou regte lief, wil je met mij trouw?*"

"I wish you would talk to me in English, Mr. Ficks," said Hilda sedately, "and not in that Dutch gibberish."

"I am asking you to be a Dutchman's wife," said Cornelius, half sullenly, but in English, "and nothing but Dutch is spoken in my father's house."

"But I'm not in your father's house, and—"

Cornelius looked at her, but did not speak.

"And I am not going."

She sprang lightly from her seat and walked towards the house, Cornelius following her at a respectful distance. Half-way there they met Grietje, who shook hands a trifle coldly with the young Boer, but welcomed him with some cordiality nevertheless.

Emboldened perhaps by Grietje's presence, Cornelius stepped between the two girls and began to talk in Dutch, Grietje answering him in the same language, Hilda now and again interspersing a sarcastic comment in English.

As they approached the veranda, beneath which Piet was still sitting, the eternal pipe between his lips, Hilda uttered an exclamation, and the others

following the direction of her hand saw a horseman advancing somewhat slowly towards the house as if not very sure of his whereabouts.

It was about four or five minutes ere he reached them, and when he saw them in the cool shadow of the veranda he drew rein suddenly.

"Can you tell me—" he asked in tones that were evidently English—the English that is of England, "can you tell me which is the house of Mr. Piet Rieker. I was directed to somewhere about here—"

"And rightly directed," said Piet, rising from his seat and knocking the ashes from his pipe on the veranda rail. "This is Piet Rieker's house, and I am the man."

The new-comer dismounted slowly, and running his arm through his horse's bridle took a letter from a small leathern case, which he extracted from the inner pocket of his coat.

"My name is Curtis," he said. "I come from Stenmoor, in Devonshire."

A flutter of excitement seized the two girls, while even the phlegmatic Piet felt a sudden thrill. Stenmoor was the little lonely Devonshire village in which a quarter of a century before he had found his pretty English wife.

"I have a letter here," went on Curtis, "from Mrs. Penniefold. I think she was—"

"She was my wife's sister, sir," said Piet half-sadly, as he thrust the missive into his pocket, and whistled one of the "boys" to take the visitor's horse.

The new-comer was tall and straight, with a pair of laughing eyes of Saxon blue, and the firm, strong face of an athletic, well-bred Englishman, a soldier evidently, or one that had had a soldier's training.

"We are in camp at Ladysmith," Curtis said, as they were sitting over the evening meal, served by favor of Grietje in the English, and not in the Dutch, style; "and I have a week's leave of absence—"

"Which you can spend here, I hope?" said Piet.

"Well, I don't—"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Curtis," said Hilda. "You come from Devonshire—our Devonshire, which we have seen only in our dreams."

"Well," responded Curtis with a laugh,

"you are very good, and South Africa is all so new to me yet. I'm afraid though that if you want me to be a walking guide to Devonshire you'll find me something of a fraud. And I've promised, too, to write Mrs. Penniefold a full, true, and particular account of her two nieces and their surroundings."

"Then that should settle it, Mr. Curtis," said Grietje sedately. "You could not do us justice on a five-minutes' acquaintance."

"Oh, believe me, in accepting your invitation the enjoyment will be all on my side."

And Cornelius noticed with a sudden thrill of rage that the Englishman's eyes rested as he spoke on Hilda's laughing face.

The Boer, with a frantic effort to avert the visitor's attention, joined suddenly in the conversation, asking: "*A rooibaatje*—eh?"

"Yes, sir," replied Curtis. "I've been told that is one of your Dutch names for us. I am a soldier,—a captain, to put it exactly,—in the Loamshires, who are in camp at Ladysmith."

"Mr. Ficks is a Transvaal Boer," said Hilda wickedly. "To him a rooinek is anathema."

Curtis laughed genially.

"Mr. Ficks and I are not going to quarrel over it," he said. "Every man is entitled to his own opinion."

Cornelius opened his mouth as if about to reply, but apparently thought better of it and closed it again. Old Piet directed the talk into a new channel.

"Are you any relative of Mrs. Penniefold?" he asked.

"Not by blood," said the young man, "though I owe a good deal to her,—perhaps my life. My mother died, you know, when I was born, and I was handed over to Mrs. Penniefold to bring up. She is one of my brother's tenants, or rather her husband is, at Stenmoor."

"Oh, then you are the son of Sir Francis Curtis. Our dear mother used to speak of him," said Grietje.

"Yes; but he is, alas! dead, and my brother is Sir Francis now. I am Reginald, the second son."

"I thought you might have been cousins," said Hilda, half regretfully.

"Well, we may call ourselves foster cousins," said Reginald, with a quick smile, adding: "When I told Pennie—I have called her by that name since I was no higher than this table—that my regiment was ordered to Natal, she told me all about you, and ordered me, quite for my own good, to make your acquaintance. I think she thought you would show me all the ropes, as we say, you know, and all that. Pennie looks upon me as quite her own boy. Your cousins are all girls, you know."

"Oh, yes—our cousins," said Hilda. "You must tell us about them."

There was no idea of social inferiority in the minds of Reginald Curtis' hosts. Had they been in England they would have been the farmers, the tenants; he would have been a Curtis of Stenmoor,—good friends perhaps, but certainly not equals. But it evidently never entered the heads of the Rieker girls to remember that there was such a thing as class or caste, and to Reginald this only added more to the piquancy of the meeting. And he was forced to admit, too, that in no circle in the old country could he have found two prettier, or more ladylike girls than these two inhabitants of the Anglo-Dutch homestead in Natal.

CHAPTER II.

A GREAT CONSPIRACY.

"What time was Commandant-General Joubert to be here?" asked Hausman, the German.

"At noon," replied Oom Ficks.

"Is the Predikant accompanying him?"

"No. Oom Paul comes by himself."

"But he will be here the same time, I suppose."

"Ja."

Hausman returned to his map, which he was engaged in decorating with white and black pins, as if working out the route of a new railway.

He looked up, and nodded carelessly to a big bearded man, with a strong, virile face and deep-set dark eyes, who had entered.

"Dag, Joubert," was his unceremonious salutation.

"Dag, Hausman."

"Have you decided on the time yet?"

"That is what I came to see you about. The first week in October, Paul thinks."

"*Ja*? I must go over the ground myself before I give an opinion. I must see for myself. But that gives us nearly four months. Will Paul Kruger be ready?"

"Yes. There are guns and ammunition on order, but they should be here by the end of September, so Leyds has promised. Then, once we have those we can begin. But here is the Predikant to answer for himself."

The German rose from his seat as the President entered, and handed the lumbering, shrewd-looking old man a chair.

"*Dag, Oom Paul*," he said, in the simple fashion of the country.

"*Dag, Neef Piet. Dag, Neef Franz.* Is all well?"

"*Ja.*"

The President nodded slowly, and, drawing his pipe from his pocket, filled it and lit it.

"All is ready?" asked Hausman.

"All," said the President, shortly.

"You have made it right with Steyn? The Orange Free State will join?"

"*Ja.*"

"And the Cape Dutch—are they safe?"

"*Ja.*"

"And armed?"

"*Ja.*"

"That, then, is good. They must join Cronje's force in the west, and when they have seized the diamond mines of Kimberley, must march on to Capetown, getting recruits as they go."

The speaker was Joubert. Hausman shrugged his shoulders, but said nothing. His faith in the Cape Dutch was not of the deepest.

"And in Natal?" asked the President.

"We must be there before the British know," broke in Hausman. "Newcastle, Dundee, Glencoe, Ladysmith, and Colenso, all must be ours within the month. It will take them a month to send out re-enforcements from England. Then the Tugela must be your new boundary that will give you Zululand and a big coast-line, with St. Lucia Bay for a harbor."

"Why not all Natal?" asked the President. "Why stop at the Tugela?"

"Why not all Natal?" repeated Hausman. "Because that would mean you

would have to fight for a hundred years. If the Little Englanders can get going—as they say over there—the British may not object to giving you the slice of country north of the Tugela, because already its population is best part Dutch, and what is n't Dutch is black nigger. I wish Gladstone were alive. But instead of him you've got Chamberlain."

The two Boers solemnly removed their pipes from their mouths, and with equal solemnity spat in unison on the mud floor.

"Yes; you've got Chamberlain," the German went on, choking an almost hysterical desire to laugh; "but over there even Chamberlain is not all-powerful. If the people of the chapels gird at him he will fall. England is ruled by the chapels. But if the chapels say it is a holy war, it will go on to the bitter end."

Then spoke the President, and in his words Englishmen may see a quaint picture of themselves: "I know these rooineks," he said. "Did I not visit their accursed land, where they are as thick as ants on an ant-hill? But they are far, far away—twenty days' journey. They do not cry out that blood is spilt. They pay men to fight, and the blood that shall water South Africa is the blood of purchased slaves. Is it not so, Neef Piet?"

"*Ja—it is so.*"

"It is at the pockets of these people you must aim. If they say, 'Behold the Boers are on the banks of the Tugela, and it will cost a hundred millions [of their pounds] to move them!' they will groan and cry for peace, and their Ministers will be glad to make the terms they can. We will say, 'We will give you back the half of Natal and keep all the land that lieth to the north of the river'; and they will agree. They have done it before. Therefore must the whole of Natal be ours, that we may keep a portion of it."

"*Ja—that is wisdom,*" said Joubert.

"And you, Neef Franz?"

"I think, Oom Paul, that it may be as you say. And what of the Cape?"

"We can give them back the Cape, save the diamond fields, which belong of right to the Free State."

The German nodded.

"It is a good plan," he said, "and may succeed if you can win some battles at the beginning. You will offer them their own

as the payment for what you take. It is very good."

"And then," went on the President, "in five years, ten, twenty, when the time is ripe, we can move again, and bit by bit the land shall be ours, until, in the fullness of God's own time, the Vierkleur shall float over all the country from the Zambesi to Simon's Bay."

Hausman looked at the old man with kindling admiration. Here was no fanatic ignorance, no belief that at one blow the rooineks could be swept into the sea, but a deep-laid policy which would not reach its full fruition until they themselves had been many years in the grave.

"And it may fall out even so," he murmured, as, an hour later, he closed the door behind the retreating forms of the two Boers. "The English are a curious people, full of odd whims and queer moods. It might be that out of very admiration for this little brave people they will give the land that Kruger wants and stop the war. It may be that he is right about their pockets. The hundred millions might stagger them. Yes, there is good in it. The Kimberley diamond fields for the Free State, and Zululand for the Transvaal. But then, suppose England does not see eye to eye with Oom Paul, suppose Gladstonism is really dead, suppose Chamberlain has his way through all—Chamberlain and Rhodes,—ah, well, the Union Jack will go up at Pretoria—and I'm glad on the whole I stood out for payment in advance."

CHAPTER III.

A JOURNEY THROUGH NATAL.

Oom Ficks was Veld-Cornet of his district, and on him fell the burden, the not very onerous burden, of administering one of the divisions lying nearest the Natal border. It was not a populous district, and his commando of burghers—this was on the military side of his strange jumble of magisterial duties—did not number four grown men to the square mile. But he was an important man, nevertheless, because it was through his district that the Boers would pour into Natal when at length the native-born Afrikaner rose

throughout the length and breadth of South Africa to drive the rooineks into the sea and to possess the land. That such a time would come Oom Ficks felt sure—not yet perhaps, but in the good time when God and Paulus Kruger should have made all ready. The plan of campaign was settled, had been settled for years, and Oom Ficks knew exactly where he and his commando would have to take their places, and the route by which they would have to march, first to Maritzburg and then to Durban. It was all mapped out on the chart that clever German, of whom Joubert thought so much, had made right under the noses of the innocent, thick-headed rooineks. The Dutchmen in Natal would rise and join them, and the English would be chained together in fours and marched to Pretoria, where they would join the convicts and the Kaffir "boys" in doing the hard work of the mines and the farms. He had even gone so far as to sound his old friend Rieker, but the reply had not been propitious, and he had let it alone, thinking he could perhaps get some sort of warning conveyed to his friends, and thus aid them to escape ere the storm broke.

When Cornelius returned from his unsuccessful love expedition into Natal, recorded in a former chapter, he found his father deep in conversation with a man whose spruce appearance and European sharpness of speech told plainly that he was no Boer.

"*Kom binnen*," said the old man, as his son hesitated by the door.

The other man nodded.

"Your son?" he said. "He of whom you told me?"

"Ja—a."

"Ha! I am told, young sir, that you know something of artillery, that you can work a big gun?"

"Ja," replied Cornelius simply, wondering what this might mean.

"I am Franz Hausman. I have been appointed commander of the artillery of the Transvaal, and I am now going over the ground we shall have to traverse in Natal. I want a guide—I must see the place myself, every kopje, every spruit, everything,—and Joubert sent me here. He said that in you I should find the guide

I wanted, and one who was enough of a soldier to have a good eye for likely spots."

"Ja."

"When can you go?"

"I have but just come from Natal," said Cornelius. "I can be ready to return thither in an hour."

"Good."

And the man returned to his papers.

A couple of nights later the pair were lying wrapped in their blankets under the shelter of a jutting crag at the foot of one of the heights overlooking Ladysmith. All was dark as pitch around them, except in the valley to the left, where lay the town and camp, and where only the lights which shone fitfully, now here, now there, showed that men were living.

"What think you, Neef Cornelius?" said the German. "Here will be the last stand of the rooineks, here or by the river."

"Ja; here, I think."

"Why?" with a rising inflection on the word.

"Because here they have much store and ammunition."

"They may remove them."

"Yes, if the storm do not break suddenly."

"Ay, that is what I told Joubert. It must break suddenly—in a night. If they have but a week of warning we shall be lost. He must be in Natal ere the British know there is war."

"Ja."

"That is why I am here. Four days hence I meet Joubert at Pretoria, and it is for us then to settle finally the day. I would say neither yea nor nay until I had seen for myself."

"And Oom Paul—"

"This is not his work—it is for the soldier to fix the time, for the statesman to make ready. Paul Kruger has made ready—"

"Ja?"

"He is a great man," said the German. "That man Chamberlain—"

Cornelius turned over, and spat on the ground.

"And Rhodes—"

Cornelius repeated his previous performance.

"They are but tools in his hand—children."

"Ja."

"He has made all ready—the burghers from the Transvaal, and the burghers of the Free State, eight thousand Dutch in Natal, and forty thousand in the Cape. Yes; and he has ready the arms and the ammunition, and the horses, and the food, and the money. It has been a long and heavy task for him, ever since the rooineks scuttled at Majuba—but the waiting is over now."

"Ja. And these rooineks—a poor lot, eh?"

The German laughed.

"You Boers amuse me," he said, frankly. "If you were nearer England than you are, you would not dare speak. My own fatherland is the greatest and most powerful nation in the world, and we do not fear even the English, but peace with them, even in our eyes, is better than war. You are a long, long way off, but that would not save you. If you killed every rooinek from Zambesi to the Cape, they would come here in ships, thousands upon thousands of them, to revenge their slain. You might beat them again, and next year they would come—larger ships, more men, bigger guns—and they would keep on coming, for though England often enough is beaten, she is never so beaten that she cannot try again. Ja, you will have a hard fight."

Cornelius was silent. He was not one of the utterly unlettered Boers, and in his heart of hearts he knew the German spoke the truth.

"But the English have many fools—they call them 'Little Englanders,'—and these people will stay Chamberlain's hand. Ja, I know these people. They are not afraid. But to them war is wickedness, and they would sooner lose South Africa than go to war. I think if we can beat the rooineks once or twice again as you did at Majuba Hill, they will make peace with you, and then in a short time you can try again and again, until the Vierkleur is the flag of all South Africa."

"Ja. But why, if you are not sure of the issue, have you come out here to fight?"

"It is my trade to fight, and I fight for pay," said the German, laconically. "But I am not a fool, and I know the English. *Ja*—that is so."

And he disposed himself to sleep, leaving Cornelius perturbed and wakeful.

CHAPTER IV.

THE GERMAN'S FOOLISHNESS.

It was on that journey that they came to Rieker's farm, and Hausman first set eyes on Grietje, a small matter, but one which was to have a curious effect on the after-history of many people. Cornelius brought him to the farm just at the close of the third day of their journey, and both were cordially enough welcomed after the hospitable fashion of that land. Hausman quickly made himself at home, and even became friendly with Curtis, though Cornelius, albeit he had to maintain some semblance of outward civility, could not bring himself to throw any warmth into his greetings of the rooinek—not so much because Curtis was one of the hated British as because, to Cornelius's jaundiced vision, he looked on Hilda with the eye of love, and the girl shyly returned his glances. Not that Reginald had spoken to the girl of love, or was even aware that he was in love; but the eyes of jealousy are sharp, and Cornelius read ominous signs in many things which to ordinary individuals would have appeared the merest trifles.

Hausman, the German, saw nothing of all this, having himself a good-sized row to hoe. In occasional conversational fragments he had learnt that both the girls were intensely British, Grietje none the less because she was not so outspoken as her sister. And Hausman had been fool enough to fall in love with Grietje. He had wandered about the world for seven-and-thirty years, leading a hard, buccaneering sort of a life, meeting many people and trusting few, meeting many women and trusting none. And now he had met his fate in a lonely African farm, in the person of a sedate little Anglo-Dutch colonist.

And it was quite useless to swear at him-

self and talk of cure. Love is like typhoid in that it takes up its residence where it will, and no man may say it nay; but it is unlike typhoid in that no doctor has yet discovered a certain antidote. The doctor who does lay hands on that puissant drug will make a fortune beyond the dreams of avarice. There are times when even Love is an awful nuisance.

So the German was bitterly perturbed in spirit.

"The girl or the gold?" he muttered—the two days' visit had extended to five—as he paced the short turf which extended for some distance from the house towards Rieker's Spruit. "The girl or the gold? Let's put it fair. Here I am thirty-seven, soldier of fortune, man of no country almost, and these Boers offer me a thousand marks a month to train their gunners and fifteen hundred while fighting is going on. They're bound to be beaten if Chamberlain can keep what they call the 'Little England gang' down. But that matters not to me. I shall get my pay, and I shall save, say, ten thousand marks, or fifteen thousand, if I am lucky. Good! And I may be killed, which is but the fortune of war, after all. Then I should lose both the girl and the gold. I'm afraid you are a fool, Franz Hausman."

He picked up a handful of stones and flung them one by one into the water.

"I'm a fool the other way, too. What have I to do with love? I am thirty-seven, and I have fought in four wars, two of 'em here in South Africa against the English. They're fools mostly, but they always win in the end. What is the use of trying to cut down the forest giant with a penknife? But whether they lose or whether they win, I get my money. That is so. And then, would the girl have me? I am thirty-seven; she is perhaps not twenty yet. Would she have me?"

He began anew to bombard the spruit with its own pebbles.

"I might ask her," he muttered. "But that is the question—the girl or the gold—love or war? Why not the girl and the gold—why not love and war? But no; I must give up the gold if I get the girl. She is too English."

A new voice broke in on his meditations,

and wheeling round he saw Curtis standing a yard or two away.

"You are in a studious mood, Colonel," Reginald said laughingly.

"Ay," replied the German. "I am working out a difficult problem."

"In mathematics?"

"Ay. I am trying to make two and two make four and a half, and a deuce of a job it is, too. But if you are for walking, Captain Curtis, and have no objection to a companion, I am with you."

And the two strolled off together.

CHAPTER V.

A JEALOUS LOVER.

They had gone about a quarter of a mile when a Kaffir "boy" came running after them with a message from Piet Rieker to the German.

"Where is he?" asked Hausman.

"Over there, baas," replied the Kaffir, pointing to a rocky kopje about a couple of hundred yards away.

"I'll rejoin you soon, Curtis," he said, and Reginald went walking on alone, thinking of many things, Hilda amongst them.

All at once his meditations were interrupted, and his sweet imaginings dissipated to the four winds by a strained raucous voice.

"Stand!"

Reginald glanced up hastily, to see Cornelius Ficks, with folded arms and lowering face, direct in his pathway. At first he felt minded to knock the young Dutchman down, but the angry fit passed in a moment, giving place to something akin to amusement.

"Good-morning, Mr. Ficks," he said, smilingly.

Cornelius slowly drew from his belt a revolver which generally reposed there hidden from sight by the short though voluminous skirt of his jacket, and then placed both hands behind him.

"I said 'Good-morning,' Mr. Ficks," repeated Reginald, half-regretting that he had allowed his second thoughts to overmaster his first impulse.

"I am going to shoot you, *verdommed rooinek*," said Cornelius slowly, still without obvious traces of excitement, save for

the somber brilliance of his wild and bloodshot eyes.

"I am very much obliged to you, I am sure," said Reginald smiling, though he kept a careful watch on the young Dutchman, ready to spring at his throat at the first sign of attack. "I've been told it is usual with the Boers to take an enemy unawares. Shooting an unarmed man comes naturally to you, I dare say."

"The men on Majuba were not unarmed," replied Cornelius, for the first time quickening his mode of speech.

"No? Well, I was not there, as it happened," said Reginald, careful to display no sign of annoyance at the gibe, though the very mention of the name hurt as it hurts all soldiers.

"This is your Majuba," said Cornelius to Reginald, with quite unexpected wit.

"Oh!"

"Unless," added Cornelius, reverting again to his former measured monotone—"unless you will swear here and now that Hilda Rieker is nothing to you, and never shall be anything."

Reginald hesitated perceptibly. He had not quite succeeded in analyzing completely his real sentiments towards the pretty Colonist. But Cornelius gave him no opportunity to reply.

"She is mine," he broke in, speaking with harsh, rapid utterance. "She was mine long before you came here with your swagger and airs to turn her head and steal her heart from me. Before she shall marry a verdommed coward of a rooinek I will kill you and her too, I will—"

Just then, with all a Boer's natural "slimness," when it comes to a fight and the use of a gun, he stepped suddenly back a few paces and leveled his weapon at Reginald.

"Swear!" he cried. "Swear or—"

At this moment there was a sharp report and a puff of smoke from a clump of bushes some forty yards away on the left, and simultaneously as it seemed the Boer's revolver was plucked from his grasp and hurled several yards away into the scrub. The next moment Hausman, the German, came running towards them, covering the young Dutchman with his revolver.

"What the devil's the game?" he cried, as he came running up.

"Your friend, Mr. Ficks, has gone sud-

denly insane," drawled Reginald. "I would advise ice to the head and a dose of cooling medicine. The sun is evidently too much for him, or—unless he's been drinking."

The German turned to Cornelius.

"Well?" he said sternly.

"This man and I are foes," said the young Boer gloomily. "Why did you interrupt us?"

"Foes, are you? Then for God's sake fight him like a gentleman, and not like a verdommed Kaffir. Here, Curtis, you can have my revolver."

"Thank you; but really I have no cause of quarrel with the—er—gentleman," drawled Reginald.

"My turn will come ere long, verdommed rooinek," hissed Cornelius. "There will be another Majuba some day."

The German glanced hastily at the Boer, half-fearing he was going to blurt out something about the Great Plot.

"As I am not an assassin, you have the advantage of me," said Reginald, in the same drawling tone. "But I understand murder is quite a part of the national religion of the Transvaal."

"We shall see—we shall meet again," said Cornelius, kneeling down and groping about in the long grass for his revolver.

"I hope so," said Reginald, genially. "I certainly hope we shall meet again—at supper, for which, by the way, if we do not hasten, we shall be late."

And taking the German's arm, he turned towards the house, resuming their former conversation at the point whereat it had been broken off by the Kaffir boy's message, displaying a tranquillity which excited the German's admiration, although he did not himself get very easily flurried.

Nor when with a word or two of apology they joined the waiting supper-table was there any sign in his manner of the experience he had gone through.

But outside Cornelius was striding up and down, black and bitter wrath in his heart, his hands clenched fast one in the other.

"O God, if there be a God," he was crying, "let that man and me meet in the day of battle—him and me alone—away from the eyes of men!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WORK—DON'T SHIRK

Work—don't shirk!

This world's the place for work.

Look where you will,

On flowering mead, on singing rill,

Naught idle stands—

Growing to perfect grace,

Hasting to fill its place.

No room on earth for idle hands!

Harriet Winthrop Waring.

AT THE DROPPING-OFF PLACE

By WILLIAM McLEOD RAINE

IN THE cabin situated on Lot 10, Block E, Water Street, Eagle City, Alaska, four men were striving to wear away the torment-laden, sleepless Yukon night. It was twelve o'clock by the Waterbury watch which hung on the wall, but save for a slight murkiness there was no sign of darkness. The mosquitoes hummed with a fiendish pertinacity that effectually precluded sleep. The thermometer registered one hundred degrees of torture. A thick smoke from four pipes and a smudge-fire hung cloudlike over the room, but entirely failed to disturb the countless pests.

The torture of the hour fell heavily on the four outcasts, and they writhed with silent curses and futile nausea of the soul. One of them lay on the floor, rolled in his blankets, damning the mosquitoes, the country, his luck,—anything that he could lay a name to. The poor living, the heat, lack of sleep, and the endless sunshine had worn his nerves to the danger-point. He was in that condition in which the merest word of his best friend would drive him into a rage. By birth he was an Englishman, though the uncivilized ends of the earth had long claimed him for their own. He had been a soldier of the Queen in India and a beachcomber in the South Sea islands. He had mined at Ballarat and at Cripple Creek. The music-halls of London and the Chinese Quarter in San Francisco were alike familiar to him. To-night the memories of the past were torturing him, and he felt impelled to cry out like a whipped boy.

Another man was sitting on his bunk patching his nether garments, whistling softly to himself the while. He wore a jumper made from a flour-sack with the lettering "EXCELSIOR XXX" stretched across his breast, like a baseball player. The rest of his costume was, for the present, meager; it consisted of a frown.

Just outside the hut, leaning over a camp-stove, was a third man, Grover by name. Between two frying-pans, thrust into the coals, he was cooking sour-dough bread.

The fourth man was writing to his wife back in the States.

Judged by ordinary standards, they were a disreputable lot—dirty, unshaven, unkempt. Among them was only one respectable article of wearing apparel—a mackinaw coat, owned by the man writing home, who in consequence had been dubbed by the Englishman, "the swagger swell." In point of fact the coat served as a dress-suit for any of the men in their occasional trips to Dawson. If the rest of their clothing was hopelessly nondescript and ragged, at least they had the consolation of knowing they were no worse than their neighbors. Yet one of them—the one patching his mackinaw trousers—was in all probability a millionaire. A year before he had been a railroad navvy. And the cook was a graduate of one of the greatest of American colleges. He was a clever cook, too, which was much more to the point. When one is reduced to bacon, beans, and flour, the *cuisine* possibilities are limited; but Grover was a man of imagination, and could produce a greater variety than any man in Eagle City. His cooking would have reduced a woman to despair.

The writer finished his letter and read it over. It was a bright, cheery letter, filled with love and hopes for better times after he should make his strike. He touched with characteristic American humor on the life he was leading, and described his companions with genuine dramatic ability. The letter gave no hint of soul-weariness.

"Finished your letter, Wood?"

"Yes. Been writing her we have a blamed good time. Been writing lies to keep her from worrying."

The man on the floor rolled over with a groan.

"What's the matter, Jones?"

"Matter?" he shouted. "Matter? What ain't the matter? I'm wondering why I was such a fool as to come to this God-forsaken country. If I stay here much longer I'll kill somebody,—myself or one of you!"

Grover, seating himself in the open doorway, took in the bloodshot, sleepless eyes and the haggard appearance of the man, and mentally agreed that he was traveling fast in that direction. There was a look in his eyes that might have been the beginning of madness.

"In another month we shall be past the worst of it. I don't believe the mosquitoes are as bad as they were last week," said Grover soothingly.

Jones felt that the other was treating him as he would a sick child, and resented it with unspoken rage and grinding teeth.

"When the first steamers break through the ice the mosquitoes—"

Jones sprang to his feet in a sullen fury, his eyes blazing. The longing for a fight was on him, but the pretext was lacking. Before he could speak, Wood interrupted. The sickness for home was eating his heart and had to break through, now that the floodgates of speech were opened.

"Jones is right," he said. "The Lord made the rest of the earth, and when he got through he had some rocks left and piled them here, hit or miss, because he thought folks had sense enough to stay away from here. It's no white man's country."

"It's a frozen fact that I have n't slept a wink for three nights," cried Jones. "Half the year it is the eternal cold, and the other half it is infernal heat and mosquitoes."

Grover shrugged his shoulders and began to hum "The Star-spangled Banner." His selection appeared to be unfortunate.

"Drop it!" cried Wood. "Do the people in hell sing about heaven?" Then he continued a little shamefacedly, "It is all very well for you Grover; but I've got a wife and two little kids down in God's country. If you've got to sing, sing something else. You make me homesick."

"Well, I'm a little that way myself," remarked the millionaire, holding his trousers out before him and viewing the artistic patch critically, his head slewed round a little to one side. "But I never knew you to kick before, and thought you did n't mind it, Wood."

"Did you?" cried the other bitterly.

"Well, I do. A man may be sick without shouting about it all the time. And I'm sick—damn sick. I have n't sat down once in the last six weeks to these soggy beans and sour bread without thinking what a fool I was to come. Good Lord!" he groaned, "I might have been sleeping in a bed to-night—a bed with springs and a soft mattress; nothing to do but reach out my hand to touch my wife, and the kids in a crib not three feet away from me. I might have got up to-morrow morning and eaten eggs for breakfast and beefsteak that your teeth sink into. I might have had strawberries and cream from my own ranch. But the best was n't good enough for me. O no! I wanted the earth, hooped round with a barb-wire fence or handed me on a silver platter. Think of it, men! Down in the States they are eating peas and beans—fresh beans, not this moldy mess—and cabbages and corn, and strawberries and watermelons—no, watermelons are n't ripe yet, but bottled beer is on tap all the year round."

"You two fellows had better run down to the States for the summer. The magnate and I will stay and look after things," said Grover gravely.

"That's right. I've been roughing it twenty years and don't mind it much," acquiesced the millionaire tailor.

"I'm no more a *chechocho* than you fellows," Jones responded. "I've worked as long hours and risked as much and lived as hard. I've worked all winter underground and asked no odds of anybody. You have never heard me squealing for the windlass end, I reckon. But I'm sick of it. By God! if it were not for my mother I'd —"

He set his teeth with a click and an expression on his face that was not good to see. It was as if the veil had been lifted and his soul stood naked for a moment.

"You're all right, Jones. But you two fellows have a touch of fever. There really is n't any reason why you should n't go home for the summer," continued Grover, noting the look which had swept over the face of the other man when he let the bars down. A man does not look like that unless he has thought of *harkari*.

"You make me weary," cried Wood. "I'm not going home till I make a strike, if I stay till I rot."

"I'll tell you where I wish I was," said the Englishman, harping on. "I wish I was in 'Frisco. I'd have a new rig-out, swell as they make 'em,—patent-leather shoes, ice-cream pants, gaudy necktie, and a billycock to top off with. My word! then I'd get a girl! You bet she would be a high-flyer, and we would go together to a feed-shop—best in town. It would n't be beans and bacon I'd order. I'd have oyster stew and hot tamales to start the show, then go down the line and finish off with champagne fizz—in buckets, mind you. Then we would go down to the Cliff House and listen to the bands play, and see the what-d 'ye-call-'em-scopes that shows moving pictures. There'd likely be thousands of people moving about and electric lights galore. Gad! but we'd have a boat and sail out on the bloomin' Pacific while the band played 'Mandalay' and 'Tommy Atkins'!" and Jones broke into boisterous song:—

Bloomin' idol made o' mud—
What they called the Great Gawd Budd—
Plucky lot she cared for idols when I
Kissed her where she stud!
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the old flotilla lay,—

Then as if there were no break in the song:—

But that's all shore be'ind me—long ago an'
fur away,
An' there ain't no 'buses runnin' from the
Bank to Mandalay.

"I used to be a 'Tommy' myself, ye know. It would be a balmy, velvet time I'd have. I'd paint the town red P. D. Q. My word!" He ended with a long-drawn sigh and fell into ecstatic reverie, and Wood took up the burden of speech:—

"I believe you. Guess we'd all blow ourselves one way or another. I'd stop at Seattle and go round to some bank and cash up my chips. Then I'd clean out some toy-shop for the kids and get my wife the best dress I could find. After that I'd charter a special boat and go across the lake—Lake Washington, you know—to my ranch. I reckon they'd never quit hugging me, those blame little kids." And

the man drew a deep breath that was more than half a sob. "Gee! but I'd like to see little old, hilly Seattle again, with its dirty water-front and its six-month rains! But what's the use of talking? D'ye s'pose Dives enjoyed seeing Lazarus in Abraham's bosom?" concluded Wood, lapsing into silence and holding himself in tightly.

All this proved too much for the millionaire, and he now took up the strain. "I'll take Denver in mine," said he, waving his nether garment excitedly. "I've railroaded and mined there twenty years, and it's the best State there is. You can't tell the truth about it without lying. There's a saloon on Arapahoe Street that used to be my headquarters. I know all the boys about town, and I guess I would be strictly in it. You can get more fun for your money in Denver than in any town I know. I'd go up to the First National Bank, just as I am in these duds —"

"Then you'd be arrested," broke in Grover; "for —"

"Shut up! You know what I mean. I'd wear this same old mackinaw suit. I'd tell the cashier I wanted to deposit some money, and he'd say 'How much?' Then I'd say, kinder casual like, 'Well, I have n't counted it—about a million, I guess—or maybe two. It's down at the express-office. You'll need several teams to get it up.' He'd size up my duds and think I was crazy, or maybe only drunk. About that time I'd hand out the express receipt, and if that did n't paralyze him it would be because he was lightning-proof. I think I see him wilt."

"What would you do, Grover?" asked Wood.

"Take a Turkish bath first thing; next have some clothes made by a decent tailor. Then I would run on to my class reunion at old Yale. After that —"

The figure of a man blocked the doorway—a man in new brown boots laced up his legs, new mackinaw suit, new broad hat, in fact a brand new man just off the St. Michaels boat. Not a tear or a rip about him—*chechocho* written all over him from head to foot.

"Good evening, or perhaps I'd better say, 'Good-night,'" he began jauntily.

"I just came up from St. Michaels. Our boat is stuck on a sand-bar five miles down, so I and another fellow rowed up."

"The deuce you did!"

Imagine Livingstone when Stanley first showed on the horizon, and you have some conception of what it meant to these outcasts to see a face fresh from civilization. For seven months they had been cut off from news of the outside world, and here was a man fresh from the States, as if sent especially by Providence to enlighten them.

They began promptly, forgetting everything around them and asking a thousand questions about the war, about politics, about crops,—anything and everything they could think of. Then they made him sing the latest songs over and over until they had caught the air and learned the words. He promised them some old magazines he had on board. They had been restricted to a tattered copy of the Bible and a fragment of "The Origin of Species" for twelve months, so they naturally hailed him as a public benefactor. They made him talk—talk—talk! At first he enjoyed it; then it bored him; finally he rebelled.

"Say, have you fellows got anything to eat?" he asked. "There's nothing worth eating on the boat—nothing but canned goods and truck. You don't know what hardship is until you take the St. Michaels River trip."

"I presume that's so," said Grover, never twitching a muscle. "Well, you are through that hardship now, thank Heaven! You shall have a good square meal to start with—the best we have got."

They put it before him. He looked in pained surprise at the musty beans, the soggy bread, the fat bacon, and then asked for coffee.

"Have n't had any for two months," said Jones.

"Tea, then."

Grover shook his head. "Not in stock."

"But is this what you eat every day?"

"Yes. I thought it would be a pleasant change for you from the canned stuff on the boat."

"I don't believe I'm hungry after all," he said at last.

They shouted with laughter and stamped up and down and slapped each other's backs in an ecstasy of joy till the tears rolled down their cheeks. They had had their revenge. They, who had endured the horrors of the trail, the dangers of the river with its cañons and its rapids, the hardship of a Klondike winter in the frozen North, with its stampedes over snow-clad mountains, its arduous work in the frozen ground, and its poor food and wretched shelter,—they, who had risked death from drowning, from fever, from starvation, from freezing,—they had been told by a dapper young clerk from the States, with the creases not yet out of his trousers, that they did not know what hardship was! It was too good!

The newcomer interrupted their laughter to make inquiries as to how far Ladue's claim was from Dawson.

"I mean to stake out one near his," he said. "It stands to reason that some of those around must be as rich as his."

His profound penetration sent Jones off in another shout of laughter. Grover explained that every river claim within fifty miles of Ladue's had been staked long ago.

"That can't be! The company told me there were plenty to be had."

"Of course the steamboat company told you that. These companies are the biggest liars on the face of this frozen earth. We tell you that there are n't any to be had near his."

"It may be to your interest to tell me that," he said stiffly.

"All right, my son. No teacher like experience. Better go and see. You'll be a wiser man in a couple of weeks. My word!" And Jones flung himself on his bunk, threw out his arms and legs, and kicked in a frenzy of appreciation of what was before the new-comer.

At this moment a whistle blew, and the inhabitants of Eagle City adjourned *en masse* to the banks of the Yukon; for an echo of this wicked but delightful world was coming up the river to meet them in the form of a shallow river flatboat.

THE SALE OF SOOY YET

THE STORY OF A MODERN DELILAH

BY MARGUERITE STABLER

THE See Yups were the strongest tong on the Coast, and Man Toy was the strongest See Yup in the tong; consequently the name of Man Toy was a menace to all contrary-minded Chinamen and not a few white devils. Many were the stories current among the "Chinatown Squad" anent Man Toy's far-reaching autocracy, and many of his private undertakings were winked at in consequence thereof.

There were sundry dark passageways in Toy's neighborhood where coolies of rival tongs had met with a mysterious end, but their taking-off was never left to Toy's credit, for when interrogated by one of the "Squad," "Who is this man? When did you last see him alive? How did he meet his death?" he would fix a meaning look between the eyes of his interlocutor and say,—"I do not know; I can not tell,"—whereupon the "Squad" promptly reported to their chief, "We do not know; we can not tell." And when called before the Police Court Man Toy would swear an oath—swear it on the holy head of a bantam cock, that he knew nothing about the dead man's end. So the mysteries remained mysteries, and Man Toy's sway had been strengthened, and the rival tongs were always quiet in his vicinity.

But now upon Toy's shoulders began to fall the weight of years, and in his mind began to gather dreams of a peaceful close to his eventful life. His thoughts turned longingly to a domestic hearthstone, and he cast about him vaguely for a divinity to preside thereover. She must be good, she must be beautiful—oh! very, very beautiful!—with the tender dewy grace of youth. Ah! and she must know how to decoct savory dishes, too; for of what use is any woman, beautiful or otherwise, if she can not cook? And in return for these two trifling requirements Toy could give her a position of supremacy over every other Chinese woman on the Coast,

and also embroidered garments and precious jewels, and that, of course, is as much as any woman ever wants.

Sooy Yet was to be sold in June. She had been born and reared for that purpose, and all her training and education had tended to that end. She accepted the fact stolidly, and would have told you herself that if you bought her now you might get her for three hundred dollars, but if you waited until June you would have to pay three hundred and fifty.

Sooy was not beautiful. That was the reason the price had to be put so low. Neither was she gentle and winsome as all women should be. Her nose had not the required flatness, her eyes had not the proper bias cut, her lips were not soft and pudgy, and altogether she was not of the approved "guinea-pig" type. In fact, by the Chinese standard, she was very ugly in features and in disposition. But somewhere in Sooy's dwarfed little nature there lurked a latent trait that had come down, by some freak of destiny, through the female line of her house,—a natural love for barter and trade,—and she knew a good bargain when she saw it. Consequently the possibility that she might have to be knocked down at a sacrifice on that fateful day in June had begun to weigh heavily on her mind. Perhaps the American girl's ambition to marry rich and the desire of the Sooy class to bring a good price have their origin in the same motive or sentiment.

Times had been getting harder right along, and values were steadily falling in everything, but Sooy kept her hopes up by the reflection that June was only three months away. Inquiries had not at any time been very brisk, although she was frequently displayed in her father's restaurant. There had been a laundryman, a cook, and an abalone-vender who had come to negotiate with Chin Wo, the restaurant-keeper; but to his great chagrin

the first impression had not been favorable and they had gone their ways to find wives elsewhere.

When at last Sooy heard that the great Man Toy had come to open negotiations with old Chin Wo for his daughter, her features hardened into a cast of fell determination. Such a settlement as this was beyond her wildest dreams, for this might possibly raise her selling price to four hundred dollars, or even four hundred and fifty by careful management. But her experience with the other suitors convinced her that the proceedings must not be carried on in the same way.

Sooy was keenly alive to the fact that she was not beautiful, and that if Man Toy once saw her before the negotiations with her father were closed he would probably go the way of the laundryman, cook, and abalone-vender, so she determined that this should be avoided at any cost. A yellow woman has no soul to speak of—that is, she is not supposed to have—so if she persists in going ahead and cultivating preferences and plans of her own she breaks with the traditions, and has no one to blame but herself when she gets into trouble, as of course she will. A well-brought-up Chinese girl is expected to have no more volition than a barnacle and to attach herself cheerfully and contentedly to whatever spot her fate may cast her upon, without questioning the reasonableness of destiny. Sooy, however, did not so readily consent to leave her future to the unaided working of fate. And she was equal to the emergency, for her lack of personal attractiveness was more than balanced by that most unwholesome and unnatural attribute in any woman, yellow or white,—brains.

Chin Wo's restaurant was in gala attire the night Man Toy had accepted an invitation to dine there. Twinkling Chinese lanterns of every hue and shape were strung from door to window and from window back to door in bewildering profusion; some large and round that looked like globes of blue fish swimming in red water, others small and fanshaped, or square with little purple trees and tall green people; but they all bobbed merrily to each other in the wind as if they were glad to meet again after having been packed away in the dark a whole year.

When Man Toy entered the room the little groups at the different tables dropped their chop-sticks and looked after him, wondering what the sign might be in his dropping in at this acknowledged rendezvous of highbinders. But without noticing the glances that were turned his way he sauntered down to the farthest table and seated himself with a disdainful grunt. Old Chin swayed and salaamed in obsequious anxiety that the great See Yup might be served fittingly, for he, a Gam On tongsman, knew the value of the friendship of the See Yups.

At that farthest end of the restaurant, behind a screen somewhere, a soft little voice sang a tender song about moonlight streaming over rice-fields and trees of blue wistaria. The air was pleasing—to the Chinese taste—and as Toy listened he fell to keeping time with the music, which grew slower and slower, while a pair of evil little almond eyes was watching him. Finally the other diners began to leave until the room was quite deserted, while Man Toy was still being served with livers and leeks accompanied by the peculiar odors that hang over a table of Chinese foods. Toy meanwhile was chuckling over the thought that his sagacity had prompted him to seek out the daughter of a restaurant-keeper to preside over his own hearthstone, for of a surety she must understand something of her father's craft, and a vision of long complacent years regaled with toothsome viands unrolled itself before him. When the second plate was brought him the evil eyes smiled as the wicked little hand dropped some green crystals into it as it went by. That was all; but when, a few moments later, Toy essayed to rise he found his head was several times too large for his tottering legs to support. Then quickly, as Man Toy the Great plunged forward, the song behind the screen ended with a startled cry, and Sooy sprang to help him. Her little hands were deft and cool on his forehead and she cunningly drew from her sleeve a harmless-looking lotion which she poured upon his head, especially about and even into his eyes. All that night the fire in his head spun rockets and pinwheels before his eyes, and in his delirium he called incessantly for the cool hands that had first soothed him. So the cool little

hands faithfully applied the lotion which destroyed his power of sight, and the soft low voice sang on about the moonlight on the rice-fields.

Toy had never considered the possibility of a woman with brains; so while he did not cease to curse the evil day this fate had overtaken him and the pain-devils that crowded his head and the little fire-fiends that danced before his eyes, his heart turned gratefully toward the owner of the hands that had applied the cooling lotion upon his burning head, and the voice that sung the rice-field song. And so his mind grew calm again under the soothing influence of a confused dream of moonlit rice-fields, cool hands, and sumptuous dinners, and he resolved that the dream should come to pass.

But when Man Toy came to close his negotiations for Sooy Yet's cool hands, congratulating himself the while upon his farsighted wisdom in discerning her rare qualities before he had ever seen her, he found a sudden change in the attitude of old Chin and a quite unwonted coyness on the part of the little yellow maid. Chin prayed to be released from his bargain; he could not bring himself to part with his lovely daughter. Man Toy had never seen her; the evil fate of darkness had overtaken him before he had ever looked upon her, else he might be able to understand her father's reluctance in giving up his beautiful Sooy, and for such a paltry price too. Even the magic touch of her fingers in driving away the pain-devils was surely worth more than the few miserable hundreds he had offered.

Meantime, while the negotiations pended, Man Toy sat in outer darkness with no one to sing to him and no one to

pour the cooling lotion on his head, and as the days dragged themselves out the desire for Sooy grew stronger and the need of her ministering hands more insistent, until, by dint of much haggling, promoted by the wily one herself, poor Toy was ready to multiply his offer many fold, especially since his misfortunes brought loss of prestige. A great consternation filled the minds of the See Yups when Man Toy's fate was learned; but a blind man has no place in the intertong polity, and to another, a man of large capacity, the mantle of leadership fell. And so, driven by loneliness, pain, and grief over the desertion of his tongsmen, Man Toy closed the negotiations for Sooy's precious hands, counting three thousand dollars into Chin Wo's dirty palm.

The bill of sale will go down in the annals of Sooy's house as a record of the fabulous price she brought because of her transcendent beauty, and will insure her the worship of generations yet to come as the most popular ancestor of her line.

And Man Toy sits bent over a tiny brasier, shorn of all his power, but serene in the consciousness that his beautiful wife is always near him. He keeps his doors guarded day and night, fearing some one may become infatuated with her and try to steal her, while Sooy, with the evil light still in her eyes, occasionally prepares a dose of the destroying lotion to pour into his eyes, for fear he may some day recover his sight, and applies it with her cool little hand as she sings her moonlight-rice-field song. And Man Toy, unused to the ways of women, leans back on his mat with a contented sigh and calls her the Chinese for "My Pearl of Great Price."





JACK LONDON

By NINETTA EAMES

THE Managing Editor, manuscript in hand, came briskly forth from the inner sanctum and faced his associate, a flush of interest in his eyes: "Have you read this story—'The Man on Trail,' by some one who signs himself 'Jack London'?—*nom de plume*, of course!"

"No. Why, what's the matter with it?" The Associate Editor raised a reluctant glance from the proof he was correcting.

"Well, it's strong—something out of the common. I wish you would look it over and see if you can't crowd it into the next form—ought to have appeared in the Christmas issue."

The Associate Editor, grudging the time, began a hurried reading of the manuscript. Ten minutes later he was looking very much alive as he hastily re-folded the sheets, scrawled a line on the back and called to the office boy who was lazily snapping beans at a fly, "Take this to the printer. No time to lose!"

Thus "The Man on Trail" was duly given place in the January OVERLAND MONTHLY of 1899, and there was no dissenting voice on the staff when the Managing Editor declared the story to be in the front rank of vivid and picturesque realism. Shortly after its publication he had a call from the author, a young man plainly dressed and of modest and even

boyish appearance. He had with him a second story, "The White Silence," one of the best of a series of eight Arctic tales classed under the general title of "The Son of the Wolf," and published thereafter in consecutive numbers of the OVERLAND.

To this magazine, therefore, is due the introduction of Jack London to the reading public, and not long afterwards his stories, which dealt mainly with Alaskan fact and fiction, began to appear in various standard publications throughout the West and East.

"Jack London" proves to be no adroitly chosen pseudonym, but the name a fortuitous fate bestowed upon the subject of this sketch at his birth. His father, John London, a nomadic trapper, scout, and frontiersman, in 1873 came to San Francisco, where Jack, the youngest of ten half brothers and sisters, was born January 12, 1876. "Once I essayed a climb among the branches of the family tree," he writes in answer to a query from an Eastern publisher, "and traced both parental lines back to American residence prior to the Revolution. On my mother's side, I wound up with 'Priest' Jones, one of the first settlers in Ohio; on my father's side I followed to the lineal branch in New Jersey which later on removed to Pennsylvania soon after Braddock's defeat. In four generations of my progenitors I discovered the mingled strains of six nationalities—English, Welsh, Dutch, Swiss, and German."

With this backing of sturdy ancestral stock, it is no marvel that young Jack proved his mastery over environment. He seems, indeed, to be endowed with the executive and resistant force that enables a man not only to withstand untoward circumstances, but to shape them unti-
mately to his own ends. To use his own simple hyperbole, "I have just been sort of hammering around in the dark till I knocked holes through, here and there, and caught glimpses of the daylight."

These heralding day-gleams were the lad's compensation in a life cramped and embittered by omnipresent poverty. The spring of a higher, ampler living was at the root of his consciousness, and he turned instinctively and inevitably toward

literature, his imagination and feeling drawing out the romance of surroundings which to others appeared mean and commonplace.

"All things interest me," he says; "the world is so very good." This innate and loving appreciation of universal nature and of man is, in fact, a marked characteristic of Jack London, and has stood him in good stead through years of sordid toil and hardship.

Up to his ninth year he spent a somewhat joyous childhood on California ranches, his chief pleasure the books that fell into his hands—Trowbridge's works for boys, Captain Cook's voyages, Paul du Chaillu's travels, Rip Van Winkle, and occasionally a "Seaside Library" novel borrowed from some farm hand. Then followed the moving of the family into Oakland, where the boy first had access to a free library—an inestimable privilege to one with his insatiate love of reading.

After school hours he sold newspapers on the streets, and not infrequently did battle to establish his right of route. An instance of the kind, told by an old neighbor of the Londons, is illustrative not only of Jack's grit and courage at thirteen, but of a certain phlegm and philosophic justice in his father. Jack had borne innumerable petty affronts from a sixteen-year-old boy until patience was exhausted and he resolved to fight it out. Accordingly, at their next encounter the two fell to blows, Jack cool and determined as one predestined to conquer, and his antagonist swelling with the surface pride and arrogance of the bully. For more than two hours they stuck to it manfully, neither winning a serious advantage over the other. The neighbor watcher thought it time to put a stop to the pommeling, and ran to the London cottage, where she found the old man sunning himself on the doorstep.

"O, Mr. London," she cried, "Jack's been fighting for hours! Do come and stop it!"

He composedly returned, "Is my boy fighting fair?"

"Yes, sir; he is."

He nodded, his pleased eyes twinkling: "An' t'other one—is *he* fighting fair?"

"Yes,—leastwise it looks so."

"Well, let 'em alone. There don't seem no call to interfere."

That this placidity did not argue indifference was seen by the father's appearing a few minutes later on the field of action. He did nothing, however; only pulled steadily at his pipe and looked on, one of a motley ring of spectators. Jack's opponent was getting winded and be-thought him of a subterfuge. He gave a blow and then threw himself on the ground, knowing that Jack would not hit him when he was down. The latter saw his little game, and when it was thrice repeated, struck low with a telling punch on the chin of his falling adversary.

There was a yell of "Foul blow!" from the two younger brothers of the vanquished pugilist, and the elder, an overgrown boy of fifteen, sprang red-hot into the circle and demanded satisfaction. Jack, panting and holding to his swollen wrist (that last blow of his had strained the tendons), pranced into position and fired back the answer, "Come on! I'll lick you too!"

It was observed that his father forgot to smoke during the spirited tussle that ensued, though he said never a word even when Jack, dripping gore and sweat, drew off victorious from his prostrate foe only to face the third brother, a lad of his own age. Him he downed with a single thrust of his fist, for his blood was up and he felt cordial to himself and invincibly confident in his strength to overcome a host of irate brothers.

Then it was that John London, bright of eye and smiling, took a gentle grip of his son's arm and marched him in triumph from the field.

Between school hours and work Jack found time to pore over books of history, poetry, and fiction, and to nurse the secret wish to become a writer. He was graduated from the Oakland grammar school at fourteen and a few months later drifted into an adventurous life 'longshore. Here he shared the industries and pastimes of

the marine population huddled along the water-front, taking his chances at salmon-fishing, oyster pirating, schooner-sailing, and other bay-faring ventures, never holding himself aloof when comrades were awake, but when they slept turning to his book with the avidity of a mind athirst for knowledge.

About this period of his life his sympa-



Jack London in Arctic Costume

thies and emotions were deeply stirred by the wrongs inflicted upon the laboring classes, and with youthful fervor he took up their defense, haranguing the crowds nightly in the plaza and urging upon them the necessity of social and political reconstruction. He became known in Bay whereabouts as "the boy socialist," and

more than one of his street-hearers looked upon him as a kind of secular evangelist.

When he was seventeen, young London shipped before the mast on a sealing schooner which cruised to Japan and up the north coast to the Russian side of the Bering Sea. An admirer of the youth's indomitable pluck and fearlessness relates the following incident, which occurred the first week of the voyage out: Our sailor-man one day sat on his bunk weaving a mat of rope-yarn when he was gruffly accosted by a burly Swede taking his turn at "peggy-day" (a fo'castle term, signifying a sailor's day for cleaning off the meals, washing up the dishes, and filling the slush-lamps), a part of which disagreeable tasks the man evidently hoped to bulldoze the green hand into doing for him.

"Here, you landlubber," he bawled with an oath, "fill up the molasses! You eat the most of it!"

Jack, usually the most amiable of the hands, bristled at his roughness; besides, he had vivid memories of his first and only attempt to eat the black, viscous stuff booked "molasses" on the fo'castle bill of fare, and so indignantly denied the charge.

"I never taste it. 'T'aint fit for a hog! It's your day to grub; so do it yourself."

Not a messmate within hearing of the altercation but pictured disaster to this beardless, undersized boy!

Jack's defiant glance again dropped to his mat, and he quietly went on twisting the yarn. At this the sailor, both arms heaped with dishes, swore the harder and threatened blood-curdling consequences if he were not obeyed; but Jack kept silence, his supple hands nimbly intent on the rope strands, though the tail of his eye took note of his enemy.

Another threat, met by exasperating indifference, and the incensed Swede dropped the coffee-pot to give a back-handed slap on the boy's curled mouth. The instant after iron-hard knuckles struck squarely between the sailor's eyes, followed by the crash of crockery. The Swede, choking with rage, made a lunge at Jack with a sledge-hammer fist, but the latter dodged, and like a flash vaulted to the ruffian's back, his fingers knitting in the fellow's throat-pipes. He bellowed and charged like a mad bull, and with

every frenzied jump, Jack's head was a battering-ram against the deck-beams. Down crashed the slush-lamp and the lookers-on drew up their feet in the bunks to make room for the show; they saw what the Swede did not—that Jack was getting the worst of it. His eyes bulged horribly and his face streamed blood, but he only dug his fingers deeper into that flesh-padded larynx and yelled through his shut teeth, "Will you promise to let me alone? Eh—will you promise?"

The Swede, tortured and purple in the face, gurgled an assent, and when that viselike grip on his throat loosened, reeled and stumbled to his knees like a felled bullock. The sailors, jamming their way through a wild utter of food and broken dishes, crowded around the jubilant hero of the hour with friendly offers of assistance, and a noticeable increase of respect in their tone and manner. Thence on Jack had his "peggy-day" like the rest, his mates risking no further attempt to take advantage of his youth and inexperience.

From the foregoing it will be seen that our young tar made a way for himself where ways are hard at the best. Nevertheless, Jack did not take specially to a seafaring life, and not long after we find him again in Oakland, plunging with characteristic ardor into the study of sociology and economics. Not satisfied with a theoretical understanding of the problems involved in socialistic reforms, like Josiah Flint, he took to the road, living for months the life of a tramp, and learning by hard knocks the true import of the survival of the fittest under existing economic conditions.

Speaking of the outcome of this practical test, Mr. London says: "The months I spent on the road bred in me a permanent interest in the institutions of man both from an economic and an ethical standpoint. Among other things I learned that society is an organism, the inertia of the masses profound, and the evolution of institutions a slow and painful process. Like every normal man who has thought along these lines, I learned to temper my radicalism, and was helped in this by a deeper inquiry into the science of evolution as taught by a host of writers. Herbert Spencer in the lead. I am still



"A charge of shot hastening its efforts to reach cover"

a socialist, but an evolved product, possessing a faith in humanity equaled only by a conception of its frailties and faults."

Though his tramp life mellowed and broadened his views, it in no wise lessened his zeal to better the conditions of the masses. He joined the Oakland section of the Socialist Labor Party, and was the first of their number to be arrested for violating the ordinance regulating public speaking on the streets. When the case came to trial he defended himself with dignity and logic, and was forthwith acquitted. About this time he returned to study, entering the Oakland High School and completing the first year's course. Then, to save time and money, he took up lessons at home, cramming a two years' curriculum into three months, when he passed the examination to enter the State University at Berkeley.

Unfortunately his college course was limited to his freshman year, finances obliging him to turn-to at the familiar grind. This was in '97, and impelled by the promise of gold and adventure Jack London was among the first to join the fall rush to the Klondike. He was among the few doughty Argonauts who at this season made it over the Chilcoot Pass, the great majority waiting for spring. As charges were forty-three cents per pound for carrying supplies a distance of thirty miles, from salt water to fresh, he packed his thousand-pound outfit, holding his own with the strongest and most experienced in the party.

And here in the still white world of the North, where nature makes the most of every vital throb that resists her cold, and man learns the awful significance and emphasis of Arctic life and action, young London came consciously into his heritage. He would write of these—the terrorizing simplicity of an Alaskan landscape, its great peaks bulging with century-piled snows, its woods rigid, tense, and voiced by the frost like strained catgut; the fierce howls of starving wolf-dogs; the tracks of the dog-teams marking the lonely trail; but more than all else, the human at the North Pole.

Thus it would seem that his actual development as a writer began on the trail, though at the time he set no word to paper, not even jottings by the way in a note-

book. A tireless brooding on the wish to write shaped his impulse to definite purpose, but outwardly he continued to share the interests and labors of his companion prospectors.

After a year spent in that weirdly picturesque but hazardous life, he succumbed to scurvy, and, impatient of the delay of homebound steamers, he and two camp-mates decided to embark in an open boat for the Bering Sea. The three accordingly made the start midway in June, and the voyage turned out to be a memorably novel and perilous one—nineteen hundred miles of river travel in nineteen days! They passed the old post of the Hudson Bay Company. Speaking of the after-journey, Mr. London says:—

"It was more like an enchanted land teaming with paradoxes. Despite our far northerly latitude we gasped for breath in the midday heat of those Arctic skies. At midnight we panted on top of our blankets, the red-disked sun poised like a ball of blood above the northern horizon. The strange beauty and fascination of those noonday nights! We were drifting, always drifting with the stream, now slipping down a narrow channel whose wooded shores seemed to meet overhead, now flashing into the open where a hundred streams converge to form the mighty river, and then again the diverging channel, the overhanging forest, the smell of the land, and the damp warmth of the vegetation! And above all, the hum of life gushing into song, which slowly swelled to a dull roar and then died away, cadencing to silence. Not a sound as we rounded a tail of bar, disturbing a solitary crane in its ghostly reveries. Then a partridge drums in the forest, an owl hoots from some gloomy recess, and a raven croaks gutturally overhead. Suddenly the wild cry of a loon sweeps across a glassy stretch of river, awakening myriad answers. The woods at the call burst into music. Tree-squirrels play upon half a dozen instruments at once, robins open their full, rich throats, and blackbirds shrilly chorus to the sharply marked time of the woodpecker. The pure treble of the song-birds at last merges into the quick crescendo of wild fowl haunting the adjacent swamps.

"A moment's lull and a moose lunges

noisily as he takes to the water to rid himself of the mosquitoes. The sound causes an electric stir aboard, and all hands spring for our arms—an ax and one gun loaded with bird-shot. We are drifting at five miles an hour, and Thorson is steering. We know the gun is worthless at such long range, but the boat is too big and clumsy for us to run it close enough. The moose, taking alarm at our approach, makes for the shore and clammers up the bank, a charge of shot hastening its efforts to reach cover. One of my companions, the Kentuckian, leaps ashore and gives chase while Thorson and I lose no time in starting a smudge; for the mosquitoes descend upon us in full force. We pity Mr. Taylor, who has rashly gone without gloves or veil, and shortly we hear him charging back like a madman—slap, slap, slap! his hands going at every jump. He is frantic with the torture, his head enveloped in a cloud of mosquitoes. It took, indeed, all of twenty-four hours to reduce the swelling of his face, neck, and hands.

"As for the moose, it escaped us, of course, though we had a consuming need at the time for fresh meat, and could have sold what was over and above our demand for a couple of hundred dollars when we arrived at Circle City, a day's journey off."

When London reached California he learned of the death of his father, and thenceforth devolved upon him the care and support of his widowed mother and a six-year-old nephew. There were debts also to meet,—doctors' and undertakers' bills,—which the son resolutely faced, his mind bent determinedly upon earning a livelihood by his pen. His brain seethed with stories founded upon the wonderful life of the past year. Could he transcribe these simply and dramatically so as to appeal to the reader? If this were possible, then success was assured. He began at once, and the result excited his highest hopes; before the year was out Eastern publishers were making him flattering offers for stories and articles, and urging upon the young author the advisability of bringing out a book.

Few writers, in fact, have come into such unpreluded notice as Jack London. One year from the publication of "The Man on Trail," a leading Boston house

had secured the right to publish in book-form the group of eight tales entitled "The Son of the Wolf," which volume, attractively bound, is now in the hands of reviewers. "An Odyssey of the North," published in the October *Atlantic Monthly*, is one of this collection, and most critics will account it first in graphic conception and detail.

In "The Son of the Wolf" the author gives his testimony of Alaskan life through actual sojourn in the country he describes. This personal contact, as it were, with his subject gives the book a unique charm and value. The reader feels that he is following the footsteps of one familiar with the trail but in no wise servile to bald fact; for here and there interspersed are bits of delicious fantasy with more than a hint of frank and wholesome sentiment. There is, nevertheless, little of the ethereal idealist in Jack London's work. We find him always human—a humanness which the spiritual-minded can share with profit. At times he makes use of a quaint naiveté of expression,—the bold yet tender passion of a rudimentary age,—as when the Indian Naass is made to say:—

Nor did I find a maiden till one night coming back from the fishing. The sunlight was lying, so, low and full in the eyes, the wind free, and the kayaks racing with the white seas. Of a sudden the kayak of Unga came driving past me, and she looked upon me, so, with her black hair flying like a cloud of night and the spray wet on her cheek. As I say, the sunlight was full in the eyes, and I was a stripling; but somehow it was all clear, and I knew it to be the call of kind to kind. As she whipped ahead she looked back within the space of two strokes,—looked as only the woman Unga could look,—and again I knew it as the call of kind. The people shouted as we ripped past the lazy oomiaks and left them far behind. But she was quick at the paddle, and my heart was like the belly of a sail, and I did not gain. The wind freshened, the sea whitened, and, leaping like the seals on the windward breech, we roared down the golden pathway of the sun.

I know of no more quickening instance of rugged poesy based upon the close observation of a distinguishing ethnical trait, than where this same hero of "The Odyssey of the North" is pictured as returning with rhythmic pertinacity to the

fact that Olga is his, "for I have paid for her an untold price of skin and boat and bead." In this, as in his other stories, Mr. London's adroit but graphic portrayal of character suggests scope and symmetry of thought rather than limitation and indefiniteness. His magnetic ardor and earnestness of thought move even the most stolid, notwithstanding an undercurrent of protest against certain inadvertencies—false syntax and the flagrant misuse of an occasional word—which are the result of inexperience or carelessness. In justice to the author, however, it must be admitted that these errors—most of which are not serious—are not of a nature to beget a distrust of his genius.

If this youthful California writer makes a study of literary style, it is not apparent, so simply and unaffectedly does he relate a story. There is, indeed, small showing of that painstaking polish so dear to the academic mind; this young man of twenty-four has something more virile to offer than finish. Crude as is his diction, he has learned the ways out of prescribed literature into a spontaneity and freedom that charm and invigorate. One sees no straining after effect, no circumlocution; he reaches the humanity of his readers by direct course.

In undertaking to depict the man-world in the Arctic and the austerity and sublime homogeneousness of a North Pole landscape, Jack London had set no light task for himself. His choice of subject was voluntary and made with a shrewd guess at its literary values. That he has in so short a period won enviable recognition from the critics, demonstrates the clearness of his judgment as to public taste and the availability of his genius.

There are those who think this writer no less strong in philosophy and economics than he proves himself to be in fiction, and that, when the time is ripe, he will give vital thoughts to the world along these more important lines. Certain it is that the "boy socialist" is not lost in the man, for to-day Jack London has the avowed belief in an ultimate democracy to be achieved by all peoples whose institutions, ideals, and traditions are ethnologically Anglo-Saxon.

"Not that God has given the earth to

the Anglo-Saxon, but that the Anglo-Saxon is going to take the earth for himself," he declares convincingly.

His views herein have doubtless been somewhat colored by an extensive reading of Kipling, for whom he entertains an admiration amounting to devotion. A few short-sighted critics have even gone so far as to accuse him of being studiously Kiplingesque—a charge wholly without foundation, unless one excepts the fact that Mr. London shares with the eminent English novelist an ingrained belief in Anglo-Saxon dominance, a belief that crops out everywhere in the writings of both. In truth, the most cursory reading of "The Son of the Wolf" leaves an impression of distinctive literary character which in itself is expressive of the author's personality—picturesque, vigorous, and suggestive of tremendous and varied activities.

In appearance Mr. London is a man of medium stature and weight, well muscled, and of a breezy carriage, in keeping with the delightful shipboard roll to his walk. His smooth, unshaven face is strikingly expressive, the gray-blue eyes thoughtful or impassioned by turns, the brows and chin indicative of strength and purpose, and a handsome, mobile mouth with what some writer felicitously terms "pictured corners." In conversation he is modest but inspiring, his thoughts flowing naturally outward in deep but open channels, and his voice harmoniously modulated.

Aside from native talent, Jack London has assuredly the "genius of hard work." He devotes himself to his labors with care and precision, coining his time with miserly stint and observing a method of collecting and classification as amusing as it is effective. Across an angle of his study he stretches what he calls his "clothes-line," a wire on which are strung batches of excerpts and notes fastened on by clothes-pins, the kind with a wire spring. A hastily scribbled thought and an extract bearing upon the same theme are duly clamped in their proper place, and the "clothes-line" usually dangles a dozen or more of these bunched tatters of literature.

His plan of reading has also a like sim-

plicity, with a hazard at the economy of vital force. He does not read books consecutively, but collectively. A dozen volumes are selected on divers subjects—science, philosophy, fiction, et cetera—and arranged with regard to their relative profundity. Then he begins with the weightiest matter, reads it until his brain is a trifle wearied when he lays the work aside for one requiring less effort, and so on all down the graded list, until at one sitting he has delved into each, always bringing up finally with the novel or poetry as

the wine and walnuts of his literary feast.

It may be permitted to the writer of this sketch to express the belief that London's genius will long continue to present the world with literary products that must delight and edify a constantly growing circle of readers. His youth, his robust health, his assiduous application, his indomitable purpose, his rare discrimination in the choice of literary materials, and the facility and felicity of his style—these all give promise and prophecy of exceptional achievement.

THE MISTS OF THE MORNING

SEEN through the mists of the morning,
The world is vague as a dream:

Pillar and dome and steeple

Of fairy structure seem;

The sea is of gems in chaos

Just sparkling into birth,

And a spell of sweet enchantment

Softly enfolds the earth.

Seen in youth's hopeful morning,

Life is as fair as a dream;

The years, as they loom before us,

Laden with blessings seem;

The mists of coming sorrow

Seem but the hazy light

That marks the place in the heavens

Where the sun shall burst in sight.

O kindly mists, that deceive us

Till knowledge comes, full-grown!

O gracious spell, that to music

Turns the world's weary moan!

Sad, ah, sad must all lives be,—

Then revel while ye may

In the soft mists of the morning

That veil the tedious day.

Elizabeth Harman.

CALIFORNIA'S FIRST VACATION SCHOOL

AN OAKLAND EXPERIMENT

By EVA V. CARLIN

"**WE** READ an account of the Chicago Vacation School one week, and the next week we opened *our* school."

Such was the genesis of the first Vacation School on this Western shore, where the air so quickens the pulse and the step and the brain that a generous impulse becomes a deed at once.

The undertaking thus conceived was carried to a successful and profitable finish in the summer of 1899, by an association of Oakland women, who thus identified themselves with one of the most noticeable movements in the educational progress of recent years—the growing and intelligent interest which women are taking in educational affairs. In various Eastern cities, as Boston, Baltimore, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Indianapolis, Hartford, and Buffalo, this interest has found expression in the establishment of vacation schools, where the educational purpose is secondary to the intent to take the children off the streets and reveal to them a new and beautiful world, through songs and dainty devices, through flowers and play, which their child-hearts crave.

In the Eastern experiments, as here, private philanthropy has preceded official action, which, however, has followed in many of the cities named above. It is hard for city authorities to learn the lesson which unofficial common sense grasps—that the public-school system has been an army of observation, an army of occupation long enough; it must be made an army of invasion.

The intent of this article is to set forth certain results attained by the Oakland experiment; to indicate those more remote and not definitely measurable as yet; also, by a presentation of the conditions under which the experiment was tried, to indicate the value of vacation schools and kindred undertakings in the civic and social regeneration of a community.

This experiment was not tried in a "slum" district. Oakland has no locality

given over to great lives of helplessness or wretchedness; it has no quarter which, built originally for fine residences or business blocks, has been deserted by fashion and turned into tenement-houses; so that problem did not present itself. The general condition of the people from whose homes the children came is not characterized by extreme poverty; so it was not the problem of pauperism; nor was it that of unskilled labor, though there are to be found in this district the odds and ends of industrial life; but these exceptions are the product, in general, of racial conditions.

The "lay of the land" comprises a large tract of "made soil" chiefly, the filling-in composed of all kinds of intractable materials, so that the soil does not readily respond to cultivation. It is a district of great ugliness. On one side is the Oakland estuary, and near the water's edge some houses are set up on poles, while there are many damp or flooded cellars. One side of the ward is contiguous to the business center of the city, while another boundary reaches toward a residence portion of no special beauty. The locality is dissected into smaller strips by the railways leading from the Oakland pier to the outlying districts beyond. On the whole, it is a law-abiding, workingman's district, settled chiefly by hard-working foreigners, with a fair sprinkling of Americans, attracted thither by the exigencies of their occupation or the cheapness of the rents. The Italians are scavengers and fruit and fish venders; the genial Irish are employees of the railroad company—yardmen, machinists, etc.; the thrifty Germans are clerks, accountants, drivers, bakers, and grocers. Here and there are to be found the good-natured, pleasure-loving negroes, clannish by reason of past oppressions. The Irish, who perhaps predominate in numbers, are opposed to both negroes and Italians, the latter of whom they call "Dagos." The Jews, with their unswerving purpose to rise in the world,



Recreation plus Education

have pushed nearer the business center of town and are found in the province of independent dealers in all kinds of goods.

The girls of the neighborhood are not "in service," using the term as applied to household vocations; they are clerks or cash-girls in candy-stores and printing-offices; they work in the cotton-mills and shoddy-mills. There are girls who make things, girls who sew things, and girls who sell things. They all seem to have a feeling of self-satisfaction at escaping from the monotonous drudgery of the home. They dress in "the style," following its extreme vagaries, and generally boast of a "steady" to escort them to the cheap theaters and the frequent dances held in town.

During the fruit season, the cannery near by draws heavily upon the women and children of the district as helpers. (Last September, after the public schools were in session, a man herded up the children of the neighborhood, promising them good wages at cutting fruit. Little Carmelo earned four cents a day.) The rest of the year many of the mothers, besides caring for their own homes, take boarders from the railroad shops or go out scrub-

bing and cleaning. In this case older children are frequently kept from school to mind the younger ones.

The houses of the locality are chiefly owned by the occupants—nine hundred dollars, perhaps, being an average cost. They are small, but not crowded together; households occupy generally only two or three rooms, and here are all the operations of existence to be carried on. Cooking, eating, sleeping, living and dying,—these pictures rise to mind. Here the women are shut in, to heat in summer, to cold in the rainy season, and always, in a greater or less degree, to odors, dirt, and discomfort. Is it any wonder that some of them grow discouraged and careless? that sometimes they stand on the steps and sidewalks, over-worked, weak, ill-tempered, and turn their backs on the dreariness within? Most of them do the best they know how, only their knowledge is but "knowledge's shadow," to use Margaret Fuller's apt expression. They are ignorant of science and its immutable laws; all lack the knowledge which in any form, "transmutes existence into life."

Much of the food prepared in these

homes is selected without regard to its nourishing value. It is badly cooked, untidily served, and often eaten irregularly. It was revealed by the children's luncheons brought to the vacation school that very young children are given tea, coffee, and even beer. Very seldom did they bring wholesome home-made bread, or milk or eggs; it was not uncommon for a child to lunch upon baker's cake, doughnuts, and soda-water. Most of the houses are devoid of the plumber's touch. To the Italians hereabouts a bath-room would be superfluous, for a bath, in their idea, is limited to the presentation of a circle of cleanliness on the face. One of the public-school teachers once sent home a request that a certain child take an entire bath. The mother from sunny Italy replied, with indignant surprise, that it was impossible; the child was "sewed-up for the winter," into the mysteries of which process the teacher did not seek to penetrate.

But among these mothers one may see exemplified the great virtue of the poor, the virtue that redeems so many bad habits—generosity and helpfulness to each other, even at much self-sacrifice. Always some one in the neighborhood is in trouble; always there is rent to pay, or there is some one out of work, or some one is sick, or some one dies, and help is forthcoming. One woman loaned her stove for two months to a woman less fortunately placed than herself, apparently without any reflection upon the physical discomforts involved. "She needed it more 'an me." It is not in a formula or written code, it is not in books, it is not in church, but in the daily life of a hard-working community one finds an ideal of service so high that it inspires great hope for humanity at large.

City help, it is asserted, is given in this district by political favor. A certain family receiving town aid was characterized by one of the police as having "done everything in the calendar." There were three voters in that family, though the husband and father was in jail for murder.

The streets in this locality are without municipal inspection. One winter the breaking of a pipe caused a pool of water—a menace to health during the entire season. Broken sidewalks remained un-

mended for years, till the Social Settlement workers came there to live and made protest. (The fact that the protest was successful gave the Settlement, of which more will be said, its first hold among the adult portion of the neighborhood.)

There are not many churches in the region—an Italian mission and a church frequented by the Irish contingent, together with the parochial schools, represent the religious life of the immediate neighborhood, though, of course, the up-town churches draw scatteringly from the district. The Salvation Army made a short-lived attempt to gain a foothold there, but abandoned it. "The Jews you can't convert and the Catholics don't need it," is an explanation offered recently for the fact that organized Christianity, as well as the efforts of citizenship and human fellowship, shake their skirts clear of the locality south of Seventh Street. Club-houses, reading-rooms, libraries, lectures, gymnasiums, parks, playgrounds, recreations,—all are conspicuously absent.

It might be said that the problem presented is that of a district lacking organization, lacking local interest and local patriotism. It receives no social benefits; it feels no social obligations; it is impelled to no social service; the civic conscience is unawakened; the saloon social ideals are minting themselves upon the minds of the people at the rate of nineteen saloon thoughts to one educational thought.

The horizons of the fathers in this locality are broader than those of the mothers. If they have work, they come into contact with their fellow workers. Whether they work or not, whether they drink or not, however, the saloon is the one place in the ward to which they are always welcome, and where they find light, cheerfulness, fellowship, the exhibition of native kindness and relief from the sordid conditions of uncomfortable homes. Here, too, the social pressure, so common to American life, to be "somebody," to have an influence in political affairs, may find opportunity in the support given the "ward boss," who counts upon as many sources of power as there are saloons in his ward. (This spirit of participation in the making or unmaking of political affairs is quite for-



"Presenting the extreme of international adjustment"

eign to the Italian or Portuguese laborer; he wants a job more than anything else, and in the most primitive fashion votes for the man who promises him one, and in this idea alone his interest in political matters begins and ends.)

In that portion of the ward from which the Vacation School pupils were drawn saloons thrive as Canada thistles do on the barren soil of their environment. There are nineteen regularly licensed ones, paying seven thousand three hundred and sixty dollars to the city income a year. When you realize that each saloon pays its city license of four hundred dollars a year, pays for its stock in trade, its rent, wages, and expenses, and *thrives*, you see the appallingly wasteful drain on the resources of the local population. We are told of one regular customer—a genial fellow among his mates—whose liquor bill was forty dollars a month. His grocery bill for the family was twenty dollars for the same length of time. The "corner grocery" pushes the saloon closely in point of numbers. It is difficult to estimate the liquor sold at such places. The law re-

quires two witnesses to prove that liquor is sold. The corner grocery thrives on no license to pay. (In an adjacent ward, the liquor delivery-wagon stops on neutral ground in the middle of the street equidistant from the four corners, and two men roll a barrel into a corner grocery; at all hours, children may be seen going and returning from the place with buckets and pitchers.) Jacob Riis, writing of the corrupting influence of the saloon, says: "From the moment when, almost a baby, the boy is sent to the saloon to carry thence the beer and whisky for his parents, he is never out of its reach, and the two form a partnership that lasts through life."

In the district under present consideration, there is much private wine-selling to boys. There are certain places where the boys pay so much to take part in a game they call (to imitate the pronunciation) "botchy-bo-ling," which appears to be a mixture and corruption of Italian *borcia* and its English equivalent "bowling." The wine, called "Dago red," is of an inferior quality and ostensibly furnished free, participation in the game only being paid for,



The Boys' Club—An Adjunct of the Vacation School

—another evasion of the license law. These places are the storm-centers of child crime in the ward.

There is no place by right, and scarcely by sufferance, for the young people of this region. They are to a great extent deprived of the stimulus of social respectability. It is rare for any one who can win the admiration of the growing youth and arouse them to personal effort for improvement to associate with them in any other than a patronizing way. The street and open lots covered with refuse are the only playgrounds open to them; but the street is an educator with its own plan, and the plan is not a safe one. Street-fights, games of chance, a tramp, a fire, an arrest, a railroad accident, saloon brawls, a revolting case of cruelty to animals,—the children are there and gloat over the details. Unconsciously they become evaders of the law, for their first ideas of law and order are inseparably associated with the policeman, their natural enemy, the relentless individual who despoils their youthful pleasures; and with no provision for healthful, clean amusements wherein lies that power and instinct by which their characters are built, most paths that the spirit of adventure and enterprise can follow lead to the police station. The costli-

ness of the short-sighted economy that does not recognize the playground, the kindergarten, and manual and industrial training as potent factors in civic progress may appear when these children reach manhood. The old Greeks, to whom we always compare ourselves in seasons of civic glorification, did better,—they gave the boy the first chance.

There is still a darker aspect to the street amusements as the boys become older, and they drift naturally, night after night, to the particular corner where their gang "hangs out." The gang instinct is only a surviving rudimentary trait of primitive times, with its close ties of solidarity and loyalty to its leader. Allowed to indulge these hereditary tendencies without resources—their only occupation being rude jokes, idle talk, low stories, singing the songs of the cheap theaters that drain their pockets, rough dancing, and "joshing" each other and the passers-by—all this results in an essentially lawless disposition and a destructive attitude of mind that leads to an utter lack of social responsibility. By and by the street will not see them so often; they will have graduated from its vile school, and their diploma entitles them by depraved tastes and appetites to enter

into the saloon, the gambling-den, and the dive. The San Quentin records could tell us of some of the stronger spirits who once dominated the "High Life Sporting Gang," or its rival, "The Swill-Picker's Union," both of which are giving way before the earnest efforts of a woman who has gone to live in the locality on terms of social justice and equality. "Oh, the fellers she would have saved from goin' over the bay [meaning to San Quentin] if she 'd 'a' been here afore," was the remark made concerning her the other day by a young man born and brought up in this ward.

In this social desert there is an oasis, a struggling bit of verdure, from which streams of gladness run in various channels; in other words, a Social Settlement which holds itself in readiness to participate at all points in the life of the community, and the strong desire is to bring into this life all with whom the Settlement has influence. This is the real reason for being of the Settlement, the end to which all its other work tends. It is responsive to wholesome neighborhood sentiment; it is quick to uncover anything that threatens to lower standards already reached in civic and industrial affairs. It first fulfills the ethical ideas of its neighbors; then, by the authority so won, it attempts to draw them toward higher ethical standards.

The Settlement workers are just neighbors and friends—friends that are interested in the people and their daily lives, which they reach in a blessedly direct way, through the children of the neighborhood, who take possession of the Settlement by the divinest of all rights, the divine right of need.

II.

He who helps a child helps humanity with a distinctness, with an immediateness which no other help given to human creatures in any other stage of their life can possibly give.

The Vacation School was planned upon belief in these words of Phillips Brooks, and its procedure was animated by the spirit of Recreation *plus* Education. The opening morning found the children grouped in sociable kindergarten fashion,

listening to a charming letter of greeting and good wishes, signed, "Your friend, Edwin Markham," to whom the streets of all this locality are as familiar as the lanes of a country homestead to its owner.

The Recreation School was not a continuation of regular school-work; attendance was not compulsory; no text-books were used. Manual training, organized play, and nature-studies, for which they gathered their own specimens on expeditions around the bay and the suburbs of Oakland, together with plenty of music and physical exercises, formed the weekly programme, in the effort to give the children "the most healthful, profitable, and happy six weeks of their lives."

The total enrollment numbered about one hundred, presenting the extreme of international adjustment, for the class was composed of every nationality represented in the ward; their ages ranged from three to thirteen years; there was always a fringe of children outside the schoolyard fence, wistful onlookers who could not be accommodated. There were three teachers and irregular volunteers, some seven in number. The entire expense of the experiment was two hundred and six dollars, including teachers' salaries, cost of materials, and incidentals. (The use of the ward schoolhouse was granted by the Board of Education, and transportation for the weekly excursion was generously furnished by the various companies operating the lines of travel leading to the objective point.)

This weekly trip,—first, to the foot of Linden Street in the neighborhood, then to the Cliff House, later to Haywards, and afterwards to San Rafael,—for the capture of fish and crabs, the finding of shells and seaweed, and for the study of the multifarious flora and insect life of meadows and cañons, was "the pivot about which the entire school swung," for the daily programme was based directly upon its vital interests. The teacher made clear, in plain, simple talks, the growth and habits of these manifold forms of life. Seeds were planted by the children and the growth watched. An aquarium held the spoils of one excursion. The children made collections of stones, leaves, or flowers. Every day, the subject of the

week was expressed by these little ones in paper-folding, color-work, clay or sand. The child had every latitude in making his choice of occupation. He naturally chose that which appealed most to him. Some of the results were remarkable, and the work was so artistically expressed that more than once the teachers felt that the Vacation School might fitly be called a school for "discovering aptitude." All found fascination, and often a latent talent in modeling forms of bird, beast, and fish, flower and fruit, in yielding clay. It is the simple rapture of *doing*, the divine love of creating, which is felt as truly by the child as by the scholar, the artist, and the poet. The joy of activity, the joy of achievement, and the joy of service are the joys that play upon the eager, sensitive little ones.

It has long been recognized that we must develop the deft and cunning hand and the lissom finger, or manual dexterity and handicraft will become one of the lost arts. It is to be regretted that, owing to the lack of facilities, the workers in the Vacation School had to forego the educational work in wood; for it has been the experience elsewhere that the carpentry class calls forth the utmost energy and enthusiasm.

The Oakland boys made a hammock to carry on their trips. A number of boys of about the same age formed themselves into a club that met afternoons, and considered itself a "lend-a-hand" committee to help the Vacation School. They busied themselves by basket-weaving and mat-making. Sewing appealed in a practical way to the older girls. The industrial work done by these children gave the best possible argument in favor of industrial training in the public schools.

"The whole programme," writes the superintendent, "was used as a gentle means for insisting on cleanliness, and teaching carefulness, accuracy, and patience. Behind the training of hand and eye are the results that shall come to the teacher for ethical instruction." It is the law of all human development, transference from the outward to the inward, from the physical to the spiritual.

The poverty of attraction of home surroundings in this locality must be borne in mind to appreciate the potent influence

of the pretty decorations, beautiful pictures, and fresh growing plants which opened windows for these little souls. Little by little, the thought of brightness and cleanliness outside the schoolroom entered their minds. The flowers that were sent to the school by generous givers were always distributed among the children, to be carried by them to some mother, or lame child, or sick friend. No opportunity was lost to forge new and strong links in the chain of impressions to connect the life of the Vacation School with the home life. One day, opportunity offered, through a story told by the teacher, to enforce a practical lesson on street-cleaning. So a visit was made to a neighboring back-yard, where a heap of rubbish and papers had been gathered from streets and yards; a bonfire was made while the children sang songs, played games, and finally all agreed it was better and pleasanter to keep streets free from rubbish.

Some of the children had never seen wild flowers growing till taken on these excursions. *They hugged the grass* with delight, and carried home green blades. It was a revelation similar in import to the exclamation of Du Maurier's little waif on being taken to the country: "Lor', what a big sky they've got here!"

The day in the cañon or at the Cliff House gave some of these little ones their first chance to say, "Do you remember?"

Walt Whitman tells us:—

There was a child went forth every day,
And the first object he look'd upon, that ob-
ject he became,
And that object became part of him,
For many years or stretching cycles of years.

The influence of environment and habit upon a child's mind was evidenced one day by the children in a most curious way; it emphasizes what has been previously said concerning the nature and preparation of food in the neighborhood. The teacher read a story, and the children were then to tell it in clay, which they proceeded to do. One part of the story involved the making of a series of cakes of different sizes, and these were to be baked. Almost every child represented them as being *fried*, although the matter had been thoroughly explained by the teacher. Frying was a process with which they were perfectly familiar.

and in the minds of many was synonymous with cooking.

Many of the children contributed for their own fare or for others on excursion day. One boy brought twenty-five cents, obtained by clam-digging, saying, "This is for another feller as big as me to go." As the transportation in all cases was furnished, the children's money thus contributed was saved and used for a treat to the whole school in some other way.

At the close of the first half of the Vacation School, but one pupil had dropped out, preferring to roam the streets; but a number were detained at home by sickness or home exigencies, and three had moved away. The teacher made a tour of the neighborhood one morning to find out the real reasons for the dropping out. It was found that some of the mothers had gone to work in the cannery, and the older children—often only tots of eight and nine years themselves—must stay at home to mind the babies, cook, and sweep; for the mothers go to work at seven o'clock in the morning, and often do not return for more than twelve hours. As far as it was possible, the Vacation School gathered in the children of this class; but in the absence of a day-nursery, not much relief could be given to the "little housekeepers" and "little mothers." The unwearied patience and rare degree of watchfulness shown by some of these elder children toward the babies was a revelation of sweet unselfish helpfulness seldom equaled.

Mere play-day at the school proved unsuccessful; the children found more recreation in the occupations. Seated at the tables or in a circle, the interest of each member of the little cosmopolitan group is enlisted in the work of all the others, and the child becomes a social being. Acts of self-denial, self-control, and courtesy, of regard for the rights of others, and respect for property, teach the child to yield his individual will for the good of the many. Such a school is a child's democracy, a co-operative state in miniature.

The Vacation Club adopted a civic creed, used in the Chicago vacation schools, as follows:—

God hath made of one blood all nations of men, and we are his children, brothers and sisters all. We are citizens of these

United States, and we believe our flag stands for self-sacrifice for the good of all the people. We want, therefore, to be true citizens of our great city and to show our love for her by our works, and so to live and so to act that her government may be pure, her officers honest, and every corner of her territory be a place fit to grow the best men and women who shall rule over her.

The tendency of the Boys' Club which grew out of the Vacation School, is to create a manly, socially useful group of boys, from among whom, if the growth here begun is fostered, will come a type of the best citizenship.

For the teachers engaged in this experiment, is it not enough to realize that they are more strong in faith, more sure in hope, and, best of all, more glad in love?

Out of the association of women who made last summer's Vacation School a reality, has developed the Oakland Club, an embodiment of economized force for the betterment of social conditions. Already they have used a vigorous broom and swept some cobwebs out of our civic brain and conscience. They have secured a matron, who remains upon call, to report at the city prison in all cases of the arrest of a child or a woman.

A certain judge of one of the Oakland courts has named her a probation officer for his court. Recently, when a boy was brought before him for some offense, instead of sentencing the child the judge allowed him to go free, holding the matron responsible for his good behavior. The matron visits the family, and the boy, under her direction, has developed a liking for drawing. The matron feels sure of his future.

The Oakland Club was unable to secure the appointment of a matron for the county jail, owing to the unwillingness of the county supervisors to so interpret the law as to render such appointment possible. The necessity for such a matron becomes apparent in view of the recent state of affairs, when three young girls and one woman were confined there. No other woman was present, the jailer's wife being absent upon a somewhat extended visit.

One of the chief departments of the Oakland Club is that of Domestic Science, which maintains a training-school where

all branches of cooking and housekeeping are taught. This school, established since the Vacation School experiment was tried, is situated in the same district. Connected with the school is a real Social Settlement (although there is no permanent resident) among whose multifarious activities are sewing-classes, children's clubs, mothers' clubs, and a most unique enterprise known as "The Salvage Bureau," which deserves an article by itself.

Through the efforts of the club, the Oakland child is slowly coming to his rights. Their hopes and plans are comprehensive. They would have the latch-string out on the school door to every child; they would have an effective compulsory education law by which it is possible to punish the parent for the child's truancy; they would have manual training a part of the educational facilities of the Oakland schools; they are earnest advocates of public playgrounds all over the city where the characters of children can be properly and fully developed, for they feel that the duty of a municipality is not done when it has pounced upon a child after his evolution according to the logic of his environment and opportunity. They believe with Emerson, "A dollar in a school is worth more than a dollar in a jail." So they will repeat the Vacation School experiment upon a more ample basis, if possible; and having learned from the teachers that the physical culture and recreation side of their work is the most urgent, and that the crying need of the locality is a playground,

suitably equipped, under the charge of a care-taker, and open to children at suitable hours six days in the week, under some effective but not offensive surveillance, the Oakland Club proposes to establish such a playground and let it wrestle with the street-corner and "the gang" for the boys and girls.

When a New York policeman was recently shown a map depicting the wards of the city with reference to the presence or absence of open-air playgrounds, and was asked to point out those regions where he had trouble with boys, he put his finger on the treeless spots where the street was the only playground.

The child criminal is as purely a natural product of existing conditions as is diphtheria. When even one tenth of the money that is spent for reformation shall be spent in the normal processes of formation—in parks and playgrounds, in healthful, clean amusements,—the street Arab will disappear by the process of a natural evolution. By utilizing the school-yards and what other places can be secured, a beginning can be made. When the citizens find out that the city does not own them, but they own the city; that the land does not own man, but man owns the land, they will find it both possible and profitable to establish public playgrounds all over the city of Oakland, and thus fulfill the honest creed of the Vacation School, that "every corner of her territory shall be a place fit to grow the best men and women, who shall rule over her."

UNDERTONES

A MEETING, a parting, a past that is dead,
 And the stone of oblivion gleams cold at its head;
 Ever after, the soul in its dim, mystic flight
 Bears a face and a form ever fresh in its sight;
 And perched on Hope's tremulous, quivering strings,
 Memory, life's nightingale, mournfully sings.

H. R. Wiley.

THE STORY OF A PAROLED PRISONER

A CHAPTER OF PERSONAL EXPERIENCES IN THE CIVIL WAR

By WM. F. PROSSER

WHEN the war of the Rebellion broke out in the year 1861, I was residing in the northern part of the State of California, where I had been engaged in mining and kindred occupations for several years. Although the excitement in this State, for some time prior to the firing upon Fort Sumter had been very great, owing to the fact that its citizens had come some from the Northern and some from the Southern States, and the latter were usually ardent Secessionists, yet when the news of that event arrived it excited intense interest among all classes of people. As the mails from the Eastern States were then brought to California by the way of the Isthmus of Panama, requiring from twenty-two to twenty-five days for their transmission, the interval between the arrival of one mail steamer and the next was a time of extraordinary anxiety. While the events and discussions leading up to the war had excited a great amount of feeling, particularly among the sympathizers with the secession movement, yet there were many people who could not realize, or who would not believe the fact that a great war was actually impending between the Northern and the Southern sections of the great Republic. It seemed to them incredible that citizens of a common country, who had participated in its marvelous growth and development, like a band of brothers, should imbrue their hands in each other's blood because of the question of slavery, or indeed for any cause whatever. To the young men of California, and indeed of most of the Western States, who were all more or less ambitious of military distinction, the heroes of the country were the veterans of the war of 1812 and of the war with Mexico, and although they would have been pleased with the prospect of service in the army or navy against a foreign power, they contemplated the prospect of a civil war in their own country with no great amount of satisfaction. However, the Fort Sumter incident pre-

cipitated a crisis which brought every man to his feet, and in California especially, where people generally were of a decided and positive character, almost every man took sides at once, either for or against the Union.

Prior to this time my military experience was such only as had been acquired in Indian warfare. In Humboldt County I had served, in '58 and '59, as second lieutenant of a company of volunteers, called into service by the Governor of the State of California and organized in Trinity County, for the purpose of assisting the regular troops of the United States in the suppression of Indian depredations in the vicinity of Humboldt Bay. This company was commanded by Captain I. G. Messec, who has been for several years an honored employee of the United States Mint in San Francisco. Hon. John P. Jones, who later on became the distinguished Silver Senator of Nevada, was a member of the same company. In this campaign Bret Harte also made his first appearance in public life, having officiated as secretary of certain meetings which were held by citizens of Humboldt County to consider what measures were necessary to secure their personal safety and the protection of their homes and families.

Having no special ties to keep me in Trinity County, where I then resided, I determined, when the war of the Rebellion began, to offer my services to the Federal Government on behalf of the Union cause, and made the necessary arrangements for going East as soon as practicable. On the 11th of July, 1861, I sailed from San Francisco for New York, via Panama, and on board of the same steamer were General Silas Casey and a number of others who were on their way to service, some of them in the armies of the Union and others in those of the Confederacy, and who afterwards fell in battle or were otherwise distinguished. On our way to Panama we first experienced the conditions possible in times of war. Before

leaving our port of departure it had been rumored that privateers had already been fitted out by the Confederate authorities for the purpose of seizing upon the California steamers and capturing the treasure on board, of which usually there was a large amount in transit, and we were therefore constantly on the lookout for an attack. A few old muskets of an obsolete pattern had been taken on board at San Francisco, and an old cannon which had been used for firing salutes was fitted up as well as possible for such an emergency. When we were off Acapulco on the Mexican coast we sighted a steamer and the utmost excitement prevailed on board until it was ascertained—each ship being afraid of the other—that she was a sister ship of the same line on the way from Panama to San Francisco. After the apprehension of danger was over the cannon was fired at a little island on our port side, but the harmless shot missed the island and fell in the water. The gunners we had on board were not as expert shots as they no doubt afterwards became. The remainder of the voyage to New York was made without any occurrences of special interest.

On our arrival in New York we found that the first battle of Bull Run had been fought and that the most intense excitement prevailed throughout the country. The people of the Northern States were becoming thoroughly aroused to the fact that they had upon their hands a contest of stupendous proportions. They were making a tremendous effort to meet the emergency. The streets of the city resounded with the tramp of marching men on their way to the front, and the hotels were bright with the new uniforms of arriving and departing officers. My stay in New York was short, and I took an early train for Washington. Here also the prevailing excitement was intense. The whole city had the appearance of a military camp. Officers and men were hurrying from place to place, troops were constantly arriving, and preparations for the defense of the place were rapidly going forward in anticipation of an attack by the enemy, who was said to be almost in sight of the city on the hills across the Potomac. Congress was in session and

the halls of the Capitol were enlivened by the coming and going of officers in full uniform, some of whom were at the same time members of that body. Without any unnecessary delay I made my way to the White House, where I called upon President Lincoln, briefly stated my mission, and presented him with certain letters from Leland Stanford, Frank Pixley, and other leading Republicans of California, who had kindly furnished me with communications to the President and various members of his Cabinet by way of introduction and recommendation. At the Presidential election of 1860, when Mr. Lincoln was first elected, I had been a Republican candidate for the Legislature, the first in Trinity County, and had, in a personal or political way, made the acquaintance of the leading Republicans of the State. Mr. Lincoln patiently listened to my statement, looked over my letters, and at once offered me an appointment as a second lieutenant in the regular army. Unfortunately, I had become imbued with the idea, then somewhat prevalent, that the war would last only a few months, and not caring for service in the army after the restoration of peace, I declined his very kind offer. Subsequently I had ample time and opportunity to regret the mistake I then made. However, I was greatly pleased with Mr. Lincoln's agreeable and unassuming manner, although at that time he was carrying a load of care and responsibility of which few were aware except those with whom he was on the most intimate terms. I realized afterwards, if not at the time, that this was my first interview with one of the greatest characters in human history.

Colonel E. D. Baker, with whom I had had some acquaintance in California, and who was at that time one of the United States Senators from the State of Oregon, had organized a command known as the "California Regiment," which was then in camp near Washington. To him, at the recommendation of the President, I went and offered my services. He was desirous of increasing his command to a brigade, and at his wish and suggestion I went to Pennsylvania for the purpose of recruiting, if possible, a battalion for the proposed brigade. In this, however, I was

not successful, the field having been previously worked up in behalf of various military organizations then being perfected, and as I was a comparative stranger those already on the ground had greatly the advantage over me.

During my stay in Pennsylvania I had an opportunity of visiting my father's family, from whom I had been absent for more than seven years. While I was there Colonel Baker was killed at Ball's Bluff, in an engagement with the enemy. My plans were thus again broken up, and I accepted the offer of Hon. Daniel J. Morrell, of Johnstown, Cambria County, to take a place as a private in the Anderson Troop, an organization which was made up by selecting two or three young men from each county, to the number of one hundred, for special service in the West, under General Robert Anderson, who had been appointed to the command of the army then being collected at Louisville, Kentucky. We were ordered to Carlisle, Pennsylvania, for muster-in, drill, and a general preparation for the work before us. Here we were visited by General Anderson; but his health was failing rapidly, and when we were ordered to Louisville General Don Carlos Buell was in command of that army, and we were attached to his headquarters for such duty as might be assigned us. It is not my purpose at this time to enter into any detailed statement as to our service in this connection further than to say that we were actively employed, in a variety of ways, in connection with the organization and march of that army from Louisville to Nashville, Tennessee, where we arrived shortly after the fall of Fort Donelson, and thence to the field of Shiloh, which we reached on the afternoon of Sunday, April 6, 1862. A battle had been progressing since early morning between the Army of the Tennessee under General U. S. Grant and the Confederates under General A. S. Johnson. The events connected with this battle are too well known to need repetition here. It may be sufficient to say that the opinion in General Buell's army after the engagement was over was nearly universal, that its arrival on the field at a critical moment and its gallant fighting under General Buell were the means of saving

General Grant's army from annihilation, and that General Buell was a magnificent officer on the field, whose personal conduct and management had been superb. At the same time the opinion was prevalent that the disastrous results of the fighting on the first day, before Buell's arrival, were largely due to Grant's negligence, incapacity, or intoxication. Yet when the truth was known and all the facts in connection with his conduct had been brought to light, it was ascertained beyond any question whatever that the chief hero in the shock of battle on that sanguinary field was the man who had been summarily relieved of his command and discredited in the presence of General Buell's army, as well as his own.

Here I wish to make a digression for the purpose of referring to the changes in popular estimates, both in and out of the army, which took place under my own personal observation regarding the merits of some of our commanding officers. Soldiers, particularly those who are young and inexperienced, are quick to find fault with their superior officers, or to take exceptions to their conduct on the slightest grounds, until their confidence has been gained through numerous successful engagements. Flimsy pretexts for suspicion are often magnified and lead to false judgments, not always easily removed. I have seen the same effects among the British soldiers, where they had contracted erroneous ideas in regard to some of their higher officers, which it was found almost impossible entirely to correct. The first experiences of an army or a regiment on the battlefield, like those of an individual, usually produce a strong and lasting impression. These experiences, whether for good or ill, have their effect upon the future conduct of the organization, as well as upon that of the individual.

In the particular instance cited above, the feeling in regard to General Buell, among the men of his own army and largely in that of General Grant, was one of unbounded enthusiasm and confidence, while it was the reverse for Grant. This feeling was largely increased by the conduct of General Halleck, who arrived on the field shortly after and took command

of all the troops. General Grant was, in effect, relieved of his command, and I was told by Colonel J. C. McKibbin, then an inspecting officer on General Halleck's staff, that the very least punishment that could be meted out to General Grant would be to cashier him and dismiss him from the service. Colonel McKibbin I had known in California, where he had been elected to Congress shortly before the war, and I had the most implicit confidence in his statements and in the correctness of his impressions. That he had reflected the opinion of his chief is beyond question, and the harsh treatment accorded to General Grant by General Halleck for several weeks after the battle, during which time General Grant was virtually removed from his command and kept a prisoner in his tent, only confirmed the suspicions of those soldiers who believed that the bloody conflict in which they had been engaged was made more bloody than was necessary because of the shortcomings of the commanding general on the first day of the battle. Under the circumstances my feelings, as well as those of many others, with reference to General Grant may well be imagined.

I was then acting as quartermaster-sergeant of the Anderson Troop, or, as it was often called, "Buell's Bodyguard." We were encamped near the Shiloh church, and General Grant's tent, with two others for his aides or orderlies, in an inclosure encircled by a rope for protection against passing horsemen, was in the immediate vicinity. I frequently passed these tents, but never saw General Grant to know him, nor did I make his personal acquaintance until after the close of the war. When he was first elected President, I was elected to Congress, and my political and personal relations with him became of a very intimate character. I learned to entertain for him feelings of the most profound and enthusiastic admiration, which constantly increased as I became familiar with his ability, unflinching integrity, and stern devotion to duty. To me, at least, there was something almost divine in his silent patience and forbearance under the most exasperating and cruel falsehoods and slanders, and he never seemed to lose confidence in his ultimate vindication from the

many foul aspersions cast upon his conduct. For this purpose it was only necessary that the truth should be known in order that the purity of his motives and the correctness of his actions should be established.

There was another great surprise in store for me during that year. In June, 1862, I was sent as a paroled prisoner to Annapolis, Maryland. Having been duly exchanged, I returned to Louisville, with my command, about the first of December of the same year. During my absence, General Buell, who was looked upon immediately after the battle of Shiloh as the beau ideal of a soldier and a most competent and accomplished General, had fallen from the high place he had occupied in the esteem and affection of his army, had been removed from his command, and this removal, I found on my return, was looked upon by that army as altogether proper and justifiable under the circumstances. The reputation he had achieved at Shiloh he lost at Perryville.

Again it so happened that I was at the headquarters of General Rosencrans, then in command of the Union army, on the morning of the day when the battle of Murfreesboro (or Stone River) was fought. There I saw him and his lamented chief of staff, Colonel Gareschi, mount their horses for the purpose of going to the front on that eventful morning. The personal conduct and behavior of the General in that severely contested engagement elicited the enthusiastic approval of his soldiers and the authorities at Washington, but the laurels he won on that field he lost at Chickamauga. His removal after that battle had been fought was approved by all, both in and out of the army, who were familiar with the circumstances connected with it. Going with my command, then the Second Tennessee Cavalry, from Jasper to Chattanooga, I met him on his way North and said to him, "General, I am sorry you are leaving us," to which he replied with an expression of sadness, "Yes; but probably it is all for the best." So he left his army but not the service.

And again, at the time of the battle of Chancellorsville, high hopes were entertained of the military skill and ability of General Joseph Hooker, then in command

of the Army of the Potomac. That he possessed talents of a superior order is beyond question, but his failure at the last moment to reap the fruits of his well-laid plans led to his removal, and that removal, also, was universally approved. I had known something of General Hooker in California, where he resided before the war, and called upon him after his arrival at Stevenson, Alabama. Upon expressing my regret that he had not been more successful in that battle, he recounted its entire history, but evinced no ill-will or disappointment because of his removal. It was to the everlasting credit of Grant, Rosencrans, and Hooker that they remained in the service notwithstanding these discouraging features of their military life, leaving to time and truth the vindication of their conduct in so far as a vindication was possible. In accepting subordinate positions, and in obeying orders from the proper authority, no matter what those orders were, they showed themselves to be, as they were in reality, true patriots as well as good soldiers. In this particular their example is well worthy of careful study and emulation by all American citizens, and especially by the youth of our country.

With an apology for this digression, I now return to the course of my narrative. After remaining some weeks in the vicinity of Shiloh, the command of General Buell, then known as the Army of the Ohio, moved with the other Union forces to Corinth, Mississippi, and upon the evacuation of that place took up its march in an easterly direction, having Huntsville, Alabama, for its objective point. On reaching Tusculumbia we crossed the Tennessee River to its north side at Florence. On our arrival at this point General Buell sent for me and asked me if I thought I could ride alone across the country to Nashville, Tennessee, distant about one hundred and twenty miles, for the purpose of ordering certain ordnance and quartermaster stores required for the use of the army, and having them shipped by rail to Huntsville. No guerilla warfare having as yet been developed, I replied that I thought I could; whereupon the General said he would have the proper requisition papers prepared, and that I should leave the next morning.

Accordingly, bright and early the following morning I left Florence for a ride of about forty miles to Lawrenceburg, Tennessee. It happened to be Sunday, a beautiful summer day, the roads were good, and the trip was made without any interruption whatever. I noticed, however, that many of the people I passed on the way, who were going to or returning from church, looked at me with anxious and often with unfriendly eyes, for I wore the arms and the uniform of a Federal soldier. This was a spectacle new to most of the inhabitants of that section of the country, and as many of them were Secessionists I could not expect to be greeted in a very cordial or friendly manner, though I was treated with civility by all. Arriving at Lawrenceburg, I put up at what appeared to be the principal hotel of the place, on the public square, which forms so important a feature of all Southern towns and cities. This hotel was kept by an old gentleman whose sympathies were evidently with the Union cause. We had a long conversation with reference to the Secession movement and the civil war which had grown out of it, all of which he deprecated exceedingly. In this regard he resembled many of the older men of the South, like Baille Peyton of Tennessee and many others with whom I came in contact. They had been familiar with the glories of the early days of the Republic, and were proud of its achievements in the war of the Revolution, in that of 1812, and in the war with Mexico, but were grieved beyond measure to see a sectional war break out in their own country, no matter what the circumstances might be which produced it. My landlord had been a soldier in the Mexican war, and was very proud of the part which had been taken by the Tennessee volunteers in that conflict. Among other things to which he called my attention was a handsome monument which had been erected in Lawrenceburg to the Tennessee soldiers who had fallen in the struggle with our sister republic. He expressed some apprehension in regard to my safety in making the trip alone. But I replied that thus far I had been treated with courtesy and thought I should get through without serious trouble. The next morning I took my departure at an early

hour, after again being cautioned by my friendly host to be on the lookout for danger.

The country between Lawrenceburg and Mount Pleasant, Tennessee, is chiefly made up of sandy ridges, providing a poor soil, and is sparsely settled. Much of the way the road passes through forests of scrub-oak and other timber of no great height, with a thick growth of underbrush, at times almost impassable. I had proceeded about seven miles from Lawrenceburg, and was riding leisurely along, when all at once a party of horsemen emerged from the thickets on both sides of the narrow road, and in a moment, with pistols pointed at my head from all sides, I was surrounded and called upon to surrender immediately. Seeing no way of escape I deemed discretion, in this case, to be the better part of valor, and I submitted with as much grace as I could command to what seemed to be unavoidable. I was at once ordered to give up my arms, papers, and everything on my person but my clothing. I was then directed to follow the leader of the band, the others following in the rear, into the depths of the forest until we reached a point several hundred yards from the main road. Here I was ordered to dismount until it should be determined what disposition they should make of me.

My captors, who represented themselves as belonging to Morgan's cavalry, were men of more than average education and intelligence, and, after I had been seated at the root of an oak-tree, surrounded by a dense forest, they proceeded to question me in regard to the movements of the army I had just left. When their questions had been answered with as little information as I could give, they interrogated me as to my object in entering the Union army to fight against them and the South generally. They charged me, among other things, with being an abolitionist and that I was fighting to free their slaves and to take away the property to which they were legally entitled under the Constitution of the United States. To these charges and statements I replied that my object in entering the army was to assist in the preservation of the Union, and that I believed was the primary object of the great majority of the men in the Fed-

eral army. I explained that for this purpose I had come from California; that I believed if the secession movement in the South should be successful the people of California and the Pacific Coast would also establish an independent government west of the Rocky Mountains, and I thought they, on account of their geographical location, their distance from the seat of government, and because their interests were in no wise identical with the other sections of the Union, could secede with more propriety than the Southern States; that if secession were successful in one instance, it would be attempted in others indefinitely, until, in the end, the result would be the breaking up of the entire Union into fragments at war with each other, and all obliged to keep up a standing army for their protection. I asserted my positive conviction that the welfare and happiness of the entire country depended upon the preservation and maintenance of the Union in its integrity, regardless of the question of slavery.

Whilst this discussion was in progress some of my captors would retire from time to time, apparently for the purpose of discussing the question as to what they should do with me when they were ready to leave. Later in the war this would no doubt have been a matter of small moment and short deliberation; in all probability I should have been shot without hesitation and so should never have lived to tell this story. As it was, however, they finally asked me if I would observe a parole, if they should parole me not to serve again until I had been regularly exchanged. To this I replied that I most certainly would if I gave a promise to that effect. I was then given my choice, either to go with them to the headquarters of Morgan's cavalry, said to be about sixty miles to the eastward, or to be paroled. As I was suffering from the effects of malaria contracted in the vicinity of Shiloh and along the Tennessee River, I answered that I should prefer to be paroled. Upon this, one of the party was sent to a farmhouse in the neighborhood, and when he returned with pen, ink, and paper the following note was given me:—

In the field, June 12, 1862.

This is to certify that William F. Prosser, of Gen. Buell's Army, is hereby paroled,

having agreed not to serve further against the Southern Confederacy in any Army of the United States, until he has been regularly exchanged as a prisoner of war.

Signed, C. E. ERWIN,

Captain commanding detachment of Morgan's Cavalry.

These arrangements having been completed, I was allowed to depart on foot, and I returned to the main road for the purpose of making my way as best I could in the direction of Nashville to the lines of the Union army. The nearest post of which I had any knowledge was at Columbia, forty miles south of Nashville. My captors went in another direction, taking with them my horse and his equipments, which I gave up with great reluctance. I felt forlorn enough, but there was no help for it. I made my way as best I could until nightfall, when I was hospitably entertained by a small farmer who lived near the roadside.

The next day I passed through Mount Pleasant, and thence twelve miles through a beautiful and highly cultivated country to Columbia, where I was glad again to enter the Federal lines, and where I reported the circumstances of my capture to General Jos. S. Negley, who was then in command of that post. From this point I was furnished with transportation by rail to Nashville. Here again I made a report to the commanding officer, which led to the sending out of more numerous scouting parties of cavalry to watch for the movements of roving detachments of the enemy. From Nashville I was ordered to Huntsville, Alabama, to report to General Buell in person. On my arrival at that place, General Buell, after hearing my statement, asked me if I believed myself in honor bound to observe the parole I had given. To this I replied that I most certainly did so believe. He thereupon stated that as no arrangements had as yet been made in the West for the exchange of prisoners, he should have to send me to Annapolis, Maryland, where a large number of paroled prisoners were in camp

awaiting exchange. To that place, therefore, I was ordered, transportation being furnished me by the chief quartermaster, via Louisville, Pittsburg, Harrisburg, and Baltimore.

On my arrival at Annapolis I was assigned to duty in the prisoner's camp with Colonel C. H. Taylor, who was in charge of the paroled troops from Pennsylvania, numbering about nineteen hundred officers and men. My duties were in connection with the commissary department, and as they were light I had considerable leisure time, which was very agreeably spent in visiting the State capitol, its library, and the other notable places in and around Annapolis, all of which were to me extremely interesting. Being allowed the use of the reading-room in the State library, I enjoyed the privilege greatly and made frequent use of its many valuable books. Colonel Taylor, who was subsequently killed at Gettysburg, was a most agreeable and accomplished gentleman and my intercourse with him was particularly pleasant. The time at Annapolis was, therefore, very agreeably spent until the month of September following, when the exchange of a large number of prisoners, myself included, allowed me to return to active duty.

I was ordered to Carlisle, Pennsylvania, to assist in the organization of the Fiftieth Pennsylvania Cavalry, which was then being collected at that place. This regiment was the old Anderson Troop increased to one thousand men, and the officers of the new organization were chiefly taken from the old troop. I was assigned to duty as the acting quartermaster of the regiment, and served in that capacity until our return to Tennessee, when I was detailed to the command of Company L of the same regiment. We arrived in Nashville just in time to take some part in the battle of Murfreesboro, and thus was ended my first and last experience as a paroled prisoner.



DECORATION DAY

By AUSTIN LEWIS

THE reputedly most unmilitary of modern nations devotes one day in the year to the memory of its dead soldiers. The appropriateness of the adjective "unmilitary" is open to doubt, in spite of the constant repetition of the expression. Nowhere does the youth respond with greater alacrity to the call to arms, and nowhere is the pomp and circumstance of war more admired and cultivated—at least, unofficially—than in America. Be that as it may, our political mentors are continually informing us that we are a peaceable folk, in spite of the fact that we have been for two years actively engaged in war. The original reasons for this war appear to have lain chiefly in our desire to fight, and the end of it is as yet by no means visible.

On this particular day the nation undertakes a great pilgrimage to the graves of its dead soldiers. Old men who bore the hardships and the dangers of the war nearly forty years ago hobble painfully through the streets of our cities to do honor to the memory of comrades in arms who have gone only a little time before. The youth also marches, and wagons laden with mementos of broken friendships and withered loves labor towards the cemeteries. The flags fly at half-mast, and the funeral dirges swell out from military bands. In many households, too, sacred old swords and rifles are decorated with the fresh annual wreath. The teguments of time are drawn aside, and memory causes the scars of old wounds to bleed afresh.

It is true that the observance of the day is falling off to some extent, particularly in the newer cities of the West, where the majority of the population, having no personal interest therein, but languidly observes it. There is an increasing tendency to make merry on the part of the younger generation, and it may be that the course of time will convert an occasion of sad memories and national grief into a time of May merrymaking and open-air festivity. In the main, however, the day remains what it was intended to be, one of national mourning for the price paid for a

great salvation. It is the day on which the personal predominates over the social, on which the parent or the wife rises in protest against the citizen. For years the people sustained themselves in the struggle, with a fierce enthusiasm for liberty and with unhesitating patriotism. The mother sent her young son, the wife her husband, to the war, and recked not of the price while the blood was hot and pride was high. But natural feelings necessarily asserted themselves over civic devotion, and when the sacrifice had been completed the fires of pride were extinguished by tears of anguish. So with the nation—Decoration Day is the homage paid to sentiment, a sacrifice to the human in the nation, the reassertion of the heart of the individual over the spirit of the collective mass.

The celebration of victories leaves out of consideration the sufferings of those by whose sacrifice the victories were won. This elimination of the memory of suffering is essential to the right celebration of a victory. The dead must be hidden out of sight; the very wounded must be carefully tucked away in hospitals. The dirty uniforms must be exchanged for bright new ones; and the eye must only rest upon what is fair and inspiring. Victories, therefore, can only be fully and successfully celebrated by dynasties. A democracy can never perpetuate with unadulterated joy the celebration of a victory, for it is the mass of the people who have to pay the price. One may give his best for the possession of a treasure, but he never afterwards contemplates that treasure with equanimity. Not that there is any real regret that the price has been paid; the payment could not have been avoided. But the glory of the possession recalls the price, and reminds one that to gain the treasure the next best thing to it has been parted with. So on Decoration Day, the flag which floats so gaily on other days droops half-mast around the staff and the bands play slow, solemn music to the accompaniment of the shuffling feet of the aged veterans. When the veterans have all

gone, when the last personal ties which attach the living worker to the dead soldier have all been frayed away, Decoration Day will no longer be the same. The pathos which is its chief characteristic will have vanished. The personal element will have been withdrawn, and the day will have become a national holiday. The tired toiler will then be too eager to escape the bondage of his labor to inquire too closely as to the wherefore of his release.

The flowers this Decoration Day will rest upon new graves, with young lives hidden in their depths. The old soldiers have, one by one, in preceding years, dropped into the universally appointed place. During the last two years the God of Battles has again demanded his sacrifice, and the young have fallen in their thousands. Rachel again weeps for her children, and will not be comforted.

These younger dead have fallen in battle far different from that which claimed the lives of their fathers. The latter died upon their own soil, defending its integrity, and preserving and extending its freedom. Their sons have fallen far away from home, adding new lands to those inherited from their fathers. The result of the former sacrifice appears in broader ideas of liberty and actual human gain. It was necessary that slavery should be abolished, and any sacrifice by which this was accomplished was cheap. The nation must necessarily have unity; the homogeneity of the body politic must, once for all, and beyond question, be established and secured, and no human price could have been too great to pay for such a gain. Hence, while the individual weeps over the necessary cost, the country rejoices over the treasure gained. And this is the glory of Decoration Day. When we consider the loss, our hearts are necessarily sad; when we contemplate the achievement, we are compelled to admit that it was worth while.

Can this be said of the price paid for the new treasure? This question must appeal strongly to every citizen. It is the one upon the answer to which depends the policy of the nation in the immediate future. If circumstances have been such as to render the sacrifice necessary, if the actual conditions, the economic and politi-

cal exigencies, inexorable in their working have compelled it, there is no more to be said. Our dead have not been wasted. The young lives have been given for the benefit of the nation, just as truly and just as fully as the lives of their fathers. That they have been given as heroically needs not to be said. The dead died well; the only question is, Is it well that they died? And this is a question that cannot be answered here; the answer lies deep in the heart of each individual citizen, and will be expressed as was that of our fathers to a similar question,—in the voice of the nation at the polls. Hence, while Decoration Day suggests the question, it is not to be answered upon this day, for this of all days should be kept free from politics.

But somehow the pathetic and the heroic appear to be somewhat absent when we contemplate these latter dead. We miss the enthusiastic, almost spiritual, devotion which was so apparent in the case of those who fell in the early '60's. The emotions of the masses under stress of strong feeling express themselves in song. After two years of fighting, we have produced no songs of any moral significance. We have not sung, and are not singing, any new songs which at all compare in intensity, in loftiness of ideal, or in sweetness of thought with those of forty years ago, which gathered into themselves the heroism, the affection, and the sacrifice of the people. When our soldiers now sing, they do it in the raucous tones of the modern music-hall, in the blatant brass and tympany of Chauvinistic hysteria. And this absence of poetic expression ought to provoke thought. What is the motive that lies behind the enlistment of the soldier in these modern wars? Is it consciousness of the rectitude and honor of the cause for which he goes to lay down his life? If that is so,—and it is to be trusted it is so,—one of the most remarkable phenomena in this connection is the non-existence of a poet to translate these thoughts and aspirations into the noblest verse. Where are our singers? The possession of one poet of great worth would gild the gloom of Decoration Day and rob the terrors of death of some of their somberness. But we look in vain for him.

Two years of ardent patriotism, two years of fighting and dying, the addition of thousands of miles of territory to our great domain, have been utterly abortive as regards the production of literary genius. It seems as if the memory of the labors of the last two years will be embodied merely in statistics and government manuals. Our cousins across the sea are no better off than ourselves in this respect. Their poets who have sung sweetly on other themes bray like wild asses in their efforts to extract music from the present war in Africa. Of Kipling we need not speak; he has frankly adopted the brass cavalry trumpet. But of Swinburne—it must be humiliating to feel one's youth blushing for one's old age.

Yet there have been deeds of derring-do, knightly feats, and acts of self-sacrifice which are full of inspiration and worthy to rank with the best traditions of our fathers. Why, then, have not some of these been plucked from destruction, and held up as worthy of emulation? There is something which weighs upon the minds of our writers, something which palsies the hand of the poet, and dulls the brain of the thinker. Even oratory, which should successfully preserve the fleeting opinions of the hour, has failed to use the opportunity, and the speeches of our statesmen are as flat as the verses of our bards.

One is half-suspicious that the people feel that they have nothing much to do with these present wars, and yet the two peoples engaged in them represent, curiously enough, the nearest approach to democracy which we have. Not only that, but distant democracies have shown their alacrity to take part in the performance now proceeding in Africa. Whence, then, this intellectual sterility and this effusion of patriotism? Perhaps the cynic will reply that the two phenomena are mutually connected; that the one is both cause and effect of the other. It may be so; but such a thought is not comforting as regards democracy.

One idea runs through the speeches and writings of the advocates and supporters of the present policy, and that is the idea of necessity. It is maintained that these wars must be undertaken, that they are forced upon us by circumstances.

This is a matter which cannot be here argued; it is a question of statecraft upon which the people will render their verdict. It appears to be, however, in accordance with the general law of commercial competition, and nations as well as individuals must take their part therein or fall back. But with the recognition of this necessity there comes no moral enthusiasm. And, truth to tell, it appears as if the necessity had arisen, as if it were essential that a nation must lay its hands on all that is accessible in order to maintain its position in the world. The fault does not appear to be in the policy, but in the social conditions which have rendered the policy necessary. This state of things does not conduce to optimism. If a democracy cannot find an ethical reason for its action, a democracy is in danger. The mass of people are not capable of complicated analysis. To them a thing is right or it is wrong. If they are persuaded into supporting a policy, or rather, if their material interests compel them to support a policy which does violence to their moral feeling, the nation suffers. And, on the other hand, if it does not suffer in character, it appears that it must suffer in prestige.

There may therefore be, even in a democracy, a divorce between the interests of the state and the true and most vital interests of the mass of the people. The well-being of the state, as a sovereign international power, may be something quite apart from the well-being of the people composing such a state, and the old democratic theory that the people is the state, receives a blow at the hands of modern progress. So that the state *qua* state of to-day may be as far apart from the people as the state of Louis the Fourteenth from his.

If such be the case, the essential distinction between the soldier of the war of the Rebellion and the soldier of these later wars becomes obvious. The old men fought for the nation, for the well-being of the mass of its citizens, for the good of the humblest as well as of the greatest. They fought in the name of abstract principles, for an idea, as men say, and they were ennobled by the self-sacrifice. In the present instance, we have the heroism and the sacrifice. Have we the idea?

ILOILO, PANAY, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

By GEORGE D. RICE

FIRST LIEUTENANT TWENTY SIXTH INFANTRY, U. S. V., COMMANDING U. S. FORCES IN MOLO

ILOILO, Isle of Panay, Philippine Islands, was practically in ruins not long ago as a result of the bombard-ing and burning when first taken by the Americans. But it is to-day a busy metropolis, most of the ruins of the burned stores having been roofed over with tin, thus affording a roomy space on the one-story plan. There is one long main street extending from the ocean front almost half-way to Jaro, the next town of importance. This street has many branches, some of which are laid out on the American plan, while others are merely cross-alleys and streets which are placed regardless of order or system.

The streets are well occupied with stores and residences, some of which, before the bombardment of the city, must have been elegant edifices. The ruins of the fronts can be seen with their heavy gratings in iron, indicating that the residents were wealthy and possessed property which they had to protect. In some of the houses are large vaults into which the people could go when attacked by native tribes, or when there were riots or troubles with the Spanish soldiery. There have been endless wars with tribes in the islands for generations, and every house and public building is constructed with the idea of repelling an onslaught. Many of these houses are now occupied by the American soldiers, and American flags may be seen flying all over the city. The Americans have established street-cleaning systems, and use a great many prisoners for work on the streets, under the supervision of the proper officials. The Twenty-sixth, Eighteenth, and Nineteenth regiments are on the island, and are constantly sending in prisoners captured at the front, and these prisoners are used in large gangs for breaking stone, grading streets, and putting things into an American shape in the city of Iloilo, and also Jaro and Molo.

A serious defect in the planning of Iloilo, like Manila and all cities of the

Philippines, is in the sidewalks, which are only about three feet wide, and often less than that. Consequently most of the people have to walk in the street, and the streets are usually crowded with several descriptions of teams, from the caribou-cart to the artillery. Army-ration wagons are constantly passing, and then there are the many little one-horse and trotting-ox outfits in which the passengers are conveyed from point to point. As many things are reversed in this wildcat country, the road law is for all to turn to the left instead of to the right.

The average store in the Philippines is very deficient in supplying the general demand of the people, and it is strange why it is so, for there are a great many Americans here now, and a strictly American store or bazaar would make much money. One can purchase all the cigars, drinks, thread, and matches he wants, but when it comes to a pair of rubbers to wear during the rainy season he must send to the United States. Rubber boots will bring any price here, and so would low rubbers. The only way to get a white shirt is to have it made by a Chinaman at high prices. The kodak fiends are here among the soldiery, and there are plenty of cameras of all kinds, but no films. I have seen five dollars in gold offered for a dozen films and refused. The writer paid fifteen dollars in gold for a kodak to get the few films that were in it—only nine. There are about ten agencies for kodaks here, but not one has a film. Three or four consignments of films arrived since January 1st, but they were all sold and paid for at triple rates before they were half-way across the ocean. Collars cannot be purchased, nor can type-writer supplies.

There are several thousand soldiers on the Island of Panay, and many of these are in and about Iloilo when not on some expedition. A purely American bazaar fitted with departments for carrying furnishing goods, rubbers, kodak and

typewriter supplies, and stationery, would do an immense business. It is impossible to get a glass of soda or an ice-cream here, and a soda and ice-cream fountain would make for its owner a fortune in a very short time. At Jaro I once saw a native selling some ice-cream he had made, he having secured a piece of ice from the Government ice-making machine at Iloilo. There were fully thirty soldiers about the man trying to purchase a little ice-cream at any price. The man had only a very small freezer and dealt out the cream in the smallest kind of glasses and charged twenty-five cents a glass. He cleared probably five dollars on the little lot, and the soldiers fought for more, for it seemed like home to get a spoonful of something cold, even if made of inferior stuffs.

The native men of the island do not believe in work, and probably that is one reason why there have been so many wars in the country, for the young men must have some sort of occupation to take their attention. They won't work, but they will fight. The result is that the women devote most of their time to working about the house, and the woman is often the only money-maker of the family. In about every house there are from one to three old crudely made hand-loom with which the women weave artistically designed fabrics. The men look on and smoke, and when a customer appears they are at hand to help dicker on the price and usually to pocket the money. There has been a great demand for this home-made style of cloth during the past several months, and the mails are liberally loaded with parcels of the stuff for the United States. The cloth is all in pieces of from forty to fifty yards, and is one yard or less wide, being worth about six dollars, American money, a piece for the sorts containing silk threads. In America the goods are worth about double. There is a chance here for some enterprising American to go about the country and buy up lots of this cloth and ship it to New York and other places for sale.

The Filipinos are great smokers, and women, children, and all invariably have a large cigar in their lips at all times. They would rather smoke than eat, and I have seen many a half-starved family

supplied abundantly with smoking materials.

Although Iloilo itself is now quite Americanized under the rule of the military authorities, and there are in the city a number of manufacturing industries and some stores in which native labor is employed, the remainder of the island is a vast desert so far as offering chances for home labor is concerned. There are a few sugar and other mills scattered about the country, but these employ only a comparatively small number of natives. Therefore, there are thousands of good, strong young native sons simply wasting away their time about their homes because there is nothing for them to do that will bring quick and definite returns. They will not work at farming, for experience has taught them that most of what they grow will be seized by some one else.

The country is all burned over and looted outside of the immediate vicinity of Iloilo, either as a result of former wars with the Spanish or by the broken bands of the insurgent army which are wandering about the islands destroying all they do not carry with them. The American soldiers are fast on the heels of these bands and will eventually break them up or destroy them. The writer accompanied one expedition of eight hundred men from Iloilo across the island, during which the country was cleared for miles and many prisoners taken and war supplies destroyed. A few more such expeditions ought to make it safe enough to operate almost any kind of a manufacturing industry in the island. There are ruins of tobacco plantations everywhere, but just as soon as the natives are fully assured of protection, there is no doubt that the ruins of the sugar-mills and the like will be rebuilt and once more the various industries will thrive and give employment to thousands of the natives who are at present wandering about the country robbing and destroying.

In one part of the cemetery in Iloilo is a spot which has a deep interest to all Americans. It contains the last resting-places of a number of officers and men who fell while fighting for their flag and their country. After the battle of Balan-

tang, on November 21st, the writer saw many burials of American soldiers in this cemetery, one of which was that of the brave young Lieutenant Smith who fell on the field of battle with a bullet in his body after having been on duty in these islands only five days, for he had but recently graduated from West Point. The American officials see to it that that portion of the cemetery which is for our officers and men is kept in an excellent condition and the American flag flies not far from the spot.

Military law, of course, prevails in Iloilo as well as in many of the other important places on the island. It is the intention, of course, to ultimately introduce civil government, but this may not take place for some time. At present the expenses of the city are paid from the incomes derived from several sources, the principal of which are personal poll-tax, tax of properties, dog license, market rents, stock-killing privileges, and rents from buildings owned by the city. Nearly all of the street work is done by prison labor. There are also from fifty to sixty Americans in the prison, usually the soldiers who are in for thirty or sixty days for getting drunk or other minor offenses, and these men are used to good advantage at various city work, some of them being good bookkeepers, etc. The city is run well and very cheaply, and the same plan is being extended as fast as possible into the interior cities.

An interesting point for all visitors to Iloilo is the old Spanish fort, which is now used as a prison. This fort contains dungeons of the worst type, in some of which are heavy chains and instruments for securing dangerous prisoners to the floor. Probably many a poor wretch has died in these places from cruel treatment and starvation. The fort is a very old structure and, like everything else Spanish, is fast going to ruins, although the walls are very heavy and thick.

Until the Americans came here the Spanish friars and the churches made considerable money for Spain. Spain invested millions of dollars for the erection of large stone churches, and went to the great expense of fitting these magnificent edifices with superior types of organs and

other church equipments. Not only has Iloilo a very large and fine church of stone, elaborately decorated, but Jaro, Molo, and all of the more interior towns are furnished with churches of the most liberal description, so far as size and equipments are concerned. These churches formerly brought considerable gold into the treasury of Spain. The church used to take one sixth of all a man possessed as its portion. Although towns have been going to ruins, and there has been but little work and hardly any money in the islands for many years, these churches always flourished; were always, and are now, busy with marriage and burial services, all of which cost something and bring a revenue to the church. Smallpox victims are always numerous, and the priest receives a liberal fee for every service read. In fact, the church is usually the busiest and most flourishing place of the city or town, owing to the many births and deaths among the natives.

In Iloilo and in some of the more important cities and towns of Panay, there are a number of well-educated natives, some of whom are quite rich and prosperous. Some of the native sons have been educated in the colleges of Spain and other countries, while others have had large fortunes left to them. The former are usually the lawyers and other professional men of the place, while the latter represent the first people of the town, having many servants and carriages.

In the islands there are two kinds of enemies to civilization to deal with, and Iloilo being one of the rich cities more attention is paid to it than to some of the interior towns where there is not enough wealth to pay for the looting. The two kinds of rebels are the insurgents and the ladrones. The former are the royal fighters, apparently fighting for what they suppose is right. The others are simply native thieves, and ought to be hung. They disgrace the insurgent army and their people. Every city and town is infested with these fellows, who often live somewhere in apparent peace, only to join others at night and kill and rob. They always carry bolos and sometimes revolvers and rifles, and have cut off and destroyed many a noble little band of

American soldiers. Three soldiers of the Twenty-sixth and nine of the Forty-fourth were thus killed recently and their remains found badly mutilated. The

ladrones live entirely by robbing and killing. The Americans capture many of these bands, and always have hundreds of the prisoners working in Iloilo.

BOTH SIDES

THE smoking cannon's heavy jar,
 The bur-r-r of smaller guns,
 A flash of fire—a thin red bar,
 To show where Britain's best blood runs.
 The sun pours down like molten lead
 On the parched clay below;
 From each gray rock a shot is sped
 By the watchful hidden foe.

And now a sound rings wild and clear,
 From other sounds apart;
 It is the English charging cheer.
 "Fix bayonets!"—and they start.
 God! how they fall in that mad dash!
 The death hail knows no slack.
 They trample, shriek, cheer 'mid the crash,
 Do all except turn back.

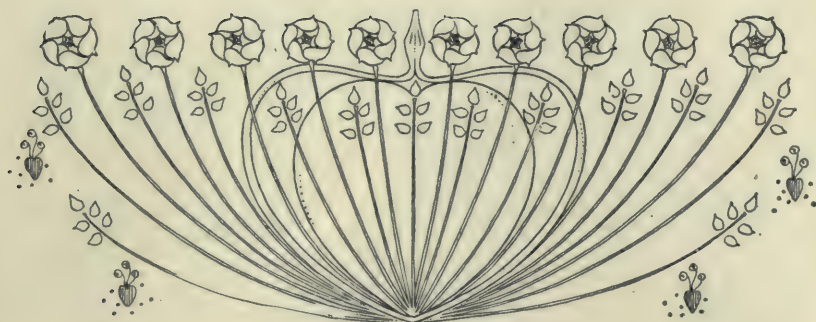
But men of sturdy Holland stock
 Low in the warm blood kneel
 And offer to the coming shock
 A solid front of steel.
 The battle-smoke is kind at least,
 In that it hides from sight
 The scenes when man's a savage beast,
 Soul, reason merged in fight.

Three times the banners rose and fell
 Upon the breastworks there;
 Again the English victor's yell
 Breaks on the quivering air.
 Their wounded comrades claim them now,
 Strong hearts grow faint for others;
 Orangemen wipe the Fenian's brow,—
 A foe has made them brothers.

In the dark after-silence dread,
 The Burghers on arms lay,
 No time to bury their brave dead—
 They charge at break of day;
 And here and there a bearded face
 Is wet with tear-drops mild
 As fancy shows the dear home place,
 His wife and little child.

The guns are still; but in their stead
 Rolls out the British pæan;
 Each soldier with uncovered head,
 Joins in "God save the Queen."
 While in the Boer tents they swell
 A chant that upward leaps,—
 "He, watching over Israel,
 Still slumbereth not nor sleeps."

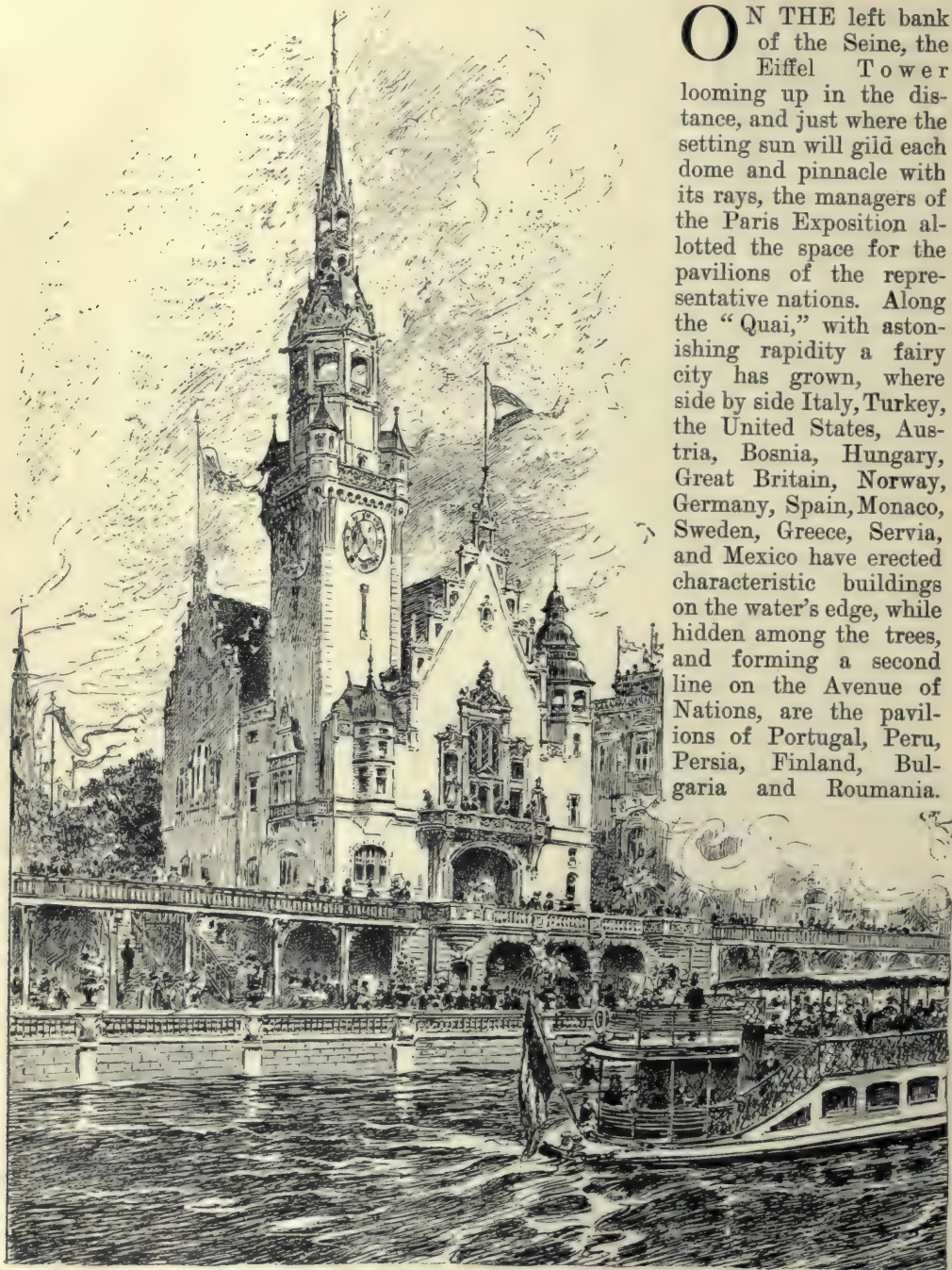
—*Adaven.*



NATIONAL PAVILIONS AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION

By JOSEPHINE TOZIER

ON THE left bank of the Seine, the Eiffel Tower looming up in the distance, and just where the setting sun will gild each dome and pinnacle with its rays, the managers of the Paris Exposition allotted the space for the pavilions of the representative nations. Along the "Quai," with astonishing rapidity a fairy city has grown, where side by side Italy, Turkey, the United States, Austria, Bosnia, Hungary, Great Britain, Norway, Germany, Spain, Monaco, Sweden, Greece, Servia, and Mexico have erected characteristic buildings on the water's edge, while hidden among the trees, and forming a second line on the Avenue of Nations, are the pavilions of Portugal, Peru, Persia, Finland, Bulgaria and Roumania.



German Pavilion

A wide terrace is built along the river bank, under which the trains go, and this promenade is one of the points most in favor with the numerous foreigners, who seek, first of all sights, their own flag waving above a building which brings them visions of home. All of this part of the great Exposition is solidly established on a foundation of huge piles, filled in with granite and finally covered with hard cement. I saw the men at work waist-deep in the water last summer, and watched the boats discharge their freight of great stones among the huge thickly driven piles. The work has been done in such a thoroughly substantial fashion that the city of Paris evidently contemplates keeping the buildings for several years to come.

Very prominent among the structures reflected in the river is the fine dome of the United States pavilion. It is worthy

of its purpose, and representative of America's best architecture and art. Some disappointment has been expressed in Paris because it was not a sky-scraper or some monstrosity which the Parisians imagined to be distinctive of America. In fact it is dignified, and quite represents the best we have. To illustrate the interest awakened in its success, it may be mentioned that the Fine Arts Federation, a body of delegates from all the artistic and architectural societies of the United States, petitioned the Government to place the decoration, interior finish, and exterior adornment, sculpture, landscape gardening, and the like in the hands of the architects, thus avoiding any advertising schemes or similar axes being ground on the premises. The Government wisely co-operated in this plan, and consequently the result is more than satisfactory. The fine mural painting which beautifies the



English Pavilion



Italian Pavilion



Pavilion of Norway



Spanish Pavilion

interior, executed by Robert Reid's vival brush, represents America awakening to knowledge of her strength and resources. It is full of strong cool blues and grays. The central figure, representing our country, is that of a woman lifting a veil. Before her stand two female figures,—“Electricity” and “Steam,”—beautiful, graceful creatures. On the right again is a forge with its mechanics and a young woman and a boy holding a book, the whole group symbolic of manufactures and education. In the distance rises a factory wall, and far to the right, beneath an orange tree, stands a negro in a cotton-field, typical of the South. On the left, productiveness and agriculture are represented by a young farmer, a mother and child, and a kneel-

ing Indian under an apple tree, holding a pumpkin and maize. There is a suggestion of the American flag throughout the composition which is very clever, while it takes nothing from the artistic value of the painting. Although the space allotted each of the Government pavilions is necessarily small, yet the perfect proportion of the architectural work produces, especially in the case of the United States pavilion, a sense of grandeur which in reality is imposing, considering the size of the building.

Great Britain has chosen as a representative pavilion an adaptation of Kingston House, which is an old manor of Bradford-on-Avon, near Bath, and the city of Bath is so deeply interested that it has



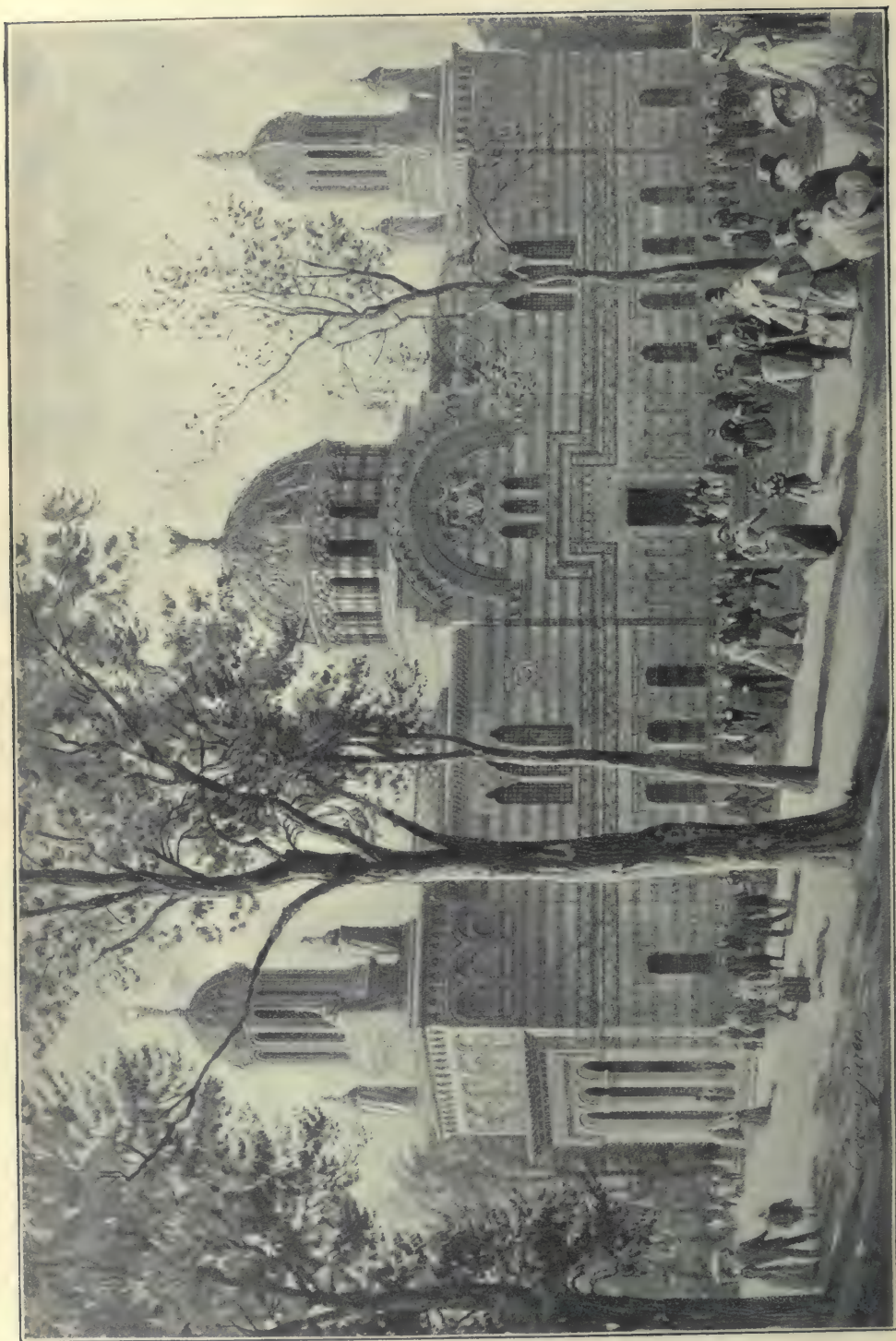
Persian Pavilion



Austrian Pavilion



Pavilion of Bosnia



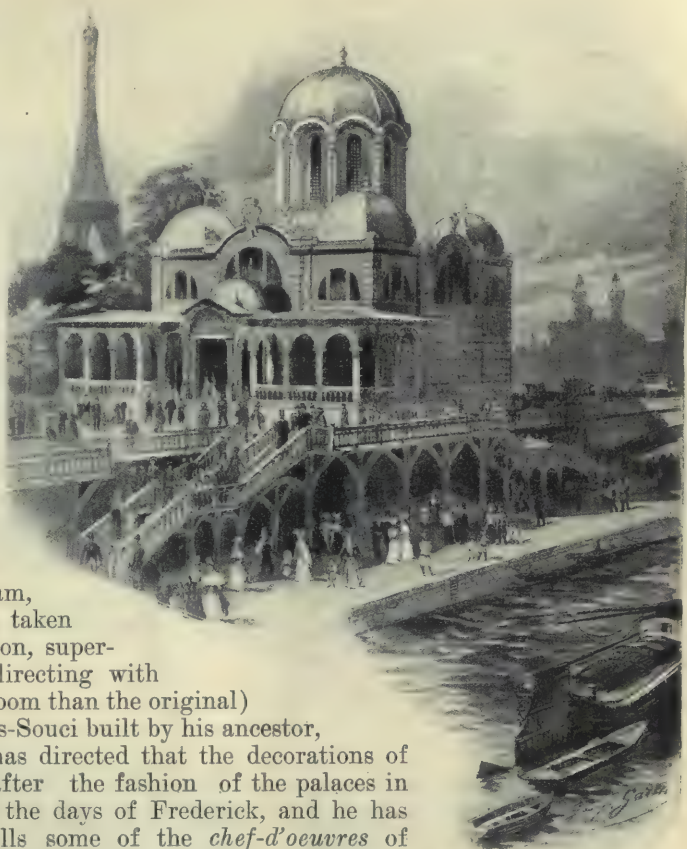
Roumanian Pavilion

taken the entire charge of the decoration of one of the principal rooms. Kingston House which dates from the time of James the First, is one of the most characteristic types of this period.

Germany has chosen a Rhenish dwelling of the period when merchants were princes in the Free cities, and the delicate pinnacles shooting high into the air, the superfluity of ornament, the red-tiled roof, and polychromatic decoration of the gay wooden façade are a direct contrast to the sober English country-house. The Emperor William, with his usual activity, has taken great interest in this pavilion, superintending the plans and directing with care the copy (in a smaller room than the original) of the famous library at Sans-Souci built by his ancestor, Frederick the Great. He has directed that the decorations of several rooms be French, after the fashion of the palaces in Potsdam, also dating from the days of Frederick, and he has sent to be hung on the walls some of the *chef-d'oeuvres* of French designers and painters of that period in the pictures and tapestry which adorn the interior. The French are very much pleased and flattered by this attention.

Italy's gay little palace suggests St. Mark's. It is a mass of bright color as the sun touches the gilded domes, the statues, the tiles and painted windows, making of the little building a veritable jewel-casket, well brought into relief by Norway's sturdy farmhouse. This latter pavilion is entirely of wood, rural in style of construction, but with a richness of wood-carving not found in many ordinary dwellings. Its general color is dull red with white lines which serve admirably to bring out the filigree-work on the balconies and between the heavy beams. The shingled roof is a real wonder to the Parisians. They speak with awe of using wood so recklessly, for it is a precious substance in France, and a shingled roof is unknown here.

Spain has built a little villa with



Servian Pavilion



Villa for the Visiting Sovereigns



Japan on the Trocadero



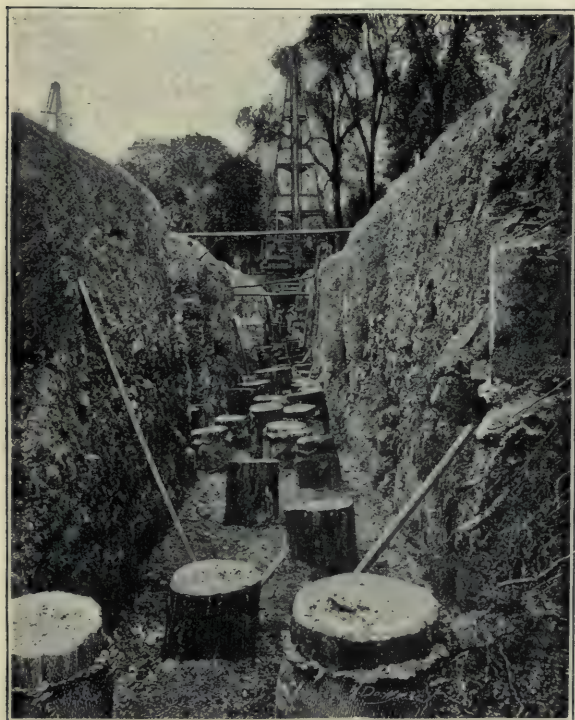
Pavilion of Finland

towers in the Renaissance style with a *patio*, or court, in the center, which is the only thing characteristically Spanish about the whole pavilion. The architects have borrowed bits from noted old Spanish buildings, but the result is neither original nor especially artistic. The same may be said of the Austrian endeavor, with its mansard roof and general likeness to the Opera House on the Ring in Vienna.

Persia is more interesting in her choice,—the elegance of the arched entrance, the delicacy of the windows covered with daintily traced inscriptions, and the enameled tiles in soft colors not being exceeded even by the wonderful



Peruvian Pavilion



Foundations of the Buildings near the River Seine

and rare display of rugs to be found inside the building.

The more southern countries of Europe have made great efforts to honor the Avenue of Nations by putting up lovely pavilions. Bosnia, a country which somehow seems so far away from us, has a very distinguished structure, and the interior is decorated by a superb frieze, painted by Mucha, the artist whose stunning posters are now in such demand. The subject he has chosen is a symbolical history of this land, almost unknown to us, and will go around the sides of the large hall of which the ceiling is in colored glass, and where workwomen from the government factories, dressed in national costumes, will weave carpets and divide the visitor's interest with the pupils of the school where the inlaying of metals in wood work is taught. The whole is full of local color. Greece, Roumania, and Servia



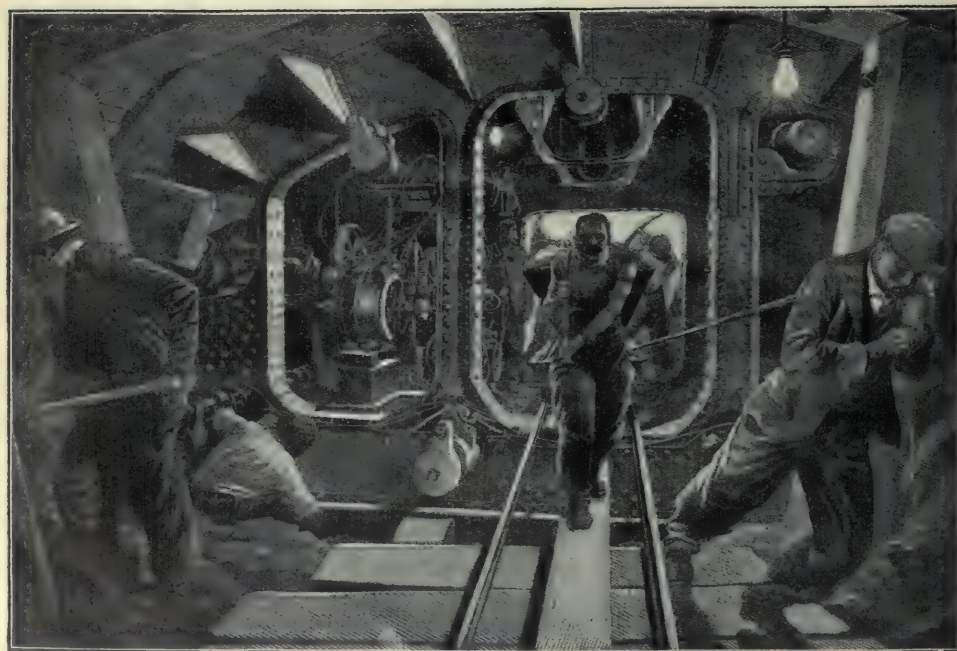
The Russian Buildings on the Trocadero



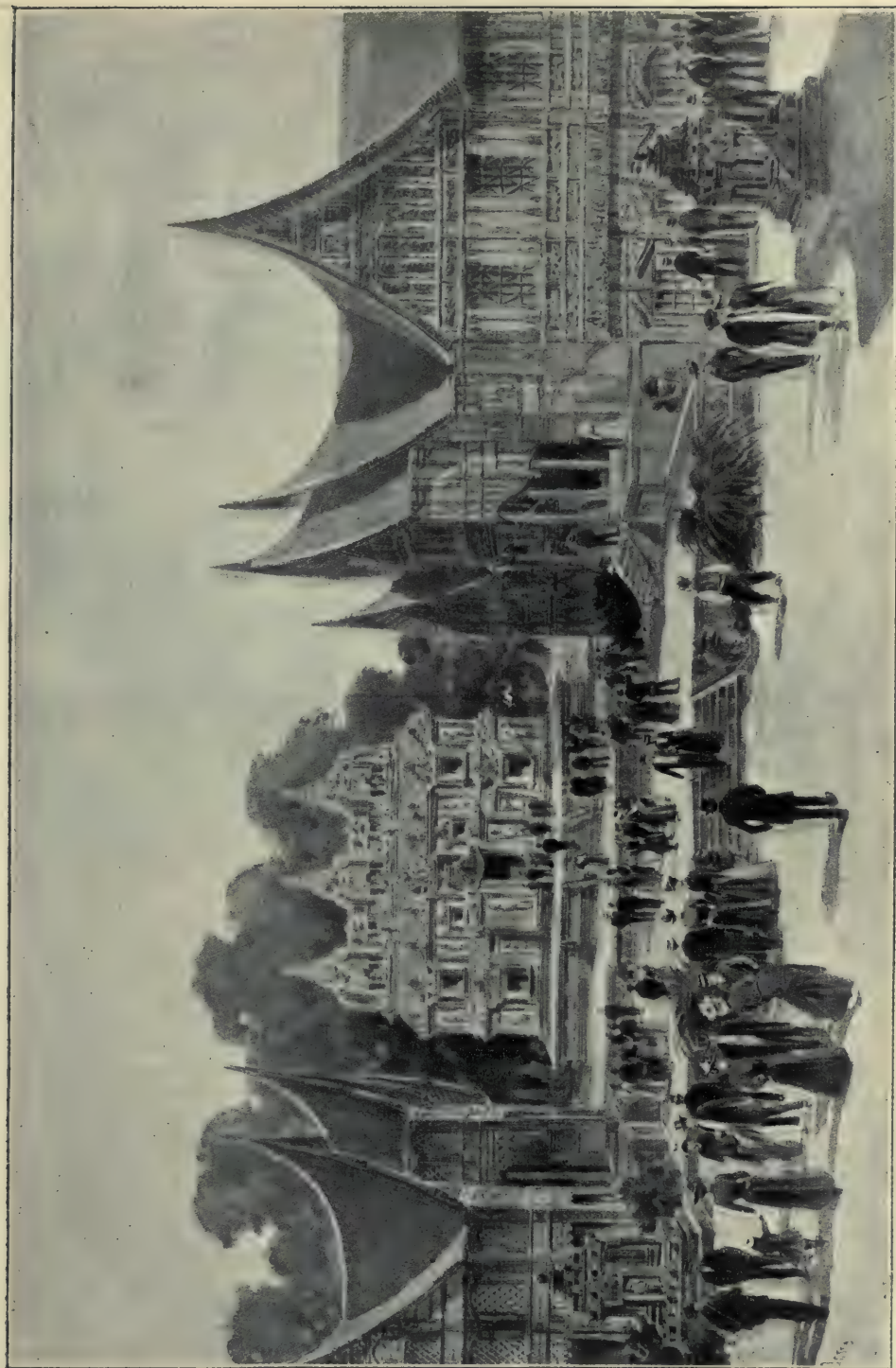
Algerian Buildings — Trocadero



General View of the Chinese Buildings—Trocadero



Building the Underground Tramway



The Netherlands' Colonies, represented by the Temple of Tchandi-Savi, in Java, and Dwellings from the High Plateau of Sumatra

have built their pavilions in Byzantine style, and it is in the variations of this style only, that any hint is given of the different nationalities to which the buildings belong. To be sure, all these people are near neighbors at home; but had Greece borrowed some points from past history and Servia gone into the mountains in search of a distinctive house, the result would have added much variety to this group of national architecture. As it is, the only difference is in the fact that while the Greeks have used only bricks for walls, domes, and the rest, Servia has gilded her cupolas and painted the façade, and Roumania revels in gay stripes on both arches and roof. Near by, cold Finland has built a building almost church-like in character. I fancy it will be taken for a chapel, notwithstanding the big bears which stand guarding the tower. Its lines are a relief to the eye, after the many fancy jewel-boxes of the South.

Peru and Mexico, by two buildings quite unlike in character, represent South America and the south of North America. But for the quaintest of all national buildings in the entire Exposition we must skip out past the Servian temple and over the bridge to the sloping grounds of the Trocadero. Here we see the big Russian building which afforded daily entertainment for all the *bourgeois* of Paris and their wives and children while the work was being done last fall. The Russian workmen who came to build it were the first of the foreign mechanics to appear in Paris, and although the general public was not allowed to enter the grounds on which they worked, which were strictly guarded by a high fence and several policemen, the long portico of the Trocadero museum, directly above, was a point of vantage for the public, and the poor isolated Russians were only too glad to be watched and to be talked at by the immensely interested Parisians. I saw one Sunday a Russian workman trying to make some little French children understand by signs that he loved them because he had six just like them at home; and his delight when their quick wits finally divined his meaning, and showers of hand kisses were exchanged at long range, was positively pathetic. Below the

great Russian palace are the sunny groups of white towers and minarets of the Algerian colonies of France, and in the space between these two appeared, some weeks ago, "a yellow invasion," as the French call it, of Chinese laborers to build Chinese houses, pagodas, and bridges, and incidentally to entertain the people of Paris to whom the Russians had become somewhat of an old story. Indeed, as this year has gone on, little by little, the Trocadero has become transformed into a veritable Tower of Babel. All tongues and all colors have been heard and seen within its limits, and the Parisians have got more fun out of their afternoon walks than any visitor from foreign lands



Statue from the Alexander Bridge

will ever get out of the entire Exposition. The Netherlands sent workmen from Sumatra and Java to build a temple and dwellings, while down in their far-away corner, (some distance from the Chinese, naturally,) the Japanese were busy with their fascinating little dwarf gardens and their houses built without nails. The inhabitants of the British colonies and the Boers from the Transvaal hobnob here in Paris, as though war was not, and from the long curving gallery, the busy scene underneath looks like a panorama with moving figures. Here is one of the best views of the Exposition. The ground slopes quickly to the river, and a fine cascade separates the two great parts of the hill, leaping down the steps with a great

flow of water. A broad bridge leads the visitor directly under the Eiffel Tower, and through its arches the brilliant Chateau-d'Eau and the Palace of Electricity make a striking picture. Directly at our feet is the Trocadero Hill, covered with queer domes and quaint dwellings peeping out among the dense trees, and away to our left winds the River Seine, with Old Paris clustering on one bank and the dainty Street of Nations on the opposite side. We see far below on the left the New Alexander Bridge and the white palaces of the Avenue Nicholas the Second, while on the right flows the broad river toward the green hills of Meudon and St. Cloud. With the exception of the Eiffel Tower, no such view of the scene is to be obtained in Paris as that which we see here at the Trocadero, because from the Eiffel Tower the entire landscape is not nearly so picturesque, owing to the bird's-eye character of the view, which detracts greatly from its beauty.

Not far from this entrance to the Exposition is the little villa surrounded by gardens, which the city of Paris will put at the disposal of those visiting sovereigns

who choose to make use of it. There is a larger house near by for the members of their suites; but as a rule visiting royalty takes up its residence at his own Embassy. Therefore, no more imposing house was chosen by the city of Paris for its guests, the probabilities being that this one will be visited by them only occasionally.

The underground railroad, which was so skillfully built and so quietly done that the citizens did not know when the tunnel was being dug under their houses, has one of its principal stations here at the Trocadero, and the visitor in search of amusement will climb here to earth to entertain himself with the dancing and juggling and acting of the different nations here assembled. The Trocadero is the Midway Plaisance and Street of Cairo combined, but with so much more open space that the crowd will never be so great as it was in Chicago, and the lover of fun can spend his time here while his more serious brother wanders over the bridge into the great halls of the Transportation, Chemical, or Agricultural buildings of this new fair.

A SAGEBRUSH SONG

GAY little oriole, fond little lover,
Watching thy mate o'er her tiny ones hover,
Tell me, I pray, from your cottonwood-tree,
When will my true love come riding to me?

Will he come with his lariat hung at his side?
On a wild, prancing bronco, my love, will he ride?
So high on your tree-top you surely can see,
O how will my true love come riding to me?

Sing of my lover, and tell me my fate,
Will he guard me as fondly as thou dost thy mate?
Dear oriole, sing, while I listen to thee,
When will my true love come riding to me?

Charles A. Keeler.

CRAFT'S BODY-GUARD

By ALMA MARTIN ESTABROOK

CRAFT stopped at my door and looked in. It was October, and I might have been sitting out, but I have never thought night air, even if it is Colorado night air, the best thing in the world for a pair of battered lungs; so I had a small fire in my fireplace and my lamp on the table. I had a home paper I was eager to read. Home is a little town back East that I am not bound to by a single tie but memory, where if I were suddenly put down I should not find a half-dozen familiar landmarks, and probably not so many old friends to welcome me; but I am glad to read the papers that come to me now and then, although there are few names in them that I know, and they belong to a younger generation.

As I was saying, however, Craft looked in at my door and seeing that I was alone,—Barkuloo had taken his mandolin under his arm and gone off to serenade some girl,—lowered himself to the doorstep, the lamplight and the moonlight contending for possession of his great bulk.

Craft is a miner, and not altogether a first-class fellow,—but who of us is, for the matter of that? He is so nearly straight and white that I like to have him come and sit with me of evenings, as he often does, saying little and not caring to hear much, content with the mere sense of companionship. He is usually as good-natured as he is quiet, and because he began to speak at once, and from the look of his brows, I knew something was very wrong.

"I've had a warnin' to quit my own claim," he said.

"Who warned you?" I asked; for, like so many miners, Craft goes often to consult these fellows who call themselves "occult students," and I thought what a pity it would be if one of them should be the means of his abandoning what he promised to turn out a good claim.

"Farley brothers," said he.

"What have they got to do with it?"

"Nothin' by rights; but they think

they're goin' to have a lot to do with it by force."

And then he told me how they had staked off a claim over a spot where a vein of ore springs up. But the stuff leaves their land almost immediately to flow the full length of Craft's. They had discovered this too late to remedy it honestly. So when he began work that morning they waited upon him to say that he could not go on; they wanted that especial claim for their own, and they were prepared to take it. They did n't want to have any trouble; but unless he went away and left them in possession they would shoot his head off. There were two of them against him, and they meant business; so he had best go quietly.

"Humph," said I. I knew the Farley brothers, and I did not fancy the situation.

Craft nodded his big head comprehendingly.

"Will you try the law on them?" I asked presently.

He looked at me as if I had been an infant. "I thought you knew this country better 'n that," he said. "When a man has worked so long as I have for his pile, and then sees it ahead of him, he ain't goin' to be fool enough to invite half the lawyers in the State to share it with him and then lay around a year or two waitin' for a lot of courts to make up their minds. I'll take a quicker way."

"For instance?"

"Ten men with ten good shooters."

"Oh! upon my word——"

"See here now, I ain't after trouble,—you know that,—but I ain't goin' to back down and leave them my pile. I'm not such a coward. I'll take ten fellows up there and introduce them, and if the Farleys want to fight we'll be ready. But I reckon they won't relish the idea. Maybe they'll get ten men of their own, and if they do I'll get twenty. There's that in my ground that'll pay for help; but they've got nothing, and they know it. I guess they'll see the only thing to do is

to let me alone. But there's one thing bothers me," he went on, with evident effort and embarrassment, "and that's Katie."

Katie was a little Irish girl who worked at the boarding-house of the camp, and Craft loved her.

"Well, what about Katie? She does n't have to know about it, does she?"

"Everybody'll know it."

"Then, why not send her away?"

He was delighted at the suggestion, and I wrote a note that night to a friend of mine in town asking her to keep Katie as nurse for her little ones until I sent for her. Craft was to take the girl down next day, telling her she was conferring a favor on me by going to the aid of my sorely needy friend, in order to get her away without arousing her suspicions.

They went past the cabin early the next morning and waved to me as they galloped out of sight. Craft came back six hours later with his men, and they clattered into my place after a drink. I think they had already had something fluid beside water, and it occurred most forcibly to me that, if I were the Farley brothers, I should be persuaded to come peacefully to any sort of terms they might dictate.

When they came shouting and singing down the mountain the next evening about sunset and called to me that the fight did n't come off, and it was all right with Craft, I felt very much relieved, and Barkuloo and I went early to bed. But we had hardly fallen asleep when there came a mighty pounding at our door, and muttering something about those dastardly Farley fellows having done Craft, Barkuloo scrambled to open it. But he came back instantly and pushed me forward, saying it was a lady and I must see her.

"It's the first time in your life you ever resigned a meeting of that sort to me," I said.

"Who is it?" I asked through the key-hole.

"Katie Norris. And I should think you would be ashamed to see me, sending me away like you did!" she half sobbed.

But Barkuloo was dressed before I could possibly accomplish my own toilet, and opened the door to her.

"What's wrong?" I heard him question.

"Everything. To think you all sent me away just when Ed needed me. I'm going up there now, and I'm going to see that those Farleys don't get at him. I know all about it. I heard it in town."

"But it's all right now. The men have gone back, and no doubt Craft is as sound asleep as we were when you came pounding on our door."

"And who is keeping guard over him?"

"Guard? Why, nobody. You see——"

"Oh," she wailed, "what a lot of friends you are, to leave him alone!"

"Do you really think he needs a body-guard, Katie?" Barkuloo asked, and I knew from his voice that something was bubbling up in his mind, but Katie answered in all seriousness.

"Well," said he, "maybe you are right. I will ride up to the house with you, and as we pass Craft's door we can just stop and suggest it to him."

And almost before I could get out to them they were ready to ride away, Katie's eyes, and her freckles likewise, shining in the moonlight. But it is not kind to speak of the freckles, although they are a very conspicuous part of Katie, for there are so many good and admirable things that I could tell you about her and leave the sun-blotches out. But they rode away, at any rate, and I as usual missed the interesting part of the affair, according to Barkuloo.

Ed. Craft was very sleepy and very much astonished when he came out and saw them, although I don't doubt it pleased him to know that the girl cared so much for him that she would ride all alone from town to my cabin, just through anxiety for his safety and a desire to be where she could join the ranks ready to help defend him. He poohed at the idea of needing anybody to keep an eye out for the Farleys. He told them that each of the ten men had separately warned the brothers that they had registered a vow to be avenged if anything happened to him. They would not wait for any coroner's verdict if he were found dead some morning, nor for any judge or jury to punish the man who was responsible for his death. And the Farleys would not

defy them. He was perfectly safe now to do what he pleased on his claim, or off it. But Katie was not to be convinced.

Then Tom Barkuloo called Craft aside and said something in his ear that made him stare first, and then smile. And when they came back to Katie he was so evidently pleased that she asked him what the boy had said.

"He says he thinks, like you do, Katie, that I need a body-guard, and maybe I do. I reckon I'd be mighty pleased to have one, if I could get the one I want. But I don't know about that."

Katie did not at all comprehend.

"He wants you," Barkuloo explained;

and then he walked off, while Craft told her about the ore on his claim and the only thing that had stood in the way of their marrying at once being removed—his poverty. I suppose he used some other persuasions, perhaps; I don't know about such things. But when Tom went back it had been fixed in a very satisfactory way, and the day had been set for Saturday—it was Monday night, you know.

Then Craft got out his horse and he and Barkuloo rode up to the boarding-house with her, Barkuloo going along because, he said, it was the last time in her life she would ever need a chaperon, and he wanted her to have a good one.

ETC.

SUGGESTIONS of a somewhat grown-up character grew out of a recent cable message from London announcing "marvelous prosperity even under the storm and stress of war."

War and Prosperity

It is affirmed that nearly all industries in the United Kingdom are remarkably flourishing, with an advance in prices of coal, iron, wool, and other commodities, and without a sign of financial disturbance, in spite of the contraction of the gold supply and the shrinkage of the currency. Furthermore, the putting of so many workers into khaki uniforms and their removal to South Africa has relieved the labor market, insuring employment for the hitherto idle and with higher wages than prevailed before the war.

The question is whether all this will bring to the front a new school of Anglo-Saxon economists advocating war as an essential condition for "good times." We already have wars for the purpose of opening up new markets; why not for the direct and immediate purpose of stimulating industrial activities and as a solution of the desperate problem of labor? The setting apart of 300,000 men to do nothing but fight each other in South Africa, and use up food sup-

plies, clothing, powder, lead, and horses, unquestionably results in "new markets," for both Britain and Boer-land, insomuch that the commercial world does not even miss the mine outputs which have ceased to flow from that ill-fated region into the treasuries of Europe. And the wage-earner in England who is now blessed with employment simply because his former neighbor, Tom Jones the laborer, has been transformed into Tommy Atkins the fighter, certainly has some occasion for gratitude to the God of War. It was not so in earlier times and in the case of former wars. But the marvelous increase in the productiveness of industry in recent times has so changed conditions that we now actually need the ravages of martial wrath to create exceptional demand and at the same time reduce the clamoring crowds of toilers asking for work to do.

Does this present a new phase of speculation for social and economic philosophers? We have long had a school of wise men contending that war "develops and disciplines, as nothing else can, the moral fiber of a people." Shall we have a new school advocating *war as an economic necessity*? And shall we look hopefully toward Japan and Russia to next provide the conditions for advanced prices in coal and iron, in cotton and wool, in wheat and corn?



THE assumption of paternal attitudes and functions on the part of the Government is very generally deprecated; but there are

Regulation of

Medical Experiments

circumstances and occasions which all right-minded people recognize as calling for interference in behalf of the weak, to defend them against the aggressions and the inhumanities to which they are liable. This remark is apropos of the fact that a bill is before Congress, introduced by Mr. Gallinger on March 2d, for the special protection of new-born babes, pregnant women, lunatics, idiots, the aged, the infirm, and epileptics, in the District of Columbia. It would appear from the implications of the bill itself that these classes are in exceptional danger from the "experiments" of unscrupulous physicians, surgeons, pathologists, and students of medicine or of science. It is to be hoped that such practitioners are in the minority, but there must be a good many of them to necessitate action on the part of the National Legislature.

It is proposed to *regulate* scientific experiments "involving pain, distress, or risk to life and health, whether by administration of poisonous drugs for the purpose of ascertaining their toxicity, by inoculating the germs of disease, by grafting cancerous tumors into healthy tissues, or by performance of any surgical operation for any other object than the amelioration of the patient." The main features of the regulations are that every such experiment shall be performed by a duly qualified physician or surgeon, who must also hold a special license for the purpose; that the subject of the experiment must be not less than twenty years of age and in full possession of the reasoning faculties; that the application for the special license shall be accompanied with the written permission of the proposed subject, signed and duly witnessed before a notary public; and that no such experiment shall be continued against the expressed will of the person experimented upon. Disregard of this law shall work a disqualification for the practice of medicine in the District of Columbia, and the performer of the experiment shall be deemed guilty of the crime of human vivisection. In case of the death of the subject, the practitioner shall be held guilty of manslaughter or murder.

It is the impression of the writer of this paragraph that if all the crimes of this nature were recorded the list of capital offenses in the United States would be doubled. But even if they are very few, yet stringent laws should be enacted and sharply enforced everywhere to protect children, and the inmates of hospitals, asylums, and public institutions,—in short, all persons, who, from weakness or ignorance or the misfortunes of circumstance, are unable to protect themselves. It should be regarded as an intolerable shame by any individual that he should consent to have his own life prolonged at the expense of mortal sufferings on the part of another. The community, the whole of us, ought to see this matter in that same light. It were better that scores of us, or hundreds, or thousands should die than that we should offend against the life-rights of any "one of these little ones," however weak or otherwise useless. Rather let medical science bungle along on its way, and let us take our chances at its hands, without forcing vicarious sacrifice on the helpless.

But we are heartily glad for one very reasonable provision in this proposed legislation for the District of Columbia. Indeed, we shall expect every one to approve, with utmost good cheer, even a cordial and rejoicing acquiescence, of the express exception provided for in section 6: "Nothing in this Act contained shall be construed to prohibit or interfere with any experiments whatsoever made by medical students, physicians, surgeons, physiologists, or pathologists *upon one another.*"

THE recent discussions of the question whether it is by men or by women that the greater part of the lying of this world is done suggest the further question, Why is it that any of us lie? that indeed we all lie?—as it cannot be denied we do. We apprehend that it is due to social cowardice. Our race has been here in the world for many thousands of years, and yet men have never dared to speak truth to one another; that is, to utter forth their real minds in the full reality of them. We are a wondrously timid race in this respect. Very brave we are to war upon one another, man against man, to lift

Social Cowardice of Lying

our flags and standards in strong hands and carry them valiantly to battle-fields and uncompromising bloody conflicts, ready to die for patriotic convictions, or even for a passionate whim. But when it comes to the matter of meeting each other on the actualities, and on the basis of absolute sincerity, we shrink back, we stand aloof, we apologize and falter, or we sink into that reserve which is not modesty, but essential and radical immorality.

Not that our social attitudes are utterly and without exception false. There is, happily, truth enough in us to make a basis for some fair degree of social confidence,—that trust which really makes life, and life's rewards, as between souls. But on the other hand, the forced and forcing circumstances of our lives are such, the traditional lines of it are so run, that while there is a true in us there is inevitably and invariably a false in us, too. Our personal values are divided and brought into contrast by the line which marks the joined edges of this true and this false. Nearly every personality has a beauteous open side, a fair manifestation of reality, but a dark side, too, which is instinctively covered away. Thus it is that men meet daily and converse, and then separate and begin to wonder whether in the interchange of glances they have seen a clear light or only a confusing glimmer, and how much, or how little, of truth has been spoken. So that, all through the manifold and tangled relations of humanity there is this mist, and sometimes a heavy impenetrable fog, of uncertainty. Nation withholds its policy from nation, class keeps its true mind from each other class, family covers its secrets from family, brother deceives brother, wife and husband keep back their innermost thoughts from each other, and even the lover does not whisper all the truth to the listening trust of his beloved. It is much to be doubted if there be in the world to-day two people who would dare, or who could imagine it at all safe to their mutual friendship and good will, to sit down face to face and tell each other freely and frankly all that they think, all they believe, all they propose, all they cherish, hope, and dream about.

Most of us go on the way of life without understanding how really dreadful and pitiful all this is; because we do not perceive

the far-reaching inclusions of it, and how it drugs and poisons the cups out of which we drink our daily portion. But when we become conscious, as one after another we are bound to do, of our own restlessness and of the dis-ease in which humanity tosses, we begin to see that just here is the sore of society, the desperate, tenacious, disintegrating, malignant ailment of mankind—namely, that we hide truth, conceal reality, and are mortally afraid and ashamed under any clear light that really reveals us to one another's eyes.

What we need most in this world, after all,—though we are generally blind to the necessity,—is *human reality*, the absoluteness of vital truth that is in us—that this be manifested forth so that we shall know where we are, our social longitude and latitude, and have chance to readjust ourselves for a sure and positive manner of living in accord with actualities. This is the ultimate evangel. The churches that are losing their grip on the ancient creeds may well take this up, are bound to do so, as the everlasting gospel which must be preached far and wide until all men hear and obey. We must rise into this liberty, into this free integrity of word and deed, or else our human lot will ever be in Paradise Lost, a wandering in the wilderness, social confusion, dissatisfaction, unhappiness.

IT HAS been our fortune to meet the Hoe-Man on several occasions since Mr.

Markham harrowed up the public sensibility over him, and we have fancied we could detect an unusual gleam of light in his eyes.

This we have attributed to the fact that all the "upper classes" have now for some time been hanging over the top rail of the fence that surrounds his corn-field, closely observing him, speculating about him, and cogitating certain profound conundrums concerning the real cause and occasion of him. Then, too, there is no doubt that he feels encouraged and possibly a little elated at the progress he has been making. A little while ago he somehow got into art, and now he has a place in poetry, and the next step would probably have introduced him into religion, where he might aspire to the honors of sainthood.

We say the next step *would probably* have so advanced him. This subjunctive turn of thought concerning him is due to the fact that all hope for him has again been dashed to the ground by the adverse judgment of the Critic—which, as every one knows, is the Force of Gravity dominant over the world of literature.

When we next see the Hoe-Man we shall consider it our unwelcome duty to tell him—for it is understood that he reads little, or none at all—what Professor Lathrop, of Stanford University, has been saying about the egregious and unforgivable blunders of Mr. Markham, and how, as a consequence, his (the Hoe-Man's) chances in the world are as pulverized dust. It may be difficult, to be sure, to get into his misshapen skull any due understanding of the real situation; but at least a cautionary notice should be served upon him that this man Markham has grossly deceived him about that bit of alleged poetry. It was a demagogic shame to impose on this helpless creature with a string of verses that were "pedestrian, unmelodious, heavy, and monotonous"; but when it is further shown up that the "poverty of Mr. Markham's technical resources" is so abject that he has given to his verse "no continuous flow or satisfactory periodic structure," and has had the miserably bad taste to make his "cesura predominantly masculine," there is positively no extenuation possible for the hoax. Nor is even this the full head and front of the offending; for Mr. Markham's very "thought is shallow." He charges up this toiler's unhappy condition, and conditions, to the account of the "masters, lords, and rulers in all lands," whereas they have had nothing whatever to do with it. They never gave nor accepted grants of land or guarantees of special privilege which affected him in even the most remote way; they never proclaimed an edict of governmental authority bearing at all on his place and part in society or his relations to them; they never put a single scrap of legislation on the statute-books of any land that prejudiced his chances or had the least influence in putting him or keeping him where he is. "Loosened and let down this brutal jaw!—slanted back this brow!—blew out the light within this brain!" Not they—either by direct act or the tiniest stream of influence flowing from their

individual deeds or social and civil procedures. It is preposterous to attribute responsibility to them; the responsibility is fate's, heredity's, nature's, God's, and the Hoe-Man's own. This

—"thing that grieves not and that never hopes,

Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox,"

stands there in the open of the world, alone, victim of inexorable forces that are beyond human control; and the rest of humanity has no responsible relation to him whatever—only to keep him hoeing and *forever in his place*.

It is an unaccountable fact, however, (but this should not be mentioned to the Man with a Hoe, lest he misinterpret its significance,) that this pseudo-poem, with its "labored movement" and "plodding heaviness," with its "shallow thought" and inane social philosophy, should have so wakened up the world; that it should have been republished in almost every magazine and newspaper in the land; that in a hundred thousand pulpits it should have been used as a text; that platform orators should have spent their eloquence in approval or denunciation of it; that debating societies have discussed it; that schools have considered it in their literary courses; that it has been the subject of conversation in social circles and on the streets; that the critics have not ceased to show forth their expert wisdom on it for now a year and a half; that no poem of the century has been so extolled, ridiculed, jested at, cartooned, assailed, anathematized, defended; and that, finally, it has given to its author a world-wide fame.

It must be that few people after all care very much whether or not the cesural pauses in a poem are masculine or feminine. If a poem proves to have power over the thinking of the world it is justified of Wisdom's children.

The Editor's Notes

PUBLIC attention has been so absorbed in the Spanish and Boer wars, and in the problem of expansion, that the transfer of the seat of the United States Government from Washington to San Francisco has hardly been noticed. But the fact is that every important action in Congress during

the last year or two, with the exception of the Porto Rico Tariff Bill, has gone on record as a "Victory of the San Francisco Examiner," an "Indorsement of one of its Planks," e-t-c! There is no possible interpretation of this except that the enterprising paper named is supervising and controlling everything from Maine to Manila. It is a form of government never tried in this slow world before, but it seems to be working fairly well thus far; and certain it is that the "American National Policy" is practically sound and well deserves the indorsement of the President, the Congress and the American people.

TO THE many persons who write us inquiring if the profession of literature pays, and if we think they have a fair prospect of making fortunes at it, we answer once for all, Yes, of course it pays; you are on the right track; look at John Ruskin, whose copyrights are said to have brought him in \$20,000 a year; that ought to encourage anybody and everybody; all you have to do is to "dash off" a few books like "Sesame and Lilies," "A Crown of Wild Olives," "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," and "Unto this Last." A half-dozen volumes such as these will place you financially where you would hardly care for even a partnership with Mr. Carnegie. This is our sober and well-considered judgment as to your chances in the field of literature, for money, and, quite incidentally, for glory.

IT IS not such a phenomenally prosaic and unimaginative period after all. Witness the fact that in the United States, in 1899, seven hundred and thirty-eight new novels were published, and three hundred and two volumes of poetry. The output of juvenile literature, which also draws largely on the resources of imagination, was likewise prodigious. To be sure, the greater part of all this becomes at once the lumber of libraries or the miscellany of cheap counters, but it suggests that there is something yet astir in the human mind that is not concerned with shops and commodities and kitchenware. Perhaps the vision will not cease and the people will not perish.

AND NOW we have Chauncey Depew's word for it that the world is more honest to-day than it was in his boyhood. Problem:

At the rate of progress toward perfect honesty which has been made since Mr Depew's boyhood, how long will it be before the millennium?

LET US trust that both terms of the hope expressed by Professor Moses, of the Philippine Commission, may be fulfilled—"to make the Filipinos respect us first and then love us."

SO SELDOM do we hear any word so much as implying that the thoughts, the purposes, or the awakening hopes of the Orientals themselves may have anything whatever to do with the political and commercial problems of Eastern Asia, the following from Professor Fryer (as reported in the daily papers) is at least novel, and one may say refreshing:—

There is a crisis near at hand, and the Chinese empire waits with patient dignity. She sees warships of various nations as birds of prey hanging about a wounded animal. She is determined, however, not to give her carcass as booty. The hope of China is to have other nations spend years of fighting over her while she gains strength. The outlook is far from hopeless. The Chinese heart is good and noble, and when other nations give the empire a helping hand in manufacturing and industrial pursuits, her future is assured.

"Ocean Tragedies" Again

To the Editor of the *Overland Monthly*

I was much interested in "Ocean Tragedies of the Northwest Coast," in the October, ('99) number, as I know well many of the vessels and officers mentioned. The wreck of the *Brother Jonathan* was a specially sad and terrible disaster, and vividly portrayed by the author. However, there were only *nine* persons in the boat (a small quarter-boat) saved instead of nineteen, and it was due to the energy, skill, and endurance of the third mate of the vessel, a Danish or Norwegian sailor, who was also the only one saved who could give an intelligent account of the wreck.

I doubt very much that Mrs. General Wright was in the boat, or could have returned to the steamer had she so desired. The conditions made that impossible.

About a week or ten days after the wreck, I went to San Francisco (I think, on the *Columbia*), and touching at Trinidad we took on board the body of Mrs. Wright, just washed ashore near by. I do not know

whether the General's body was ever recovered, but it seems thirty or forty were buried at Crescent City.

It was astonishing the amount of wreckage coming ashore up and down the coast, showing the utter destruction of the vessel.

The mention of J. G. Wall reminds me that his brother-in-law, Joe Lord, was purser of the *Brother Jonathan*, and was lost with her. In the winter of '56, I was a fellow-passenger with Wall on the *Goliath*, bound from San Francisco to Crescent City, and we were thirteen days making the trip, not being able to land on account of rough weather, and at last were obliged to let ourselves over the stern into whale-boats, four or five miles from the shore.

Before this, however, Captain Burns, tired of being knocked about and getting short of coal, concluded to run the risk of crossing the bar into Humboldt Bay. It proved a risk sure enough, as, from some trouble or accident to the engine, it stopped working just as we were on the bar, and only started in time to prevent losing steerage way, thus avoiding the fate of the *Chilkat* in '94, as we would have certainly rolled over like a log in a minute more.

At the request of the Captain, Wall, who was a sailor in his youth, took the wheel, and his skill and courage were needed that time on Humboldt Bar. It was a wild scene, and never forgotten by the writer. What a relief to get into smooth water inside! where we lay three or four days and until the weather outside moderated a trifle, when we proceeded to Crescent City.

First Officer French of the *Northerner* was a hero, and when dissuaded from returning to the wreck, replied, "My life belongs to the people still on board that vessel,"—and he gave it. The writer made the passage from Panama to San Francisco on the *Northerner*, in April, '53, with many other returning Californians who were well known in those early days and some not forgotten now: Senators Gwin and Weller, Congressmen Marshall and McCarkle, Thomas O. Larkin, who was United States Consul at Monterey in early days, A. J. Bryant, Sam Brannan, Alvin Adams, of Adams Express, Lola Montez, and Hull, whom she married in California, and M. Bodisco, then a young Secretary of Legation bound for Alaska.

In those days all ocean steamers were side-wheelers, and the *Northerner* was a good vessel of her class.

Yours very truly,

J. C. WESTON.

Clinton, Iowa, March 15th.

The Slaughter of Sea-Birds

Possibly we ought to apologize to Paris and other centers and sources of fashion, and to milliners, and to the newly-bonneted ladies of this early post-Easter period, for giving space, at the request of the American Ornithologists' Union, to the following

APPEAL TO BIRD LOVERS.

This country is on the verge of losing forever one of the main features of its seacoast charms—the sea-birds themselves. In fact, the terns, the most exquisite of the gull family, and which formerly thronged our whole coast, have been so nearly wiped out by agents of the milliners that this year's onslaught, already fully organized, will glean almost the last pair from the few small breeding colonies which remain, wherever these are unprotected. And the larger gulls, which are not only very beautiful, but absolutely essential as harbor scavengers, are also being decimated for the same purpose. All these species, with their exquisite beauty, their wild voices and their most romantic lives, peopling a realm which, without them, would be oppressive in its dreary grandeur, will reach their breeding-places in a few weeks, and the terns especially are liable to be slaughtered the moment they get there; therefore the promptest action is necessary, if we are to save even the few pairs of the latter which could restock our devastated coast when the evil eye of fashion shall have turned to other victims.

If money enough can be raised, the committee of the American Ornithologists' Union will guard every breeding-place where there is a law to back them, as Mr. Mackay and Mr. Dutcher have done at Vineyard Sound Islands and Great Gull Island. A very encouraging sum is already in the hands of the committee. The places to be protected are certain islands on the coast of Maine, Long Island, New Jersey, Maryland, and perhaps Virginia and Florida. In Maine alone there is need of all the money we can possibly get, since there single wardens are afraid to face the rough plumers, and some more elaborate organization is the only hope. The American Ornithologists' Union therefore appeals to every bird-lover for money to be used in hiring wardens to protect the birds while nesting. Contributions should be sent to Mr. William Dutcher, treasurer of the Union, at 525 Manhattan Avenue, New York City, who will furnish all desired information.

BOOK REVIEWS

FOR FULL TITLES, PUBLISHERS, ETC., SEE LIST UNDER HEADING OF "BOOKS RECEIVED"

Women⁷ Arraigned as Blunderers

A belligerent individual, ambushed behind a literary kopje, has recently discharged thirteen gunloads of small shot at our American housewives and homemakers; that is, he has uttered into the world a book of thirteen chapters (fatal number!) on *The Domestic Blunders of Women*, carefully hiding himself behind his publishers, and substituting for his name on the title page the concealing phrase, 'A Mere Man.' which might be taken at the outset as a timorous apology for his venturesome bushwhacking. The book promises to be a puzzle to many readers. As one woman puts it,—“I cannot feel quite sure whether he is writing a skit on domestic management, or whether he is writing it seriously.” Most readers will probably conclude that the author is a fairly good-natured fellow whose bump of banter and tantalization is enormously oversized, with brain-threads ramifying into the cranial location of satire and the consciousness of an immeasurable male superiority. He is pleased to think of his home (household) as a part of his *business*, with his wife as superintendent of that department, but strictly accountable for all the details of her sub-management, to the down-town office where he himself presides in supreme and all-wise authority—a being who knows woman, and her innumerable follies and foibles, as omnisciently as does even the Creator of this rib-adjunct to man.

The starting-point is that this business partnership (otherwise called matrimony), with the chosen woman as manager of the household branch, “should at least show a profit on paper.” The male partner is to ask himself, “What has become of the good income which I have earned in many years of hard work?” When he finds, upon expediting his ledger that it “has been expended, dollar by dollar, dime by dime, on rent, taxes, servants, schooling, and Tradesmen's Books,” he should be “too good a business-man not to ask himself: Has it been well invested? If I have, so far, only been sinking money, what am I going to get

out of it? In other words, What are my assets, and what are they worth?” The “assets,” in the bookkeeping of the author, are, it appears, his wife and daughter, and, declining to “put a fictitious value on the good will of love,” he admits that his wife is not “an improving property,” and his daughters are set down as “a mere speculation.”

From this point of view the following arraignment of women as managers of the domestic branch of *business* is drawn up.

1. Skeptical question—“Does any woman know how to buy a chop?—that is to say, has she the very remotest idea how to buy the best chop for the least amount of money?”

2. “It might be going a little too far to say women are absolutely dishonest about money; but it is not going a bit too far to say that they have no idea how hard it is to earn, that they have no idea of its value, that they cannot save it, that they have not the remotest notion how to spend it properly, and that, therefore, they should not be intrusted with either its saving or its spending.”

3. Women make a dismal failure in handling the problem of domestic service. This is “the only profession in the world which is overstocked and detested—simply because it is the only one over which women preside, and (so) the only one which is villainously mismanaged.”

4. Women make a “domestic *inferno*” of the kitchen. “It is there that all the mischief of the house is hatched, and I must say I think the mistress of the house is largely responsible for its sins.”

5. The larder under a woman's management is the “Bottomless Pit”—in the sense that it is the abyss of extravagance into which sinks and disappears no end of costly substance.

6. Women fail utterly of any intelligent and thrifty method of bookkeeping,—indeed, in most instances, of any bookkeeping whatever,—and thus lay the conditions for enormous waste.

7. "Women are more ignorant of the management of their nurseries than of any other parts of their houses." "I don't believe women have the very slightest idea how children should be taken care of."

8. Women are "untidy," and "one and all dwell contentedly in dirt,"—though "dirt," as used in the author's vocabulary, is considerably and apologetically defined as "matter out of place."

9. "Woman is the slave of furniture," is unforgivably extravagant in buying it, and "makes her home hideous" by the bad taste she displays in choosing it.

These are some of the principal indictments which this remarkable book brings against the domestic economy of women. There are innumerable minor charges, just to fill in the chinks and give these pitiable malefactors no neglected crevice through which to escape. Their sinfulness is in the nature of a total depravity, warring against the comfort and the content of the lordly half of our Eve-begotten humanity.

But there is a remedy, almost stupidly simple and warranted by "A Mere Man" to be infallible. It is finally and authoritatively revealed in the following specifications:—

1. "The home is a branch of the office, and a wife should be a partner in the concern."

2. "Household expenditures should be regulated on business lines."

3. "The husband should enter into a working arrangement with his partner."

4. "A list of all expenses should be drawn up, and every week she should produce her book and ask for a check, not only to meet the average weekly expenses, but to include the rent, taxes, wages, clothes, and school bills as they fall due."

The author is sure that if these business methods are adopted the most serious of all the domestic blunders of women will be overcome. And thus it is that he fulfills his mission: "I want to show women where they fail, so that they may mend their manners."

This book will be a valuable thesaurus or *vade mecum*, upon which husbands who are of either a cynical temper or a teasing disposition can draw for a tongue discipline of their wives. It also presents numerous

openings for counter attacks from bright women who know how to think and how to wield a pen. But it will probably be a matter of doubt for a long while, and until the author stands forth and confesses, whether we have here the lessons of a serious moralist or the long-sustained joke of an American humorist.

Christ Came Again

REV. WILLIAM S. URMY, pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, San Francisco, undertakes, in a volume bearing the above title, a thorough and exhaustive re-examination of the entire New Testament teachings about the second coming of Christ. His exegesis appears to be very able, scholarly, and consistent, resulting in the conclusions that the *parousia* of Christ is already an accomplished fact, that the millennium, or period of a thousand years, has passed, that the promised reign of Christ on the earth in all glory and power is now in progress and will continue forever, bringing the world at last into "complete subjection to redeemed man," and making it, possibly, "the dwelling-place of glorified humanity." Readers who are interested in eschatology will find in Dr. Urmy's chapters a lucid treatment of such subjects as the resurrection (an invisible process); the resurrection body; the change of the living; the rapture of the saints; the judgment (now proceeding); the destiny of the righteous and the wicked; the intermediate state (abolished by Christ); and the New Jerusalem. A concluding chapter indicates the changes which must be made in the creeds, rituals, liturgies, and other literary monuments of the Christian Church to bring them into harmony with an enlightened interpretation of the Bible on the doctrine of the last things. As to the controversial force and value of the arguments the author's claims are not at all timid, but rather have the sound of dogmatic confidence; it being affirmed that "the book will prove to be a complete refutation of the errors of the Adventists, a satisfactory solution of the discords of the Millennialists, a full exposure of the fallacies of the Zionists, and a thorough invalidation of the claims of the Christian Alliance people." If this is all so, a good many bitterly disputed points in

theology are now happily settled and will henceforth cease to distract the peace of the religious world.

A Man's Woman

THERE is much strength in Mr. Norris's latest book. There is also much brutality, and unnecessary brutality at that. Some forty pages at the beginning are occupied by a vividly realistic description of the sufferings of an Arctic expedition in dire straits. Nothing is omitted, even to the smell. The various smells contributing to the particular and distinct odor, as it were, are described as smells of drugs, moldy gunpowder, dirty rags, unwashed bodies, stale smoke, scorching sealskin, soaked and rotting canvas, and finally, the catalogue being exhausted, as "every smell but that of food." Truly the city of Cologne, of perfumed notoriety, cannot be compared with this.

We have harrowing descriptions of a surgical operation, a dog-fight, or, at all events, a sequel to a dog-fight, the smashing of a horse's head with a geological hammer, a typhoid case, and other little episodes of a nearly equally stimulating nature. Then, as if the horrors had failed for want of invention, the diary of the ill-fated expedition is set down, and such cheerful notes as "Metz died during the night,"—"Hansen dying,"—"Still blowing a gale from the northeast,"—"A hard night," meet the eye. There can be no complaint of lack of incident in a book which manages to pack this into the compass of two hundred and eighty-six short pages. The book is, nevertheless, unquestionably interesting. It is an intensely thrilling and exciting story. But the whole effort to create bigness, to make great, overwhelming effects, is so obvious that there is an air of exaggeration rather than of real power. One feels in the country of the Brobdignagians. What reason can there have been, for making the hero of the story a burlesque, a man whom one would laugh at in the street? Here he is—six feet two—the look of a prize-fighter rather than a scientist—ugly—lower jaw huge almost to deformity—chin salient—mouth close-gripped, with great lips—indomitable—brutal—forehead contracted and small—eyes small and twinkling, one of them marred by a sharply defined cast. Why that cast at all, Mr. Norris? But if we must have it, why

not a slight one? The heroine herself must have been a striking object. She had copper-colored hair, dull blue eyes, and a dull glow forever on her cheek. And the way that hero and heroine work themselves into each other's affections borders upon the titanic. No *dolce far niente* for them, no dawdling at ease in paths of idle dalliance, but violent if grotesque conflict as to who is to prevail, and in one instance an unseemly struggle, with the life of the hero's best friend at stake. That the friend dies is inevitable. He could not decently have done anything else, in Mr. Norris's book. Finally, the woman gives the man back again to the horrors of the Arctic winter. Here the author really strikes a noble note. One cannot but sympathize with "A Man's Woman," even if she is so unnecessarily repulsive. She has good stuff in her after all, and makes the very best of the inevitable. In spite of Mr. Norris, however, his hero must of necessity have gone back to the North sooner or later, and if the lady with the dull blue eyes had objected, so much the worse for her.

Resurrection

TOLSTOI'S last book is too long. One closes it with a feeling of weariness. It is, however, a powerful work, and in some places bears the marks of that genius which Tolstoi cannot hide, preach he ever so wisely. The novelist again takes up the theme on which he has preached so often and so long—the regeneration of self by the sacrifice of self; he repeats the old vain warnings against the allurements of the world, the flesh, and the devil; he reiterates his glorification of non-resistance. In short, the book is another exposition of that non-Christianity which has made some few converts, the strongest and most notable in this country being Mr. Ernest Crosby. The book is a modern sermon on Christian charity. We find in it the juxtaposition of crime and virtue; the curious interweaving of circumstances and condition, of prenatal influence and unavoidable environment, which makes one pause upon the threshold of judgment and meekly whisper the beautiful French proverb, "*Tout savoir est tout pardonner.*"

This novel, like that of Mr. Norris's, is of the realistic school, but its species of realism is very different. Tolstoi's touch is always true. There is no straining after effect. The

scenes are photographic, perhaps, but there is unmistakable art in the photography, a process which leaves the picture clear and soft. The characters live and breathe; the incidents are correct in every detail. Take, for example, the description of the judges who are to preside at the trial of Maslova, the heroine of the story, as far as it has one, a disreputable woman who has accidentally poisoned an associate. The president is not a moral man, but takes good care of his health, and is strong and vigorous. Another member of the trio of judges has had a quarrel with an extravagant wife, who has sent him off to his work with the injunction that it is of no use for him to come home to dinner, as there will be none for him. The complaints of this judge are thus voiced by Tolstoi:—

"This comes of living a good moral life," he thought, looking at the beaming, healthy, cheerful and kindly president, who with elbows far apart was smoothing his thick gray whiskers with his fine white hands over the embroidered collar of his uniform. "He is always contented and merry, while I am suffering."

The indictment of modern Russian society is most scathing, and at times actually fierce. Every criticism which is directed at the law, the church, the government, the police, and the military is applicable, however, not only to Russia, but to our modern society everywhere. There are, of course, terrible local abuses, like the Siberian system, and the persecutions inaugurated in the name of the Orthodox Church, which make Russian methods peculiarly dreadful. It is rather amusing to remember that when the book came out in serial form the Russian officials carefully censored all that might be considered as directed against Russia in particular, a course which was followed on this side with regard to the author's denunciations of social institutions not peculiarly Russian. It cannot be gainsaid that the artistic skill of Tolstoi is simply wonderful, even in the somewhat tedious pages of this lengthy book. He knows how to suggest. A notable instance of this occurs in Kryltzoff's story. Kryltzoff is speaking of the fate of two friends who have been arrested and sentenced to death for distributing Polish proclamations, and attempting to escape their convoy. After describing the proceedings leading up to the execution,

the particulars of which were related to him by a watchman, he goes on:—

"This watchman was a stupid fellow. He said, 'They told me, sir, that it would be frightful, but it was not at all frightful. After they were hanged, they only shrugged their shoulders twice, like this.' He showed how the shoulders convulsively rose and fell. 'Then the hangman pulled a bit, so as to tighten the noose, and it was all up, and they never budged.' And Kryltzoff repeated the watchman's words, 'Not at all frightful,' and tried to smile, but burst into sobs instead."

And it requires the proverbial Saxon self-control to prevent the reader from sobbing with Kryltzoff.

There is no room here to discuss the moral of the story. To those who admire Tolstoi's peculiar attitude, which is a sort of primitive Christianity plus modern philosophical anarchism, *Resurrection* will represent the best work of the master. It is a splendid moral effort, and in some places a really artistic production.

True Motherhood

WE have here a little book laid out on strictly conservative lines for a discussion of woman's place and function in the world. The conceptions and sentiments which dominate the mind of the writer are of that familiar and well-worn sort that has done service in the ever-open argument concerning women ever since the world began. Yet there is occasionally a paragraph, a page, or a chapter that strikes a path of good common sense in the midst of the sins and follies of the modern domestic and social life. Perhaps the best chapter is the short one on the "Study of Hygiene," in which the author makes a plea for instruction in physiology which shall do more than give an acquaintance with what have been facetiously called our "Latin parts." Young women who are to be home-makers, it is urged, need to know common diseases and the remedies for them, the principles of good nursing, the philosophy of diet, and the hygiene of dress. Such knowledge, and a conscientious application of it, are especially needed, the author holds, in America:—

Nowhere are all hygienic studies needed more than in our own land. Wherever our American women go among the nations, their beauty is praised, but their fragility is wondered at. They are admired like fine porce-

lain. Our popular education and free institutions have developed a more exalted type of beauty than the world has ever known on any considerable scale. The American, as he passes among the Old World statues, is not much taken with the lumpy and idiotic Venuses, on which some coarse-grained authors like Byron have spent their raptures. His admiration is for the Minervas, where are intelligence, power, even martial courage—eyes that can look intrepidly into his own, yet, withal, a purity of reverence, and a tenderness and grace he would protect and defend, even in the star-eyed goddess. But we are in danger of getting our Minerva too ethereal to tabernacle in the flesh. Science must teach the imperial mind how to make the body its enduring temple, as Solomon built with three rows of hewn stones the wall which he afterward covered with carven cedar and beaten gold.

Guide to Mexico

A USEFUL little manual comes to hand in the *Guide to Mexico*, illustrated with fourteen full-page pictures and a map of all the Mexican States. The object in preparing the book has been to "save money, time, and petty annoyances" for Americans who travel in Mexico, whether for business or pleasure; and, in addition to this, to give accurate and reliable information about all sections of the country. The reader will find clear and succinct accounts, carefully indexed for ready reference, of the political organization, population, industries, resources, products, railways, climate, education, and numerous other matters of importance to either the tourist or the prospector for business openings. The author declares his book to be "not in the interest of railway nor land company nor private party."

Biography of General John Bidwell

Professor R. D. Hunt, of the University of the Pacific, San José, the authorized biographer of General Bidwell, desires the co-operation of the late General's many friends and acquaintances to the extent of furnishing facts not generally known, characteristic incidents, or personal impressions that may be helpful in the preparation of this work. In the interests of historical accuracy, pioneers especially are asked to send the biographer those bits of information and estimates of character that are so essential to the faithful portrayal of this unique life.

An Important Work on Public Schools

The teachers of this Coast, and, for that matter, the teachers of the country at large, will be interested to know that the long expected volume entitled *American Public Schools*, by John Swett, has at last appeared. It is published by the American Book Company, and from the book-maker's point of view is a neat, substantial, well-printed volume of three hundred and twenty-four pages. It is divided into two parts. Part One treats of History of American Schools; Part Two, of Applied Pedagogics in American Public Schools. The first part is divided into seven chapters, as follows: Colonial Schools; Early American Schools; Secondary and Higher Public Schools; Public Schools after the Civil War; Common-School Courses of Study; Studies on Common-School Text-books; Educational Outlook for the Twentieth Century. The second part, has thirteen chapters: Management in School Government; Suggestions on Classroom Management; Recitations and the Art of Using Text-Books; Professional Reading and Study; Pedagogics Applied to Reading, Writing, Spelling, and Drawing, in Modern Graded Schools; The Art of Teaching Language-Lessons and Grammar; Pedagogical Principles Applied to Arithmetic; Psychological Principles in Teaching Elementary History; Natural Methods in Teaching Geography; The Natural Method in Nature Study; Modern Views on Physical Culture; Modern Training in Morals and Manners; Common Sense Applied to Rural Schools.

It is evident that a book of this size, treating of so many topics, any one of which could be easily expanded into a volume, must make no attempt at exhaustive treatment. This is especially true of Part One. Here the author has been satisfied to sketch in brief outline the history of the various features and branches of American public schools, throwing the chief emphasis upon the conditions and demands out of which our present school system has grown. It would be unfair to the book, however, to give the impression that Part One is merely an outline; for in it we find accounts, hitherto unpublished, of the establishment of some of the earliest schools of New England.

The limited space at disposal has prevented a critical examination concerning the

accuracy of many of the statements made and dates given; but so far as we have been able to test them, there has been no fault to find. It will be noticed however, that the University of Texas is omitted from the list of State Universities supporting an organized pedagogical department. (See page 84.)

One of the most interesting, and not one of the least valuable chapters in this part of the book, is the one entitled "Studies on Common-School Text-Books." In this are found many quotations from the old-time text-books, together with a quaint appreciative description of them. Both the wisdom and the purpose of the chapter are suggested, when the author, by way of preface, says:—

In early days, these text-books absolutely determined the course of study, and from them we can gain some knowledge of what school-children really studied, and memorized, under the narrow curriculum of the common schools in early times. In no other way can we ascertain the extent to which the schools of to-day are hampered by the conventional customs or traditions of the past, or how far we have succeeded in finding our better psychological, or genetic methods of instruction.

Part Two, as we have said, has to do with Applied Pedagogics. Here the young teacher will find many commendable suggestions, and those grown old in the work will read between the lines and feel the spirit of a man to whom teaching has been a successful profession and at the same time a delightful occupation. Many of the suggestions found in this part might be classed as commonplace; but they are none the less important because of this. There is much advice given; but it is good advice, and advice, too, that somebody must give, to teachers in training, or else they will be compelled to learn their profession at the expense of the children. The following quotations will suffice to illustrate my meaning, and at the same time exhibit the spirit of a man whom teachers love to honor:—

A quiet voice is music in the school-room.

Lighten up your class with a pleasant countenance.

A warm heart, a genial nature, an even temper, a beaming eye, a cheerful countenance, a sincere voice, an earnest manner,—these are the potential agencies by which you can win, direct, and control young pupils.

On each page of this second part, there

is the evidence of the hearty common sense and the optimistic spirit of a man who has labored diligently to know his business, and has kept young at school-teaching.

In short, it is a readable and helpful book, and well deserves the welcome reception it will surely find from a large body of teachers.

Nathan Hale, by Clyde Fitch, a play of the period of the American Revolution, comes to us in book form, bearing the invaluable recommendation of having been already played with great success. The original presentation was given at Hooley's Theater (now Powers's), Chicago, on January 31, 1898. Mr. Fitch has handled his plot most artistically, with lively variations of humor and pathos, the latter becoming predominant and growing in intensity as the story nears the tragic end of the Revolutionary hero. Over half of the characters are historical, which fact lends an unusually realistic significance to the play and to the excellent photographic illustrations of the various scenes.

Books Received

Christ Came Again. By William S. Urmey, D.D. New York: Eaton & Mains. \$1.25.

A Man's Woman. By Frank Norris. New York: Doubleday & McClure. \$1.50.

Resurrection. By Leo Tolstoi. Authorized English translation by Mrs. Louise Maude. 12mo, illustrated. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$1.50.

Guide to Mexico. By Christobal Hidalgo. Published for the author by The Whitaker & Ray Company, San Francisco. \$1.00.

True Motherhood. By James C. Fernald. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company. 60 cents.

American Public Schools. By John Swett. New York: American Book Company. \$1.

What Thelma Found in the Attic. By Louise C. Duckwitz. New York: Wright & Company. \$1.00.

The Campaign of The Gungle; or, Under Lawton Through Luzon. By Edward Stratemeyer. Illustrated by A. B. Shute. Boston: Lee & Shepard. \$1.25.

Training-School for Nurses in the State of California. Arranged and compiled by Adalaide Mable. San Francisco: The Whitaker & Ray Company.

CHIT-CHAT

The great progress of the printer's art in the nineteenth century is fittingly marked in this closing year by the artistic calendar we have just received from N. W. Ayer & Son, newspaper and magazine advertising agents, Philadelphia. True to their motto of "Keeping everlastingly at it," Messrs. Ayer & Son have so made this calendar year after year, that a demand for it has sprung up that always quickly absorbs the edition. This calendar's proportions are commensurate with its dignity as an art work, but its size is determined solely by utility. The figures are of the generous dimensions that quickly catch the eye and make it a favorite with business men; there are also helpful suggestions accompanying each month's figures, and there is a rich ensemble of color and design. This edition will not last long; while it does, those who send twenty-five cents to the publishers will receive a copy postpaid.

IN our April number the beautiful illustration accompanying the poem, "On Lonely Shore," was credited to Hester A. Benedict, the author of the verses. The artist—whose work must have been recognized by our readers as exceptionally fine—is Mrs. Percy Weeks, of Alameda. We also failed to give due credit in the April number to Mr. Charles E. Townsend for his interesting description and photograph—"A Fog-Sea by Moonlight."

THE OVERLAND can boast that more successful artists have graduated from its employ to responsible positions on the daily newspapers and metropolitan magazines than from any other institution of the kind in the country. The list may be headed with the name of Ernest Peixotto, and it includes in its numbers, George E. Lyon, Swinnerton, Pierre N. Beringer, and many others of like prominence. The latest accession to the ranks of the New York press is J. A. Cahill, who recently accepted a position on the New York *World*, relinquishing a remunerative position on the *Call* of San Francisco in

order to do so. Mr. Cahill graduated from the OVERLAND staff to the *Chronicle*, thence to the *Call*. It is gratifying to note the appreciation of Western talent by the Gothamite press, and it is to be hoped that the editors of Mr. Pulitzer's paper have the additional discrimination to allow the artist his individuality. This is what is very rare among the art managers of the daily press, and it is this very quality as displayed by the *Call* management which has made such artists as Cahill possible, and which has enabled the *Call* to reach the position it occupies as a Sunday paper.

The OVERLAND Monthly for March gives evidence of the aim of its management to emulate the example of Eastern magazines in the variety of its contents and the excellence of its illustrations. In the "Rival of Blind Tom" Charmian Kittredge gives an entertaining sketch of the musical prodigy, Valentine Miller, aged nine years, whose home is in Ukiah, and whom Mr. Harlan, who discovered little Paloma Schramm, pronounces a greater marvel as a pianist than either that little lady or Blind Tom was. A most readable and instructive article is that on the "Types of Female Beauty Among the Indians of the Southwest," by George Wharton James, which is most lavishly illustrated. "Paula's Quest" is an interesting episode by James Hervey Durham, and a "Year in Forest Reservations" details experiences of W. C. Bartlett. Other articles worthy of note are "Fenswood and the Great Air Lens," by R. T. Ross; "Through the Emerald Isle," by Adelaide S. Hall; "Guatemala," by N. H. Castle; and the "Impossibility of War," by Jack London.—[Oakland (Cal.), Tribune.

Quite an article appeared in the OVERLAND this month about Ukiah's musical prodigy, Valentine Miller. The article was well written and vividly describes little Valentine while playing his musical instrument.—[Ukiah, (Cal.) Dispatch-Democrat.



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(CONTINUED FROM PAGE VIII.)



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foot level of the Old Spanish mine, in Lower Springs district. It is rich in sulphurets. The Old Spanish has been a big payer as a milling proposition for several years. It was thought last summer to be nearly worked out. Superintendent Sheppard had faith in greater depth, and has been sinking a shaft at a point removed from the old workings, with the result that the property has a new lease of life. The ore in the ledge just struck runs from forty dollars to ninety-five dollars a ton.

The report mentioned recently of the ledge being struck at the famous Brown Bear mine, at Deadwood, has been confirmed. The ledge has been encountered in the tunnel at the 3,100-foot mark. The strike gives encouragement to the whole northern district. Superintendent Dobler of the Brown Bear announces that a mill will be constructed near the mouth of the new tunnel.

A number of New York capitalists have formed a company, to be known as the Mountain Gold Mining Company, to develop the Cleveland Consolidated mines, lying on the Shasta side of the Bullychoop range which divides Trinity and Shasta Counties. The property is under bond to J. F. Coleman and W. R. Beall. If the development proves the mine as rich as it is supposed to be, its early purchase can be expected. Thirty men are now at work under Mr. Beall and the force will be considerably increased. One of the first improvements made will be the construction of seven miles of wagon road from the county road to the mine.

Surveyors are at work running the lines for the fifteen miles of ditch which is to take water out of the McCloud River and convey it to a point about a mile above the United States fishery at Baird where an electric power plant will be installed. Fifty thousand inches of the waters of the McCloud have been regularly appropriated. The plan of the company is to transmit electricity to the large mines of the county and to Redding for light and power purposes.

Word reached Redding Wednesday that the Lapin mine, a mile from the famous Brown Bear, is making an excellent showing. Fine ore is being taken from the ledge in the lower tunnel. The property is generally considered a second Brown Bear.

Dan McCarthy, lessee of the Minnesota mine on Spring Creek, is working thirty men on that property. Twenty-five tons of

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—O:—

More Sentiment than Ambition.—“It’s this kind of work,” said Tommy Atkins, as the Mauser bullets whistled overhead, “that has fixed things so we can say that the sun never sets on our empire.” “Yes,” replied his companion; “and it’s this kind of work that makes a fellow want to see a good old-fashioned sunset again!”—[Puck.

—O:—

A COLLOQUY.

“Aw my! Is n’t it hot?”

“Ay!”

“Preposition be running all over me.”

“Preposition! Yu’m no schollard! I be breakin’ out in Presbeterians.”—[“Book of the West,” by S. Beringer Gould.

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Judging them by rules, anatomic or economic, BOSTON GARTERS always win the approval of men who once wear them. They are comfortable, thoroughly well-made and every pair warranted.

—:O:—

A Monotonist.—Noel Little—"Fuddy says a good thing, occasionally." Bryton Early—"Yes; but one gets tired hearing it."—[Puck.

—:O:—

A teacher in a Boston grammar school was recently examining a class of small children in mental arithmetic. She said, "If your father gave your mother forty cents yesterday and sixty cents to-day, what would she have?" And a small boy near the bottom of the class replied, "She would have a pair of VELVET GRIP HOSE SUPPORTERS by this time. She told father this morning that another kind she had bought day before yesterday had 'bust,' and now she wanted a pair that were without stitching in the elastic and were sold with a guarantee." Let us hope she got them.

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It is often desirable to have a pure article of WHISKEY at hand for medicinal and family use. F. EPHRAIM & CO., San Francisco, are distillers' agents, and consumers can rely on having their orders filled with the best and purest whiskey in the market. Four quart bottles, \$3.20, express charges prepaid.

—:O:—

HATS.—Spring styles just out. Herrmann & Co., manufacturers, 328 Kearny Street, San Francisco.

—:O:—

Two Views.—Mrs. Bliffers (looking up from the paper)—"Of all things! A couple who have lived together for sixty years have applied for a divorce." Mr. Bliffers—"My, my! Sixty years! 'I don't wonder.'"—[New York Weekly.

Every one who owns a KODAK, or is interested in Photography will find Foley's PACIFIC PHOTO JOURNAL a very handy and valuable work to have. Issued monthly. Send ten cents for sample copy, or one dollar and secure it for a year.

—:0:—

The Difference in Dollars.—She (reading the financial column)—“What's the difference between a bull and a bear?”

He—“Down in the Street, my dear, it is about a million dollars a minute.”—*Life*.

—:0:—

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—:0:—

She Wishes She Was n't.—“There is one thing that can be truly said of Miss Olger; she is self-possessed.” “Very true, but I'll bet you she wishes she was n't.”—*Boston Courier*.

—:0:—

The new MOUNT OLIVET CEMETERY contains 217 acres of land in San Mateo County, well located on high land; easy of access and is well worthy a visit by those desiring to secure plots at low prices. The new law forbids burial permits within San Francisco County after August, 1901. Full information can be obtained at the office of the company, 916 Market Street, San Francisco.

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—:0:—

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—:0:—

"The evidence," said the Judge, "shows that you threw a stone at this man." "Sure," replied Mrs. O'Hoolihan, "an' the looks av the man shows more than thot, yer Honor. It shows thot Oi hit him."—*Chicago News*.

—:0:—

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Reports from the Young America of Tuscarora continue to present it in most encouraging form with every probability that the milling of its ores will commence next month. A set of samples just sent to Salt Lake by Superintendent Andrew from connections made with the ore bodies during the month show values ranging from eleven dollars to forty-two dollars per ton in gold with an average of about twenty-seven dollars and a small amount of silver.—[Winne-mucca Silver State.

Jack Wall came in from his mining property in the Pine Nut range Sunday and brought in several specimens. He found the property much better than when he left it some weeks ago and it shows every indication of a big mine. The ledge now shows five feet of high grade copper ore, and as the shaft is down quite a distance, it gives the owners the feeling of confidence. Jack brought in what he considered some low-grade ore and smelted it in a crucible, with

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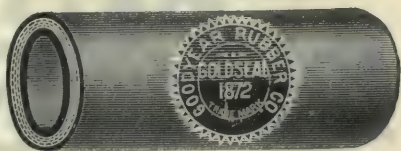
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—:O:—

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The ship's cook is a little king in his own domain. Uncle Sam pays him from \$20 to \$35 a month, according to the size of the ship, and he gets perquisites from the messes. The sailors are divided into so many messes according to the parts of the ship in which they sling their hammocks at night. Each mess has its own cook, appointed almost invariably from among those of its own number having the least value as seaman. These cooks work under the general supervision of the ship's cook, and heaven only has mercy on them if their work is not well done.—[Scribner's.

—:O:—

Modern Matrimony.—He—"Will you be mine?" She—"Hardly that, Henry. Why can't we arrange it so that each of us will be ours?"—[Detroit Free Press.

—:O:—

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Chartered 1863 (Stock) Life and Accident Insurance

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Hartford, Conn., January 1, 1900

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ASSETS

Real Estate	\$2,049,222 72
Cash on hand and in Bank	1,810,269 96
Loans on bonds and mort. real estate	5,981,842 52
Interest accrued but not due	245,953 39
Loans on collateral security	1,497,175 51
Loans on this Company's Policies	1,305,307 27
Deferred Life Premiums	340,997 04
Premiums due and unreported on Life Policies	259,449 36
Government Bonds	789,016 96
County and municipal bonds	3,114,997 64
Railroad stocks and bonds	7,819,225 19
Bank stocks	1,258,674 00
Other stocks and bonds	1,288,350 00
Total Assets	\$27,760,511 56

LIABILITIES

Reserve, 3½ per cent., Life Department	\$20,406,734 00
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accident Department	1,500,369 22
Present value Installment Life Policies	783,193 00
Reserve for Claims against Employers	586,520 26
Losses in process of adjustment	219,833 02
Life Premiums paid in advance	33,178 11
Special Reserve for unpaid taxes, rents, etc.	110,000 00
Special Reserve, Liability Department	100,000 00
Total Liabilities	\$23,739,827 61
Excess Security to Policy-holders	\$ 4,020,683 95
Surplus	\$ 3,020,683 95

STATISTICS TO DATE

LIFE DEPARTMENT

Life Insurance in force	\$100,334,554 00
New Life Insurance written in 1899	17,163,686 00
Insurance on installment plan at commuted value	
Returned to Policy-holders in 1899	\$1,522,417 06
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864	16,039,380 95

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT

Number Accident Claims paid in 1899	15,386
Whole number Accident Claims paid	339,636
Returned to Policy-holders in 1899	\$ 1,227,977 34
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864	23,695,539 94

TOTALS

Returned to Policy-holders in 1899	\$ 2,750,394 40
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864	39,734,920 89

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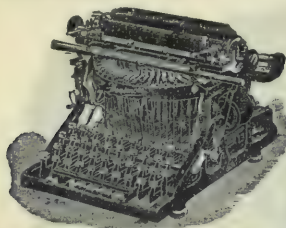
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would hitch up our teams to go and see her,
but what earthly good would she be to any-
body?

You would n't change that Alderney of
yours for her, would you?

What we see every day and what we ex-
pect to happen as a matter of course,
becomes monotonous, that is the whole ex-

planation. You sit down this evening in
your easy chair to enjoy yourself after a
hard day's work; you read, chat, or smoke.
If anybody were to ask you what was the
most important article in the room, you
would find it a difficult question to answer.

Pop!

Now you know.

The lamp chimney of course. Blow out
the lamp; run and get another chimney;
don't cut your fingers; bring in the lamp
from the kitchen.

We know all about it; we used to do it
ourselves, but that was years ago. To-day
we insist upon having a chimney that the
heat won't break; it is naturally by far the
most economical in the long run.

Ask the store-man to-morrow; he knows
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—O:—

"Do you think those two letters were writ-
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"Oh! I see. You haven't studied them."
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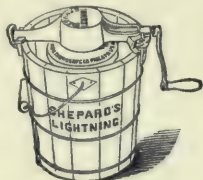
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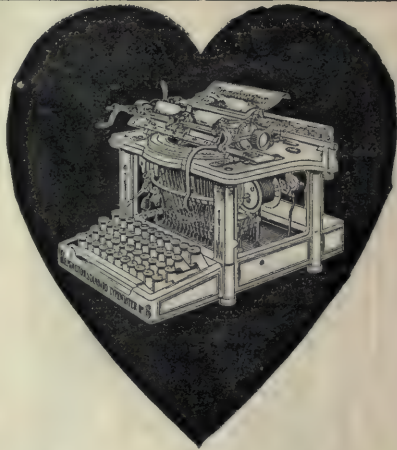
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No. 210

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A CITY WITHOUT SOAP.

Miss Kate V. Johnson, of Madison, Ind., who has lived in Japan for thirteen years, talks in an interesting way of the little people of that country, who live without chairs, bedsteads, knives, forks, spoons, or soap; of the women who paint their teeth black and shave their eyebrows to indicate loyalty to their husbands; of the carpenters who make long beautiful shavings by drawing their planes towards them, and who place the back door at the front of the house; and of their books in which the preface is placed at the end of the book and footnotes at the head of the page.

Miss Johnson first went to Akita, a city of 60,000 persons, and found it a city without soap. Naoye Saito, a young Japanese girl who came to live in her house, had never had a soap bath in her life. She kicked and screamed when her first bath was given her, and said they were trying to kill her. A cake of Ivory Soap was sent Naoye Saito's father with instructions to use it on his person. He came back the next day and asked for another cake, saying he had used it all up.

Before Miss Johnson left Japan last summer she took Naoye Saito, who had been with her for ten years, back to her native province, and left her to earn her own living. While still in Tokio, a few days before sailing for America, Miss Johnson received a letter from Naoye, in which she said: "I forgot one thing very necessary to our comfort in this place. Will you please go to the grocery store and buy me a dozen cakes of Ivory Soap and send them to me at once?" She sent a money order to pay for it, and the soap was sent.

—:O:—

A Way Out.—"Our rooms look perfectly disgraceful, and here are visitors coming." "Let's throw things around a little more, and then we can tell them we are cleaning house."—[Chicago Record.

—:O:—

LIFE.

Life is a leaf of paper white,
Whereon each one of us may write
His word or two, and then comes night.

* * * * *

Greatly begin! though thou have time
But for a line, be that sublime—
Not failure, but low aim, is crime.

[James Russell Lowell.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE X.)



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At such a topsy-turvy world.



THE STONE SAILS
See "Guadalupe, the Sacred City"

Overland Monthly

VOL. XXXV

June, 1900

No. 210

GUADALUPE, THE SACRED CITY

By G. CONYNGHAM CUNNINGHAM

GUADALUPE, the "Sacred City of Mexico," is to the people of Mexico what Jerusalem is to the Jews, Mecca to the followers of Mahomet, Lourdes to the Romanists of European countries,—with this difference, however: that while Lourdes, for example, has only just celebrated her twenty-fifth or thirtieth year, Guadalupe could "an she choose" celebrate near on to her four hundredth! For it was in the year 1531, not long after the conquest of Mexico by the freebooter Cortés, that the Virgin appeared "on the hill called Tepeyacac" (where the town of Guadalupe has since been built), and through a poor Indian named Juan Diego, commanded the then bishop to erect there a temple in her honor. It has happened, somehow, that the Romish Church has dealt from time immemorial in mysteries, ghostly visions, and miracles past belief, but none of these can, to my mind, surpass the legend that is told of Most Holy Mary's appearance on this barren hill of Tepeyacac. Good old Padre Vetancourt, in his "Memorias" tells of the miraculous appearance, as follows (roughly translated):—

Juan Diego, a native of Cuahuitlan, who lived with his wife Maria Lucia in the town of Tolpetlac, went to hear mass in the church of Santiago Tlaltelolco on the morning of Saturday, December 9, 1531. As he neared the hill called Tepeyacac he heard the music of angels. Then beheld he amid splendors a lady, who spoke to him, directing him to go to the bishop and tell that it was her will that in that place should be built to her a temple. Upon his knees Juan

listened to her bidding, and then, happy and confused, betook himself to the bishop with the message that she had given him. But while the bishop heard him with benignity, he could not give credence to the prodigy that was told him. And with this disconsolate answer Juan Diego returned, finding again there the lady, who heard what he had to tell and bade him come to her again. Therefore, on the Sunday ensuing he was at the hillside, when she appeared to him for the third time, and repeated her command that he convey to the bishop her order that the temple should be built. The bishop heard the message still incredulously, and ordered that the Indian should bring some sure sign by which it might be shown that he told the truth; and when the Indian departed the bishop sent two servants to watch him secretly. But as he neared the holy hill he disappeared from the sight of these watchers! Unseen, then, of these, he met the lady and told her that he had been required to bring some sign of her appearance, and she told him to come again the next day and he should have that sign. But when Juan came to his home he found there his uncle, Juan Bernardino, very ill (having that fever which the Indians call "cocolixtli"). Through the next day he was busied in attendance upon the sick man; but the sickness increased, and early on the morning of December 12th Juan went to call from Tlaltelolco a confessor. That he might not be delayed in his quest by that lady's importunities, he went not by the usual path, but by another skirting the eastern side of the hill. But as he passed the hill he saw the lady coming down to him and her calling to him. He told her of his errand and of its urgent need for quickness, whereupon she replied that he need feel no further alarm, as already his uncle's illness was cured. Then ordered she him to cut some flowers in that barren hill, and to his amazement he perceived flowers growing there. She charged him to take these miraculous flowers to the

bishop as the sign that he had requested; and she commanded that Juan Diego should show them to none other until they had been seen of the bishop. Therefore he wrapped them in his *tilma* (blanket) and hastened away. And immediately, from the spot where Most Holy Mary had stood, there

vow, took there the vow of chastity. Thenceforth he lived in a little house beside the chapel, and there he died a most Christian death in the year 1548. . . .

Now, on this very Hill of Tepeyacac the Indians had for years worshiped and



View of Guadalupe

gushed forth a spring of brackish water, which is now greatly venerated, being an antidote to all infirmities. . . . Juan Diego waited at the entrance of the bishop's house until he should come out, and when he appeared and the *tilma* was opened, behold, there were no flowers, but the image of the Virgin beautifully painted upon the Indian's (Juan Diego's) *tilma*! The bishop placed the miraculous picture in his oratory, venerating it greatly; and Juan Diego, returning to his home with two of the bishop's servants, found that his uncle had been healed of his sickness in that very hour that the Virgin declared that he was well. As quickly as could be, the bishop caused a chapel to be built upon the spot where the Virgin had appeared and where the miraculous roses had sprung up from the barren rock, and here he placed the holy image. Juan Diego and his uncle became the servants of the Virgin in this sanctuary, and Juan Diego, being moved by a sermon preached by the Holy Fray Toribio Motolinia, and his wife, Lucia Maria, consenting and taking a like

made sacrifices to their own Tonantzin, "The Mother of Gods." But perhaps, like the Athenians of old, anxious for some new gods, they made haste to accept and deify the "lady" who had appeared to one of their own fellows. As the news spread abroad, Indians journeyed from far and near to gaze upon the wondrous *tilma* that held the painted face of *La Virgen* and to taste of that "brackish water" which cured all infirmities. And every year the pilgrimages grew larger, while monthly, weekly, even daily, more people were healed. And now, three hundred and sixty-seven years since the lady first appeared, it is computed that millions of the faithful yearly go to the Villa de Guadalupe to make their devotions; the higher class people coming via railway, the lower class perhaps by burros.

and the still half-savage Indians on foot, traveling many weary miles through sandy wastes, where there is no water, subsisting on *tortillas*, sleeping on the bare ground, but saving always something for an offering to *La Virgen*, once safely arrived in her sacred place.

And there are still others who make the journey on their knees, much as the pilgrims of old journeyed to other shrines with peas in their shoes. One generally notices these penitents on the twelfth day of every month, when enormous numbers of pilgrims reach Guadalupe.

Not to be outdone, we made our own pilgrimage to La Villa on the twelfth of the month. Every train, tram-car, what not, was filled to overflowing, and the high road out from the City of Mexico (from which Guadalupe is distant only about half an hour's ride) was packed and

in the plaza bands of music were playing, Sousa's marches being mixed in grotesquely with Mozart's masses, and even Chopin's music, while all around roulette tables were in full blast. Darting in and out of the crowd *pelados* carrying exceedingly dirty ices shrieked wildly "*Helados—helados!*" *Peones* of all ages, sizes and sexes pursued us and implored us to buy rosaries, sacred relics, bottles of holy water, and *quien sabe* what other things. The din was frightful, and the smell even worse. Unable to endure it longer, we fought our way into the cathedral, but there the combination of intense heat, closeness, smell of incense, and smoky candles, was even worse!

This cathedral, completed only two or three years ago, is a very fine and gorgeous building, albeit so modern as to make our eyes ache. Several millions of dollars



Fiesta in Front of Cathedral

jammed with people of all sorts, classes, and conditions. The crowd grew denser as we approached the town, and when we finally alighted in front of the great new cathedral it was difficult to get on at all, on account of the great multitude pouring eagerly into the cathedral entrance. Out

were spent in its erection and renovation. Standing on the site where the first humble little temple was built, this huge cathedral boasts all the usual Romish church-furnishings, with very elaborate silver railings, and, carefully locked away in guarded cases, the original picture of

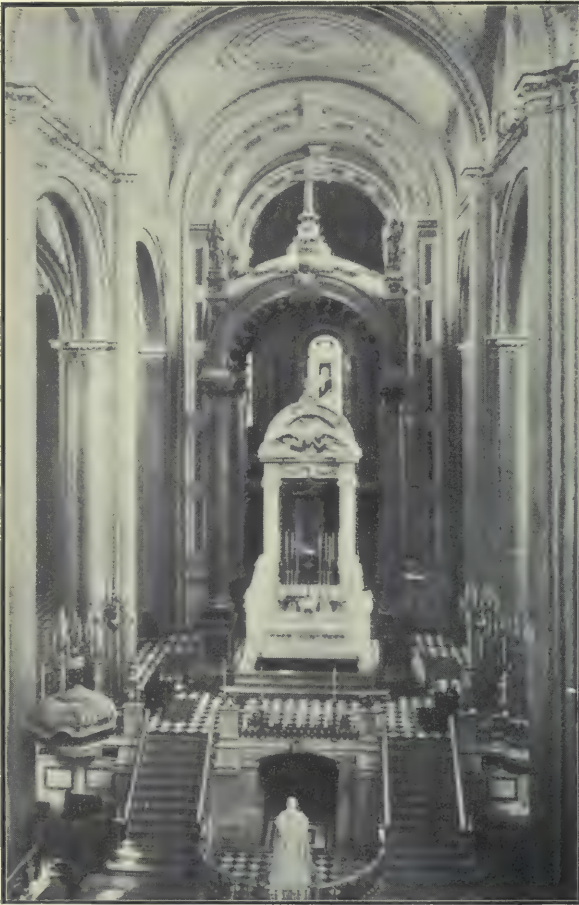
the Virgin and her wonderful crown. To see this fabled picture, one is obliged to curry favor with the padres. Because not even the elect, much less the unfortunate heretics, are allowed to enter or defile with a touch the holy of holies, that tabernacle with silver railings, guarded with the figures of saints, in which, framed in gold and cut glass, the picture of Our Lady

or suffering—nothing! Simply a mild, white-faced woman, with Spanish-shaped features, and yet worshiped and venerated above the Lord Jesus Christ for these four hundred years!

The technical work, however, is good; the drawing is perfect, also the coloring. The material upon which it is painted is some queer, unknown Indian fabric, a coarse cloth woven of fiber. No one can decide what was the mode of painting—certainly not water-colors or oil, nor any known method of to-day. Many great artists have examined the picture; but even they cannot understand how the work was done. Along with the other secrets of the people of Anahuac, the story of this picture will never be known—unless, indeed, the priests of the Spanish church can say!

Just as you leave the cathedral you will notice, hanging against the wall by the huge door, a collection of quaint glittering things looking like silver ornaments or toys. These are the offerings of the faithful who have performed the pilgrimage. There are little silver arms, legs, heads, feet, hands, and other things, sometimes bearing the name of the donor, but oftener plain.

Up the hill, just a little way from the cathedral, is the most exquisite little "Chapel of the Well." To my mind it is the most beautiful feature of Guadalupe, for it is to-day just as it was hundreds of years ago. Here, at least, you find no modern feature, no bright new glaring colors, no gilt, no fresh paint. Of the mellowest, most beautiful old



Silver Shrine that Contains the Miraculous Picture of the Virgin

hangs, covered with heavy plate glass, and guarded night and day. So far as the face and figure go, imagine to yourself a more than usually meek and even a simpering Madonna, her hands clasped over her breast, eyes meekly downcast, and thrown about her form a star-dotted mantle of blue. That is all; there is no strength of feature, no expression, no trace of sorrow

colors, that have not been defiled by the whitewasher's brush, and roofed over with the most perfect tiles, it guards the spring that gushed out on the barren hill where the Virgin's feet rested so many years ago. Seen from a distance on a sunny day, this little chapel is indeed a "light set upon a hill," for the flash and glow of its many colored tiles can be seen from afar off.

Just inside the door of this chapel are the iron railings that wall in the sacred spring, the water of which may be holy, but is most uncommonly black and nasty. Yet you will see the pilgrims, from the dainty mantilla-clad lady of Mexico down to the dusky, beaded and blanketed Indian of the Sierra, drinking it with gusto, crossing it on the forehead, eagerly sprinkling or bathing afflicted ones with it, and bottling up a precious supply to carry home for later use. At whatever time you go into this "Chapel of the Well," you will find it filled to overflowing with devout but dreadfully unclean *gente*, who are reveling in the holy water, and noisily chanting their prayers under a dim old picture of the Virgin that hangs on the wall close to the spring.

A very quaint and uncomfortably steep old stairway of stone leads from the "Chapel of the Well" to the "Chapel of the Hill," and the *panteon*. Though not so very ancient, this stair is worn and crumbling from the many, many feet that have for years passed over it. Here you will stop to examine the stone mast and sails that years ago were placed near the top of the stair, in fulfillment of a vow. No one knows the exact date when they were first put here, but the story goes that certain mariners, in great danger at sea, vowed that if the Virgin of Guadalupe would save them and bring them safe to shore, they with their own hands would carry the mast and sails of their vessel to the Virgin's sacred place, setting them up there as a monument to her.

And as the sea immediately calmed down, the wind subsided, and these pious mariners were thereby saved, they fulfilled their vow, and inside of the stone coverings the battered mast and sails of the old Spanish vessel remain to this day—a quaint and unusual sight, to be sure; for it is not every day that one encounters

masts and sails of a ship on the top of a high hill.

And, lastly, on the very top of the hill of Tepeyacac stands the "Capillo del Cerrito," or "Chapel of the Little Hill," built on the very spot where Juan Diego cut the roses from the barren rock in order that the doubting bishop might see and believe. It is a pretty little building, broken and

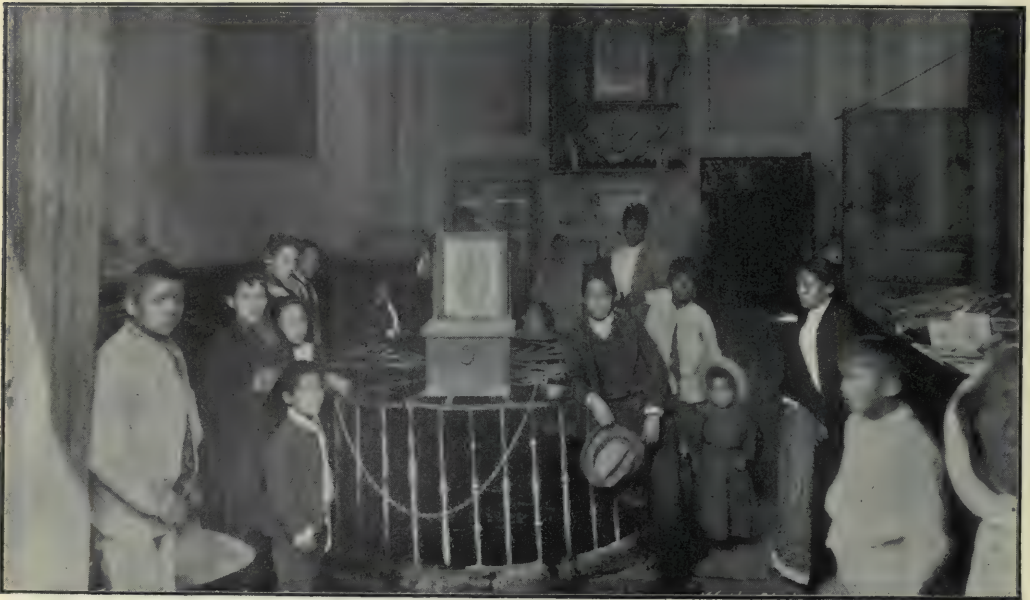


Tiled Chapel Over the Spring

crumbling in some few places, containing, besides a delicately tinted, star-domed ceiling, some very good paintings of the Spanish and old Mexican schools, and one pallid, weary-faced Christ, with blood-stained brow and crown of thorns. When we were there the chapel was almost empty, for the faithful were all worship-

ing in the grand new cathedral below the hill. A few candles burned dimly from the tawdry, flower-decked altar, and behind her relic-laden table, the rosy old woman who keeps watch over the place slumbered peacefully, unmindful of the squeals and unseemly caperings of two naked little Aztecs who were having a fine romp on the worn, shiny floor, the while their mother, a fine-looking Indian woman, prayed earnestly at the feet of "Our Lady!" We finally bought some finely carved rosaries from the sleepy old lady, at the price of *un real* each, with another *real* to her for *pulque*, bestowed

who were flinging up their arms with loud chants and cries in their own dialects, while the weird piping music kept on and on. We could distinguish nothing for a moment; then suddenly the music changed. the whirling forms stood still, and the two Indian musicians began a queer sort of half song, half chant, still accompanied by their rude instruments. We watched eagerly, for unseen as yet by the Indians, we were witnessing on our part their "Holy Dance"—a performance that not very many foreigners have seen. And yet it was only a queer dreamy shuffling about, with occasional loud cries in an unknown



The Sacred Spring

some *centavos* on the capering *babitos*, and passed on out of the side door, to hear strange, monotonous string-music at the front of the church—music that sounded like a cross between a banjo and a harp, very sweet, but very shrill. Hurrying to see what it was, we found ourselves in the midst of the most remarkable and motley crowd that six years' experience in the land of the Montezumas has ever shown us!

The entire space on the top of the hill in front of the "Chapel of the Hill" was fairly blocked with a whirling, confused mass of most barbarously clad Indians,

dialect, until the shrill music changed; then the dancers would stand still while the musicians took up the chant in wild yet sweet tones.

But the attire of these Indians in grotesqueness and gaudiness of color was far more to be wondered at than the "Holy Dance." As I recall it now, I can remember only a confused mingling of brilliant red tunic-like garments, common Indian *guaraches*, or sandals, helmets of bright tin, with waving feathers (peacock or the ordinary *gallo*), and murderous-looking arrows protruding from the bows and quivers that every Indian carried on his

back. So long as the dance kept up, and the Indians—from an excitement brought about through a mingling of *pulque*, religious fervor, hot sunshine, and exhilaration of spirit caused by the music—danced about, waving their arms, shouting, their eyes flashing, white teeth gleaming, and dark faces glowing with enthusiasm, it was worth watching. But as soon as they discovered that *estrangeras* were watching the sacred festivities, the music stopped abruptly, the whirling forms stood still, and from a scene that made one imagine what the Aztecs were five hundred years ago, one came down with a jump from the sublime to the ridiculous—from Aztec warriors with their plumes and gold and jewelry, to cotton-clad Indians with tomato-can helmets and cock-feathers forming their tawdry adornment! It was too much, and we incontinently fled back to the cemetery.

It is a very beautiful *panteon*, where lie in last rest the *crème de la crème* of the Mexican families. Only the rich can afford graves here near the shrine of Our Lady, and here you will note the tombs of many famous people—old General Santa Ana, for one, the descendants of Cervantes, and poor Velasquez, who last year headed a conspiracy against the Government, and being found out, died by his own hand. Here are buried many of the great men of Mexico with their families—the Escalantes, Del Valles, De la Sierras, and many others. It is certainly the most beautiful cemetery in Mexico, far surpassing to my mind that of “La Piedad,” and others.

From this cemetery—just outside the gate—the view is magnificent beyond words. As a matter of fact no less a person than Humboldt declared it to be one of the views of the world, on a compare with that most exquisite panorama to be seen from the terraces of Chapultepec.

From here you look down over the flat red-tiled roofs of the city of Guadalupe with its sparkling church domes, stone sails and steep, crumbling white stairway, that always makes one think of India, to the far-stretching, velvety meadows, dotted over with peacefully feeding cows, goats, sheep, and even patient little burros,—allowed on this “Day of the Virgin” a day’s rest. Beyond the mead-

ows the silvery lakes gleam out at the feet of the protecting mountains that, under the changing lights, look first green, then purple, and finally almost black. Scattered about, on the banks of innumerable little canals, or irrigating streams, in which naked brown babies are splashing and playing, are the grayish-yellow adobe huts of the *peones*, densely draped now during the “Tiempo de Aguas” with heavy vines that show glimpses of pink or scarlet among their dark-green foliage. And straight through all this the flat white high-road, worn hard and smooth by the feet of the faithful, passes on through green fields and over canals on its way to the dimly seen City of Mexico, whose tall cathedral spires and Moorish church-towers shine like silver against the deep, dark blue of the Mexican sky.

The beauty of the scene lies not alone in the quaintness and Old-Worldness, but in the vivid, beautiful coloring—the deep velvety green of the meadows, trees, and grass, the ever-changing blue and purple and black of the encircling mountains, the silvery sheen of the lakes (where Montezuma is said to have sunk all his treasures), the harmonizing adobe-colors of the *peon* huts, and the lazy, happy *peones* themselves, whose brown faces and vivid-colored garments shade off into perfect harmony with their houses, their country and their sky! As you look down on this vista from the hill of Guadalupe, the consistency of colors and shading and the thorough blending of light and air cannot help but strike to you. But, then, that is one of the tricks of Nature—what-ever else may jangle or seem out of tune, Nature can always be depended upon. There is nothing loose or lacking in her work!

Even after hours of silent gazing and admiration, you find it difficult to tear yourself away from this view and go on down the hot white stairway past groups of ascending pilgrims, or women who are industriously making, even on the stair-landings, funny sweet little cakes that they call *gorditas*; past lazy, lounging *peones* in their white *manta* clothes and scarlet *tilmas*, with big white *sombreros* drawn down over their glittering dark eyes; past blanketed brown Indians, with

bare, *guarached* feet, and heavy packs on their straight, flat backs, who stare in astonishment and dislike at the pale-faced "Gringos," and mutter all sorts of things to each other in odd guttural dialects!

We stop at the door of the grotto on our way down the hill, but are told that we cannot enter—it is being repaired. Not that it is much loss, being but a simple, tawdry place, hollowed out into three or four little low apartments, tiled in many colors and with broken bits of china set about in odd designs in the earthen walls. There is really nothing in the grotto worth looking at, no matter whether it is or is not under the hands of the repairers.

Our tram-car is late, and we therefore venture a timid way into the groups of Indians who are scattered about on the ground back of the cathedral. Many of them are not used to white people, you see, and are not over-cordial in their reception of the latter *gente*. Many of them are not perfectly sure who is the ruler of the Mexican Republic, whether Maximilian, Iturbide, Diaz, or McKinley, or Cortés himself! For the Indians of Mexico are perhaps the one race on earth who don't know—and don't care, for that matter—who rules them.

To my mind it is very much a question whether all of these savage, brown-skinned creatures whom you will see at Guadalupe are there to worship the Christian Virgin, with her white face and mantle of star-dotted blue, or whether the true object of their adoration is not the dusky, uncrowned "Mother of Gods," worshiped here on this very hill years and years ago, before Cortés and his pirate followers appeared!

Some of them have tents, some have n't. But all of them have fires, on which they are cooking queer Indian food, and frying

things in hot, loud-smelling lard. The women do their work, glaring sullenly at you if you pass too near them; the men lounge indifferently by, waiting for their food, and talking in low, indistinct tones. Everywhere the fat, dimpled, brown Indian babies tumble and sprawl, getting into the fire sometimes, or being stepped on now and then by way of variety. But they take it quietly, seldom howling, and tumbling and sprawling all the more. At night they all sleep on the ground, with sometimes a blanket to cover them, oftener not—generally the earth and the sky are their only coverings. But they do not seem to mind; they eat their humble food, say their prayers, in whatever dialect they may be, to the "White Virgin" or "The Mother of Gods" (whichever you like to believe), fold up their small tents, pack the fat babies on their backs, and, like the Arabs, silently steal away on their long tramp back to their own *tierra*, wherever it may be.

But here is the car, and we have to rush for seats. We have loitered away almost an entire day at the "holiest shrine of Mexico" and now it is so late that the down-going sun is quite hidden by the mountains. The goat and cow and sheep herders are driving their charges homeward over the meadows, and the far-off city lights are stealing out one by one as we near the gate of the city. But we are at any rate blessed in the thought that we—even we—if we like, can hereafter sport the green cap in proof that we too have worshiped at the Shrine of the Virgin, drunk bravely of the miraculous spring, eaten *gorditas*, like any ordinary *peon*, and bought many rosaries. Wherefore, we also, along with the multitude, are to be accounted worthy!





Pinus Torreyana, San Diego, Cal.—Its only Habitat

THE TORREY PINE

By BELLE SUMNER ANGIER

WHEN Charles Dudley Warner used, in an idle moment, the chance phrase, "a unique corner of the earth," to describe San Diego and its environments, he probably scarcely realized the lasting fitness of the description, and it remains to lovers of the Silver Gate city to search out the hidden meaning embodied in the phrase.

There are many unique features about the bay, and Point Loma, the Mission (the first established in the State), and the historic Old Town are apparent. But Nature has furnished one theme, which throughout the ages must be in itself a proof positive of San Diego's claims for uniqueness.

At the northernmost limit of Pueblo San Diego (some twenty miles long was this ancient city by the sea), at least eighteen miles from the present City Hall, on a bold promontory, known locally as the "Point of the Pines," at the junction of the Soledad and Cordero valleys, overlooking on the north the picturesque village of Del Mar and to the southwest beautiful La Jolla, stands a grove of *Pinus Torreyana*, a singular and solitary species of pine, found in no other part of the world. These trees are apparently the remnant of a former forest, and possibly the representatives of another period of the world's development.

Botanists and scientists far and near

have for years expressed great interest in this grove of Torrey pines, and from the day in 1850 that the distinguished Dr. John Le Conte suggested that Dr. Parry should "discover" them to the world, the spot has been a favorite Mecca to the scientific explorer.

Parry, Gray, Le Conte, and more recently such men as Sargent and Trelease, have crossed the continent to assure themselves of the existence of these descendants of a prehistoric age, but only now, after a lapse of fifty years, and the oft-urged desirability of legislative protection for the beautiful grove, has the city of San Diego awakened to the realization that it is within its power to preserve these trees to future generations. An ordinance passed both houses of the city council and was signed by the mayor on August 8, 1899, setting apart the pueblo lots upon which the major portion of the grove is found for park purposes—in all some three hundred and sixty-nine acres. At the present time a plan is before the council by which, in exchange for certain city lands, roads are to be built leading to and through this new park, making it more accessible to the public, and at the same time greatly improving the proposed route of a wagon-road following the surf-line of the coast from San Diego to San-Juan-by-the-Sea.

A recent bequest from a public-spirited citizen of three thousand dollars for park improvement, and the intelligent and experienced judgment of the Hon. Mayor, Mr. E. M. Capps, as well as other far-seeing councilors, make it seem probable that the Torrey pines will at last be protected from extermination. The city of San Diego will thus have a park by the sea which for natural scenic and herbal advantages will surpass anything else on the Pacific Coast, and visitors may be entertained by other than a tale of woe concerning the wrangles over the fourteen-hundred-acre park, unimproved either by nature or art, though lying nearer to the city proper.

Nature has dealt kindly with the great cliff south of the salt lagoons of the Sole-dad. On the side toward the great blue Pacific it presents a bold front of sandstone with here and there a strata of sulphur and undeveloped coal and other

minerals, which blend in beautiful coloring with the soft yellows of the clay and the reds of the decomposed iron croppings. There are over two hundred feet of sheer precipice, where none but the most daring of sea-birds can find a foothold, and below, the treacherous sea sands and pebbly shoals over which the surf bursts restlessly.

Famous travelers have found their way here, have admired the cliff from below, and wending their way inland have made the ascent to the summit, to find themselves in a new land, in rare surroundings for this treeless, southern clime. Sloping to the east, breaking off into innumerable cañons and gulches, scattered all about, they see the remnants of what has perhaps been at some time a great forest.

A beautiful tree is the Torrey under sheltered conditions. On the exposed slopes they cling close to the ground, as if resisting extirpation—crouching, creeping along, bearing heavy burdens of cones, and sheltering younger trees with their protecting arms. Again, in more sheltered localities they stand bravely upright, proud and stately as becomes the descendants of so old and distinguished a family.

Botanical record has granted to Dr. C. C. Parry, of the Mexican Boundary Survey of 1850, and to Dr. John Le Conte the credit of the discovery of the *Pinus Torreyana*, though there comes to us from France a tale of an earlier expedition,—as early, indeed, as 1787,—of a visit from Colladon of the expedition of La Perouse. Not to become involved, however, in the uncertainties of earlier tradition, we prefer to rest the case on Dr. Parry's discovery of this rare pine, which he named for Dr. John Torrey, of New York, the honored teacher and scientist.

Briefly, and to be intelligible to the unscientific reader, *Pinus Torreyana* is a peculiar lone species, found only in a radius of a few miles near Del Mar, San Diego County, California, the greater portion of the grove lying within the corporate limits of San Diego. The report of the presence of a hundred trees on Santa Rosa Island does not affect the statement that this is their sole habitat, since the possibility, indeed a probability, is that these trees on Santa Rosa have been introduced from the main land in

time past. The leaves of *Pinus Torreyana* are in fascicles of five, and are very large and strong—the strongest pine leaves known, six to twelve inches long. The pollen-bearing, or male, flowers are terete and very large, while their fecundity, resultant in profuse bearing of large handsome ovate cones whose thick scales are terminated by somewhat formidable prickles, is noticeable.

Fires and sheep-herding, as well as inroads of nut-seeking small boys and

sulted in a new growth. In a careful census taken a few years since in the interest of a prominent author, regarding our North American Sylva, the writer of this article discovered that hundreds of young trees were springing up in the coarse grass and chaparral, and that in one cañon alone stood a group of about one hundred and fifty trees, three to ten feet in height, which had taken a new lease on life and will in a very few years make a fine showing. For these trees are com-



View from the Summit of Point of Pines

memento-seeking tourists, not to mention botanical collectors whose greed for specimens is insatiable, have more or less marred the beauty of many fine trees and destroyed many young ones. It was in vain that Professor J. G. Lemon's earnest appeal was made for their protection to the State Forestry Commission in 1888; but in 1892 a protective ordinance passed the city council of San Diego, which has in a measure stayed devastation. Even these very few years of protection from cattle-grazing and brush fires have re-

paratively rapid growers—trees two or three feet in diameter being often not over forty years in age.

There is a fine variety of undergrowth, among which are the spicy mountain sages, holly, chamisos, the beautiful trichostema (blue curls), mountain laurels, mahogany, oaks, and during their season clematis, wild roses, lilacs (ceanothus), magnificent ferns, at least a dozen varieties, as well as the yellow violet, the Mariposa lily, and the mountain pæonia (*Pa. Brownii*) whose presence here, so far from

its habitat in the Sierra Nevada, is only another indication that this is an unusual field for the botanical student. It is, indeed, a rare spot for the scientifically inclined wanderer, and not lacking in features to interest the less observant.

Easy of access from the city by either carriages from La Jolla, or a half-mile walk from the line of the Sante Fé, from which it is easily seen by the tourist, it is only because time must be divided that we can tell you no more of its beauties.

Suffice it to say that poet and painter, scientist and Nature lover alike unite in their admiration and reverence for these ancient pines.

We close with these lines from Bayard Taylor, fittingly addressed to the pines of California:—

What point of Time unchronicled, and dim
As yon gray mist that canopies your heads,

Took from the greedy wave and gave the sun
Your dwelling-place, ye gaunt and hoary
Pines?

When from the barren bosoms of the hills,
With scanty nurture, did ye slowly climb,
Of these remote and latest fashioned shores
The first born forest? Titans gnarled and
rough

Such as from out subsiding Chaos grew,
To clothe the cold loins of the savage earth.
What fresh commixture of the elements,
What earliest thrill of life, the stubborn soil
Slow mastering, engendered you to give
The hills a mantle and the winds a voice?
Along the shore ye lift your rugged arms
Blackened with many fires, and with hoarse
chant—

Unlike the fibrous lute your co-mates touch
In elder regions—fill the awful stops
Between the crashing cataracts of the surf.
Have ye no tongue, in all your sea of sound,
To syllable the secret,—no still voice
To give your airy myths a shadowy form,
And make us of lost centuries of lore
The rich inheritors?

THE MAGIC MOON

OUT of the moon,
In rose-crowned June,

Glimmered and glanced a mystic light:

From set of sun

To the blush of dawn

It filled each hour with a pure delight.

It made the stream

All silver seem;

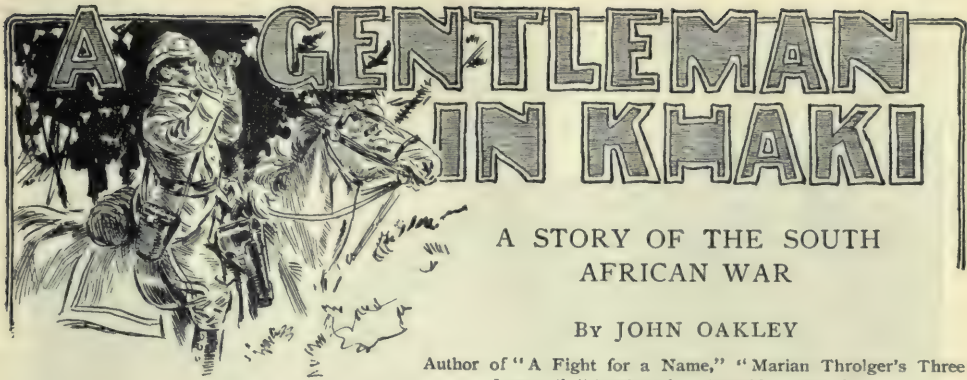
It changed each maid to a goddess fair,

And the love of men

Seemed steadfast then—

But oh, and alas for the morning's glare!

Elizabeth Harman.



SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

Cornelius Ficks, son of a Transvaal Field Cornet, seeks the hand of Hilda, youngest daughter of Piet Rieker, a loyal Anglo-Dutchman in Natal. Reginald Curtis, an English officer in camp at Ladysmith, arrives at the home of the Riekers with a letter from relatives in Devonshire, and is also attracted by Hilda. Paul Kruger and a German, Franz Hausman, Commander of the Boer Artillery, meet to discuss the plan of campaign. Hausman makes a tour of inspection of the intended field of operations, accompanied by Cornelius Ficks as guide. They reach Rieker's farm, where the German is smitten by Grietje, the elder daughter. Cornelius, jealous of the young Englishman, Curtis, makes an attempt on his life, which is frustrated by Hausman. It being rumored that the Free Staters have crossed the Drakensbergs, the Chief at Ladysmith sends Captain Curtis with a few men, on a scouting expedition. They come across a party of mounted Boers, making for the frontier, with Grietje and Hilda Rieker, who are being abducted by Cornelius Ficks. The girls are rescued.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CLOUD IN THE SOUTH.

FEW people in England during the fateful summer of 1899 believed that war would really break out, and even in the Colonies, save for some whom Paul Kruger trusted, the prevailing feeling was one of optimism. Abroad nobody thought the Boers would venture to attack the might of England, but then nobody knew of the forty million rounds of ammunition stored in the subterranean magazine at Pretoria, nor of the big guns upon which dark-visaged men in Germany and French foundries were working night and day. England did not want war; Paul Kruger did; and in the light of that knowledge the history of the negotiations of 1899 wears a very quaint and curious aspect.

Of course, there was talk of war, and it was regarded as within the bounds of the possible, and equally, of course, to those

who lived as the Riekers did, right on the borders of the two contending States, the possibility became something of a nightmare.

"Do you think there will be war, Captain Curtis?" asked Hilda one day in the early part of September.

Grietje had readily acceded to his desire that they would treat him as a cousin and call him by his Christian name, but Hilda could not bring her tongue to it—yet, much to Reginald's own annoyance, though had he been better versed in the ways of women he would have known that it was a good sign.

"I hardly think there will be war," he replied, though doubtfully. "I fancy Kruger will back down at the last minute."

"I hope there will not," said Grietje, seriously. "It would be terrible for us, living here."

Reginald nodded.

"If they invade Natal," he said, "it will be by this way. Is your father friendly with the Boers, Grietje?"

"He knows many of them," was the reply. "But he is very stanch in his loyalty to England, and I am afraid that a loyal Dutchman would be in their eyes a worse criminal than a loyal Englishman."

"He must flee before the storm breaks," said Reginald.

But Grietje shook her head. She knew her father's obstinate, dauntless spirit, and thought it a good deal more likely he would die on his own threshold rather than retreat.

"The Boers will surely never get as far south as this," said Hilda. "There are



"At the foot of the slope they met the Berkshires

British soldiers at Dundee and Ladysmith—those have to be fought first.”

Reginald shook his head again.

“The chief has warned them in England, I know,” he said. “But the people over there—our War Office, I mean,—are as obtuse as they make them. I don’t fear the Boers. I fear more our own men at home. They are sending out dribbles—enough to goad the Boers into action, not enough to frighten them into silence. You don’t know what a guaranty of peace a big army is, Grietje. Why, at home in Europe all the nations are as jealous of England as they can be, and would dearly like to spring at her throat, but they dare not. Why? Because our navy is so strong that they could not hope for victory.”

“And, alas! your navy is useless here,” sighed Grietje.

“I am afraid so,” said Reginald, little knowing how much he and others were to owe the navy ere many days were out.

CHAPTER VII.

ABOUT THE LOAMSHIRES.

“There’s more devil in ten of the Loamshires, sir, than in a whole battalion of any other regiment,” the old Colonel said, as we sat round him in the smoke-room of the club listening to his yarns of warfare. “If I were told to annex Hades itself, and had my choice of men, I would take the Loamshires; and though we might n’t make the nether regions a British colony, I’ll warrant we would give Lucifer a run for his money. They’re all blood, sir, the Loamshires.”

“They are,” assented Wickersley the author. “Blood—and bad language. I came up from Loamshire three days ago, and traveled in the same compartment with a squad of them. I don’t think I ever before heard so much bad language compressed into so short a time.”

“Bad language, sir!” said the old Colonel, firing up. “Of course, they use bad language, as you call it. Would you have them singing ‘Twinkle, twinkle, little star,’ or quoting texts of Scripture? And somebody else will be using bad language ere the Loamshires get back again.”

“You’d like to be going, Colonel, I suppose?” said Gladsby, the stockbroker.

“Should n’t I? But my time’s over. I’m on the shelf, and can only watch and pray.”

“I wonder,” said Gladsby, as he and Wickersley left the club together, “I wonder whether the Loamshires’ chance of safe return depends on the Colonel’s prayers.”

“Perhaps,” said Wickersley. “Poor beggars!”

That was after the storm had broken, and the news had been conveyed along the cables that many of the Loamshires had been killed and nearly as many more taken prisoners, in one of the minor fights round Ladysmith. It was in defense of the Loamshires that the old Colonel uttered the words with which this chapter begins.

But it was before the war actually broke out that Jim Quigley, an irrepressible Cockney, and Micky Hennessy, an equally irrepressible Irishman, had the conversation on politics which it is now my pleasing duty to record.

“Jim, phwat’s an ulmitatum?”

“I dunno, Micky,—unless it’s summat for the ‘air.”

“Summat f’h th’ hair, ye omadoon!—that’s pomitatum.”

“Ah, so ’tis,” said Jim reflectively.

“But w’y are yer astin’?”

“’Cause Krewger has sint a ulmitatum to th’ Guv’mint, a impidint ulmitatum, this Dublin paper calls ut. I know phwat a impidint spalpeen is, ’cause that’s phwat Father Gorley used to call mesilf.”

“Oh, I know what it is,” said Jim. “’e’s sent one o’ them there ’as ’e? Then there’s going to be trouble.”

“Foighting, is ut, Jim?”

“I guess so, Micky.”

“Thin praised be th’ howly saints! Ut’s gettin’ mighty dull here doin’ nuthin’ but par-r-rade an’ marchin’ up hills just f’r th’ purpose iv comin’ down on th’ other side.”

“You’re right there, Micky,” said Jim. “And take your dyin’ solemn on it it ain’t goin’ to be no bloomin’ Majewber this time out.”

“Majuba!” said Micky, indignantly. “Let th’ Loamshires but get on th’ thrail

iv th' spalpeens, an' ut's Majuba they'll get wrong side up."

"Oh, let it be soon!" was Jim Quigley's comment on the situation.

Others besides the two chums heard the news of Kruger's ultimatum with something akin to joy. War is a horrible thing, and yet it is just those men who have seen fighting that are loudest in their *Te Deums* when news comes of another little row. And, generally speaking, the more campaigns a man has seen, the more he hankers to be in the thick of it again. Those at home wearing out their souls with the strain of ceaseless anxiety, reading every shred of news, every list of casualties, with flooded eyes and throbbing hearts, feel more of the real horrors of war than those who are in the thick of it, and who stand the risk of hard knocks and worse.

"D'ye think there'll be war, Micky?" asked Jim, after a pause.

"Lord knows," said Micky. "I've heard they're a good breed iv fightin' men, an' can ram tin bull'ts on th' bull's-eye in tin shots at sivin hundhred yar-rds. An' they're virry brave, too, so long as they can keep ahint a r-rock an' stop there. A r-rock's a great blessin', Jim, whin ye're facin' a Maxim or some murtherous opin-th'-gate-o'-Hiven-to-ye like that. To sit ahint a rock pottin' officers must be g-reat fun."

"Tain't my way," said Jim. "It's too quiet fur me. I wants to get at 'em with the cold steel."

"You can't go bay'nitting a r-rock; an' how ye're goin' to bay'nit a Boer if he kapes ahint iv his r-rock?"

"Go round the back of it, and run 'im out into the open with three inches of 'oller-ground between his shoulders."

Their conversation was interrupted by Reginald.

"Quigley and Hennessy, I want you two."

"Yis, sorr," said Micky. "Is ut war-r, sor-r?"

"I don't know yet, my lad. Are you spoiling for a fight?"

"I would n't moind a little wurruk, Capt'in."

"That's all right. I'm going to take you a fifteen-mile walk. Get eight more

of the battalion—the first eight you come across—and meet me here in half an hour."

"What's the game, Curtis?" asked a brother officer who in passing overheard the order. "Any news yet? Is it war?"

"I don't know; but it seems there's some talk of the Free Staters crossing the Drakensberg, and the Chief has sent me to look round."

CHAPTER VIII.

TWO DAMSELS IN DISTRESS.

Reginald and his ten Loamshires marched leisurely across the rolling veld, seeing nothing unusual, and hearing no alarming news from the solitary farms scattered here and there that they visited on their way. It would be perhaps two o'clock in the afternoon that they met Cornelius, a meeting which is not only interesting to us because it concerns some of the characters in our story, but which is also historically interesting, because it was the first meeting between Boer and Briton—the real beginning of the war.

It was Micky who saw them first—he had mounted to the summit of a low kopje—and he called Reginald's attention to them.

"There they are, sor-r!" he cried, as if they had been expecting to meet something.

"Where?" asked Reginald, though, seeing the country was buried in so profound a peace, he should surely have asked, "Who?"

"Right ahid, sor-r—a matter of a moile maybe," was the reply. "There's wan, two—a dozen iv them sor-r, mounted, an' with their roifles ahint thim."

"Wait a moment; I'll come up to you," cried Reginald. "You others wait for me, and keep yourselves concealed."

He scrambled to the top of the hillock, and laying himself flat on his chest by Micky's side, shaded his eyes with his hand and gazed in the direction Micky pointed out to him.

"There's only nine of them," he said. "And, by Jove, two are women!"

"So they are, sor-r," responded Micky. "Two ov thim wimmin. I wonder if th'

wimmin foight too. Bad scan to them! I can't shoot a woman."

"Come down, quick," was Reginald's only reply. "They are taking the road to the right there. We can slip through this hollow and cut them off. I must know the meaning of this."

The road wound through the valley, skirting the kopjes and bowlders and making a considerable detour toward the Loamshires, round the base of a low range of rocks which ran for perhaps a quarter of a mile to the northeast. It was just in the middle of this semi-circular sweep of the road that Reginald and his men took up their position, keeping themselves concealed, and awaiting with some excitement, and among the men a good deal of glee, the approach of the little cavalcade.

The Boers were not long in reaching the spot, and at Reginald's sudden cry of "Halt!" they drew quick rein. But one of them, with sharper eyes than the rest, espied the muzzles of the guns pointed at them from behind the natural wall of rock.

"The rooineks!" he cried. "Save yourselves! The rooineks are upon us!"

A sudden panic overtook the little troop, who knew not how many of the enemy might be there, and with a loud yell they spurred their horses onward at top speed.

The two women—for there were two women among them—were on led horses; but in spite of the sudden panic, the two Boers who were leading the steeds did not loose their hold, and they too were swept onward.

For Reginald it was a moment of cruel indecision. If he interfered with the mounted men before him, and there were no war, he would get into trouble; but if he let them go, and there were war, his pains would be infinitely greater. It was Micky who with brazen but well-timed insubordination settled the question for him.

Taking careful aim, he suddenly fired, and brought down the horse of the foremost rider, an elderly man, who took a flying leap over the head of the steed, turned a complete somersault, and arrived on earth in a sitting posture. The next man, who was close behind him, took his horse grandly over the writhing body of the fallen animal, but the next and the

next fell in an almost inextricable tangle of men and horses.

The latter of these two was one of those who were leading the horses of the two girls, and as he came down he loosed his hold of his captive's bridle. Quick as thought the girl fell forward on to the horse's neck and the next moment was scouring the veldt at a pace which foreboded a certain disaster. But she was no ordinary horsewoman this, and ere she had gone a quarter of a mile she had regained the bridle and had her animal once more completely under control.

"My God! it's Grietje Rieker!" cried Reginald, as the girl swung her horse across the veldt and came toward them almost from the rear, making evidently for the British and obviously avoiding the Boers.

"If that is Grietje, the other must be Hilda," was the thought that flashed through his mind, and seizing the rifle of the nearest man he took careful aim and fired at the Boer who was doing his best to drag the other girl's prancing, terrified steed after him in headlong flight.

"Missed!" he groaned.

"But I ain't, sir," cried Jim, as the pop of his rifle followed almost simultaneously on Reginald's shot. "I've dropped the lidy's 'oss, sir."

And leaping over the rocky wall he began to run towards the girl, who, about a couple of hundred yards away, seemed in imminent danger of being crushed under her squirming steed.

The man who had been leading her raised his rifle as if he would shoot the advancing Loamshire, a demonstration which Jim did not heed in the least, knowing that his comrades behind him would cover him—in which he was not disappointed, for as he started, Reginald leapt up, and followed by three or four of his men, fired a dropping volley at the Boer who, though not apparently unhit, for one arm hung limp from the shoulder, was yet able to turn his horse's head across the veldt and make speedy tracks for shelter. The other Boers, too, scattered and fled, hastened in their movements by the shots of the Loamshires.

Reginald, seeing that Jim had pulled the girl clear of the wounded horse, turned

his attention to the three men who had fallen, and who were standing sullenly by the roadside looking into the muzzles of half-a-dozen British rifles.

Reginald walked up to the oldest of the three men, the one who had fallen first, but the old Boer was evidently determined to brazen it out, for before Reginald could utter a word, he said, "*Wie is hij?*" (Who are you?).

Grietje, who at the dispersal of the Boers had ridden up to within a few feet of the scene, broke in here: "He can speak English, Reginald," she said. "He is bluffing you."

The man turned toward her with a scowl, but the next minute he spoke in English.

"Who are you?" he said, "and what do you want with us? We are peaceable men, traveling quietly through the country."

"You must come with me and explain your position with regard to these two ladies," said Reginald. "You are prisoners. I suppose, Grietje, you were unwilling captives?"

"Most unwilling," replied Grietje.

"That is enough," said Reginald. "Men, bind their hands. We must get back to camp. I fear there's trouble afoot. Is one of those horses fit to ride?"

"Yis, sor-r,—both," said Micky.

"Give it to the other young lady, then."

"Yis, sor-r. An' old Bluebeard there, him with th' whiskers, is lamed, sor-r."

"Put him on the other one. But do you stand by the bridle with your revolver ready."

"Yis, sor-r."

And then the cavalcade set forth.

It was a long tramp back to Ladysmith, and it was growing dusk ere they reached the camp.

On the outskirts Reginald met his Colonel.

"Hullo, Curtis," said the chief, with a sigh of relief. "I was getting anxious about you. I'm glad to see you back."

"Anxious about me, sir?"

"Yes. Don't you know—have n't you heard—the Boers have invaded Natal, and WE ARE AT WAR."

"Thank heaven for that!" was Reginald's comment.

"Why, I did n't know you were such a fire-eater, Curtis," said the Colonel.

"It is n't that," replied Reginald. "But I had a little skirmish with some Boers over yonder, and I've brought in three prisoners. I was n't sure whether I'd be accounted a sort of miniature hero, or whether I'd be strung up for highway robbery."

"Well, it's a close thing," said the Colonel, laughing. "It's a matter of about two hours. Anyway, it's a good omen. Two hours at war and we have three prisoners. Splendid! Come and see the General."

CHAPTER IX.

THE GENERAL AND THE GIRLS.

"Where are these two girls?" asked the General when Reginald had finished his recital. "I would like to see them. Bring them to me in an hour."

Reginald saluted and went on his errand.

The girls had been taken by the Loamshires into the camp, and were quickly the center of a group of officers, eager for details of the fray, rumors of which had gone round the town like wild-fire. Micky, too, was in his element, surrounded by a group of his comrades, to whom he was detailing the story of a fight before which Waterloo became insignificant and Borodino a mere game of billiards.

As Reginald made his appearance there was a ringing cheer from the men, for Captain Curtis was a popular officer, while his brothers-in-arms crowded round him with congratulatory handshakes. But he quickly shook them off and addressed himself to Grietje.

"Do you know any one in Ladysmith?" he asked.

"Yes," said Grietje with some hesitation. "But no one very intimately."

"Well, I must find you quarters," he said. "The General wants to see you in an hour—if you are not too tired."

"Not at all," said Grietje. "Let us settle on these quarters, and then for the General."

The quarters were quickly found in the house of a Colonist with whom Piet Rieker had occasionally done business.

"Now, I think you're safe," said Reginald.

"We can never thank you enough for what you have done," said Grietje softly.

Reginald smilingly deprecated thanks, avowing that it was by the merest luck he happened to be there, and that had any other officer been in his place the result would have been the same.

Hilda said nothing, but the look she gave him with her flashing eyes remained in his memory through all the wild days that followed.

An hour later they were seated in the General's quarters, telling him the story of their capture and release.

"These Dutchmen," said the General, turning his chair so that he faced the girls—"you know them?"

"Ye-es," said Grietje, with some hesitation.

Almost instinctively the General had addressed his question to her.

"They were Transvaal Boers?"

"Yes, sir."

"You knew some of them—before this—this rencontre."

"Oh, yes. They were known to my father—they sometimes did business with him. Some of them had been our guests."

"Can you tell me their object in—er—in carrying you off?"

Grietje glanced swiftly at her sister and remained silent. The General paused as if awaiting an answer.

"I think, sir," she said hesitatingly,—
"I think the leader of the—the troop, was a—a—"

Reginald stepped forward as if about to speak, then drew back.

"Well, Captain Curtis," said the General.

Reginald bent toward the chief, and for a few moments they conversed in whispers.

"The leader of the troop," said Reginald, "was one Cornelius Ficks. I believe his object was to carry off the younger of the two sisters. He was a suitor whom she had rejected."

"I understand," said the General at last. "Yes, it may be so."

Then to Grietje:—

"You told Captain Curtis that your father was away?"

"Yes, sir. He had ridden to Colenso,

where he was to take the train for Maritzburg. We expected him back to-morrow."

"He left you alone?"

"Yes, sir. But he has done that often enough before. We had two men—Europeans—in the house."

"And what happened to them?"

"One was killed, sir," said Grietje, sadly; "the other fled."

"Ah! And have you communicated with your father?"

"Yes, sir. Captain Curtis was good enough to telegraph to him at Maritzburg. He will come here for us."

"Yes, yes. Did these Boers say anything at the outbreak of war?"

"Not much, sir. Cornelius Ficks said his only object was to take us away to a place of safety. He said the Free Staters would be through Van Reenan's Pass ere nightfall."

"So! That is important. Nothing else?"

"Nothing else, sir."

"Thank you,"—and with a polite bow the General dismissed them, sending at once urgent messages to his senior officers that they might come and discuss with him the bearing of the situation.

CHAPTER X.

THE BOERS' ARITHMETIC.

It is no purpose of mine to write a history of the war, nor under the guise of a story shall I treat you to a dished-up hash of the newspapers of the last three months. Glencoe, Elandslaagte, and Nicholson's Nek, Gras Pan, Magersfontein, Colenso, and Spion Kop all must be taken for granted by the reader, who can, if he like, purchase one of the many war specials on the market and re-read history in the light of this narrative. All I have to do is to describe the war as it affected the fortunes of the various personages strutting across our mimic stage, describing the part they played; but for the rest leaving the history of the struggle to my brethren of the newspapers and the afore-said war specials.

And in order to make plain my path before me when I come to some chapters a good deal farther on, it is with some of

my subsidiary characters that I have to deal now, switching off as it were from the main line on to a less imposing loop.

And it must be premised, by way of closing the introduction to this chapter, that the investment of Ladysmith was at this moment all but complete. Two days later Sir George White and his gallant men were cut off from the world and began their dreary vigil of loneliness and sieges.

"This is phwat I can't comprihind," said Micky, who was making an energetic sortie on the columns of a four-day-old Durban newspaper that Reginald had lent him.

"Wot's the litest?" demanded Jim, who was lying on his back pulling lustily at a juicy pipe filled with a compound of shag and dried tea-leaves.

"Th' inimy," said Micky, quoting from the paper, "'r-reports that their loss at th' skirmish at Slantfontenspruit'—what a name to have on wan's sowl!—'was three kilt an' tin wounded. Th' Br-ritish loss, accordin' to th' same 'thority, was wan hoondherd an' twinty kilt an' wounded.'"

"Yes," growled Jim, "they're luv'ly liars them Boers. I wonder whether they don't teach countin' in their schools. P'raps they ain't got no erithmetic books. I wonder 'ow they reckons 'em?"

"It's a mistry," assented Mick.

"Multiplies ourn by ten and divides theirn by the same. It's likely, ain't it?" he added, sitting up in a sudden access of energy. "'The Loamshires gets at 'em and keeps at 'em for six bloomin' hours with guns and b'y'nits, and fists and boots, and runs 'em all over the show, and finishes by killin' three and woundin' ten—total thirteen. Gawd, Micky! I put more than that out of gear myself,—s'elp me, if I did n't. Thirteen! Crikey—and what would my old muvver down in the Dials say to me if I was a-splodging at the Boers for six bloomin' hours, and did n't kill more'n three! 'Strewth, Micky!"

"Yis," answered Micky, "pr-raise th' saints, I sthruck two iv 'em wid my bay'nit; two at wan thr-rust, like beetles on a pin. An' thin I tuk Jimmy Jordan's bay'nit off him what had got his hed

knocked off by th' Maxim. Be jabers! I can count more'n thirteen to my own cheek. Three kilt an' tin wounded! If all th' br-rilliant victhries they're chundering about are no better 'n their victhry at Whathisnames sprout, I reckon they'll be wantin' injur-rubber cimithries—something that'll stritch."

Their conversation was interrupted by the corporal, who crept up to them and whispered, "You turn in—an' be ready for 1:15 A.M."

"Is summat on, Corporal?" asked Jim, with fierce joy.

"Never you mind. You be ready!"

"Ready! Gawd, won't I just! Three kilt an' ten wounded! 'Strewth!"

CHAPTER XI.

HOW HOLTSENN'S COMMANDO WENT TO PIECES.

Micky's war-cry was characteristic—and terrifying. I rather fancy that therein lies the genesis of the Boer statement that we were employing Gourkhas and other uncivilized human lyddite to help us. He was a wild-looking man, with red whiskers, standing out around his face like the bristles of a ruddy blacking-brush, and the way he would yell his "Hooroo! hooroo! hellabaloo!" in a voice that could be heard half-way from Capetown to the Zambesi, more or less, was almost enough to make any commando remember that it was seedtime, and that they had better be hurrying homewards if they wanted any crop next season. Jim had no recognized war-cry; but from the time he began work to the time he had finished his last available Boer—which is a picturesque mode of describing a method that reached a high standard of artistic excellence—he kept up a continuous undertone of blasphemy.

Heard in the daylight, the war-cries of the Loamshires were terrifying; heard in the dead of night, they were blood-curdling—fiendish. And the burghers of Cornet Holtsehn's commando heard them on that night,—first in their dreams,—and carried echoes with them to Paradise, or wherever else the spirits of defunct Boers go. There were but fourteen of Holtsehn's hundred and twenty men left

untouched when the Loamshires finally left them. The Boer official reports stated that in that particular sortie they had one killed and seven wounded. Possibly they had only one "killed," but they buried a good deal nearer fifty.

After that breathless charge the Loamshires re-formed and awaited orders, and it was at that moment that the little "accident" took place which sundered Lieut. Grainger and sixteen men from the main body and nearly led to the extinction of the Loamshires as a regiment.

So far the sortie had been a grand success, the first kopje had been carried at the rush, and the Loamshires were on level ground apparently alone.

The Lancers and the Berkshires, however, had evidently not been quite so fortunate, for there were sounds of hard fighting among the kopjes to the right and the whiplash-snapping of the Boer Mausers could be distinctly heard. The Colonel of the Loamshires, thinking to go to the aid of the Berkshires, passed the word along the line, and the whole troop was about to set off at the double when the hillside still above them seemed to spring into a sudden wall of fire, while another commando, which had apparently crept silently along the Loamshires' left flank, poured in a hot rifle fire.

The Colonel gave the word to retire, which the Loamshires did with their usual orderly imperturbability, troubling not at all about the men they left writhing on the ground. At the foot of the slope they met the Berkshires, and the two facing round gave the Boers as good as they were getting, retiring slowly back towards Ladysmith with their faces to the foe, and firing a volley at every step.

I am not sure whether it was during the retirement that Grainger and his men got left or whether they were subsequently cut off by one of the squads of mounted men which every now and again would spring out from a sheltering mass of rocks, fire a volley into the retreating British, and then, wheeling with marvelous rapidity and skill, disappear in the darkness. Had there been any sign of disorder among the British, the retreat would have become a rout, for the whole veldt seemed alive with Boers; nor did their number

appear to decrease at all as they approached Ladysmith. Indeed, the Boers followed hard on their heels, knowing that the big guns of the garrison dared take no part in the fight lest they should overwhelm friend and foe in a common disaster.

Nor could the Lancers get a "look in," for the Boers were mounted too, acting each one as seemed to him good, and taking up no military formation at which a headlong blow might be hurled. It was like a cloud of hornets hovering about the head of a bewildered elephant, whose blows for the most part fell on empty air. When at length the Boers drew off, the British had left over four hundred good men behind, never having once, after that mad rush of the Loamshires on Holtzenn's commando, got within striking distance of the foe.

"It almost seems," the General said when Colonel Hamilton went to report to him—"it almost seems as if they were expecting us."

"It does, and it does n't," said the Colonel. "We certainly took one lot by surprise, and—"

"Yes, but you know we altered our plans at the very last moment. Our original plan, you know, was to send the Loamshires and the Berkshires together; but we decided otherwise in the last three minutes, and you went for Niel's Kop. They expected you all on the other side, and made no preparation there; so you did get a slap at them. But the Berkshires were caught like rats, and but for you and the Loamshires would have been cut to pieces, while the cavalry was practically useless throughout. Anstell says that undoubtedly the Boers expected his coming, and were waiting for him. If we had n't made that alteration at the last moment, we might have lost a thousand men."

"God! yes, easily. But, sir, how did they know of our coming?"

"I wish to heaven I could tell."

"Spies?" asked Hamilton shortly.

"Ay."

There was wailing and gnashing of teeth in England when the news of this unsuccessful sortie was cabled home, and the leaders were freely criticised. The fact is, however, it was a brilliant plan

splendidly carried out, only—the Boers knew as much about it as did the British.

But meanwhile there is one particular portion of the fight that must be described

in more minute detail, as it was destined to have a curious influence upon the after history of some of our characters.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHEELING IN HONOLULU

Palm branches rustle in the breeze

Beside the broad Pacific sea ;

The moonlit road winds white and still

Along the beach at Waikiki.

Past gardens where the flowers are strange,

Gay blossoms, not akin to ours,—

Scarlet poinsettias' vivid leaves,

Long hedges of hibiscus flowers.

Our northern moon, how far and cold !

The yellow Tropic moon hangs right

Before us, over Diamond Head,

Outlined against its light.

From the dim lanai, hid in vines,

Of many a darkened bungalow,

Comes sudden laughter where one sways

A hammock to and fro.

The lotus buds unfold, that lie

Upon the lake, and silently

We ride through the soft winter night,

Along the beach at Waikiki.

E. F. Otis

THE PASSING OF TWO ANGORA RUGS

By MATIE E. DUDLEY

MRS. Annabel McGuire's back yard adjoined the premises, at the rear, of Mrs. Hiram Daniels' residence. When Mrs. Annabel first occupied her new home, a close board fence of considerable altitude separated the gardens of the two pretty town-houses.

After Mrs. Hiram Daniels came to occupy No. 189 West Santa Clara Street, and Mrs. Annabel had scrutinized her new neighbor long enough to decide that her merits were sufficient to warrant at least a calling acquaintance, her cards were duly deposited in the little ivory card-case that occupied the spindle-legged table in Mrs. Daniels' reception hall. From this overture on Mrs. Annabel's part, an informal neighborliness soon grew in the two families, which ripened into an interesting companionship between the ladies. At their solicitation, Mr. McGuire was at length constrained to place a gate in the fence referred to, which greatly facilitated intercourse.

As time passed, a profusion of choice roses, heliotrope, and long borders of pansies adorned the well-beaten pathway running like a cable between those friendly doors. The unsightly fence became a thing of beauty. Clematis and honeysuckle sent out whole armies of tendrils and covered it over with a green glory.

That this same vine-clad division-fence and the beauty-bordered pathway should have to do with the episode that follows is nothing strange, for most of the happenings of human experience are strongly influenced by their settings of inanimate things.

Mrs. Annabel McGuire went shopping, which was not unusual; but what was unusual was that she went without Mrs. Hiram Daniels. On her way down town two beautiful Angora rugs displayed in the windows of a house-furnishing establishment attracted her attention. The price attached in large figures seemed ridiculously small for the white beauties; so she instantly resolved to secure them, and

when the rugs were sent home she thought them even more lovely as they lay before the piano and the couch than when displayed in the attractive windows of the down-town establishment.

While Mrs. Annabel sat with her daintily shod feet half hidden in the fleecy coats of the defunct Angoras, a gentle tap at the parlor door was immediately followed by the entrance of Mrs. Hiram Daniels.

"My dear Mrs. Annabel, what beautiful rugs! Pray, where did you secure them?" This was the visitor's first question.

"O, at Ashley's; they are just sent up," replied Mrs. Annabel, visibly pleased at her friend's very evident admiration for her latest investment.

A few days after Mrs. Annabel's purchase, the Angora rugs were hung on the division-fence among the green vines for an airing.

"I think I shall let those rugs remain out all night," she remarked to her husband at lunch; "for I am sure that perfectly horrid shopkeeper put something poisonous on them. Dot coughs so, when she plays about them."

"Very likely, my dear; something to keep out moths, no doubt. But are n't you afraid of losing them?—the rugs, I mean," he said, smiling across the table at Mrs. Annabel, as she handed him his coffee.

"O, hardly, I think. No one would be likely to notice articles hung so far from the street."

That night the moon rose over the mountain and watched the wind lifting the crinkly curls of wool till a soft mist from the bay formed tiny drops all over them; then the mist rolled higher and the moon did not see the covetous fingers that bore away the treasures.

After the parlor was swept and dusted the following morning, Mrs. Annabel McGuire tripped down to the division-fence to secure her rugs. They were not hanging where she had placed them. Confident that an errant breeze had deposited them in her neighbor's garden she lifted the gate-latch and passed in. No beauti-

ful white Angora rugs were to be seen in either inclosure. Anxiously she hastened on up the pathway to Mrs. Hiram Daniels' back veranda. The kitchen was without an occupant. She could hear her friend's rich contralto voicing a popular melody, and when she at last stood upon the threshold of the music-room she found Mrs. Daniels arrayed in a becoming pink dusting-cap and long apron, diligently polishing the piano.

Mrs. Hiram Daniels prided herself on being "a woman without nerves," but so absorbed had she become in her work, that she did not hear Mrs. McGuire's entrance, and she started and flushed, as Mrs. Annabel burst out, "What do you think?" and paused indefinitely. And Mrs. Hiram Daniels did not tell Mrs. Annabel McGuire *what* she thought on that occasion for many days; for, with one look, which embodied doubt, anger, and astonishment, Mrs. Annabel turned and fled swiftly homeward.

When Mr. Maxwell McGuire came to lunch, he found Mrs. Annabel curled up on the sofa in a very disheveled condition. His solicitude at her distress was only partially allayed by her incoherent replies to his anxious inquiries into the cause of her troubles. From the midst of sobs and broken sentences, he managed to gather that "that awfully horrid Mrs. Hiram Daniels had taken those two be-a-u-tiful Angora rugs that she had purchased—taken them from the division-fence—and had had the audacity to place them on the polished floor of her music-room."

Finding himself quite unable to persuade Mrs. Annabel that there were any white Angora rugs other than her own in the universe, and that Mrs. Hiram Daniels might have purchased them, he discreetly locked the gate in the division-fence—which he had a perfect right to do as it was entirely on his own premises—and then sent Mrs. Annabel with Baby Dorothy into the country to heal her wounded heart and recover her equanimity.

On the day of Mrs. Annabel's hasty exit into the country, Mrs. Hiram Daniels, finding the gate in the division-fence locked, arrayed herself in conventional calling costume and rang at the front door of her dear friend, Mrs. Annabel McGuire.

On learning of her neighbor's absence, she passed unceremoniously by the little maid in the hallway to inspect again the rugs she had so much admired. No lovely Angora rugs lay where she had last seen them. Without comment, she returned through the front gate and passed around into her own premises.

On Mrs. Annabel's return a few days later, two large white Angora rugs were airing on the division-fence. Quick as thought she sped down the pathway and clasped her restored treasures in her arms. A few moments, and they reposed in the accustomed places in her cosy parlor.

Now that her property had been recovered, Mrs. Annabel relented. She missed her quiet friend sadly. She wished she would come and welcome her home. Desiring so much the old-time intercourse, she remarked to her husband that evening: "I just know it was a terrible temptation to Mrs. Daniels to take those rugs. Maybe I might have done the same thing myself. Now that she has returned them, I think we might unlock the gate, Maxwell dear."

"I am sure I heard Baby Dot crying last night," Mrs. Daniels observed the next morning after Mrs. McGuire's return. "I shall run down and see if they have unlocked the gate. Isn't it strange she should go away so suddenly and never let me know? Locking the gate, too! I feel hurt."

"Never mind, never mind, my dear; sickness, no doubt, or bad news. As to the locking of the gate, they have a perfect right, a p-e-r-fect right. Do not let your heart strangle your judgment."

So saying, the practical Mr. Daniels took his hat and cane and hastened to catch the car at the corner.

Finding the gate in the division-fence unlocked, Mrs. Daniels proceeded unannounced into her friend's parlor. At sight of her old friend again at her door, Mrs. Annabel rose eagerly and waited for her to speak. She expected an explanation of her moral delinquency, and an apology for the same; but when, instead of an apology, she looked steadily into Mrs. Annabel's eyes and icily begged pardon for intruding and passed from her presence without more words, Mrs. Annabel added indignation to her former injury, and hotly de-

clared to Mr. Maxwell McGuire, that henceforth the gate in the division-fence should be permanently locked.

When Mrs. Hiram Daniels reached her own door, she encountered her husband, and informed him with all the wrath of a slow nature that Annabel McGuire had appropriated the Angora rugs he had recently given her on her birthday.

"O, no, no, my dear! You are surely mistaken. You remember you told me she had rugs exactly like yours."

"Yes, to be sure. But you will also remember that Milton spilled some red ink on one corner of one of mine and I never could quite eradicate the stain. That stain is on the rug in front of Annabel McGuire's piano. I have more evidence, too. When Annabel was away I called at the house, and the rugs she purchased for her parlor were not there. She returned yesterday and probably took my rugs from the fence where Maggie placed them. They are now, both of them, in her parlor. I never would have believed Annabel McGuire to be a common thief!"

When the weekly cleaning-day came round Mrs. Annabel again deposited the rugs on the division-fence. At night they adorned Mrs. Hiram Daniels' music-room, and Annabel McGuire was in despair.

"Why, my dear, my d-e-a-r!" exclaimed Mr. Daniels, on going to the piano in the evening—"Mrs. McGuire has returned your rugs!"

Mrs. Hiram explained at some length how they had been surreptitiously placed on the division-fence early that morning, because Mrs. Annabel McGuire had repented, but was too ashamed to return them openly.

"I feel half inclined to condone her fault," said Mrs. Daniels, "Annabel is young,—but—I don't see why she should want *my* Angora rugs, when she has two of her own."

"Find out—find o-u-t," said Mr. Daniels, who had a habit of constantly repeating his words, and also a lurking fondness for Mrs. Annabel, whom he missed as much as did his quiet wife.

No advances were made, however, on the part of either lady toward an explanation that might unlock the gate in the division-

fence. As each weekly cleaning-day came round, the rugs were duly deposited on the fence, and were as regularly removed by the ladies, so that they alternately adorned the parlor of one home and the music-room of the other.

The humor of the situation at length became apparent to Messrs. Daniels and McGuire, and from refusing to recognize each other on the street, the two gentlemen finally met and talked matters over. Suitable and satisfactory explanations were made of which their wives were ignorant, and these two conspirators prepared to enjoy the situation. All the new developments in the passing of those Angora rugs were fully recounted at their succeeding meetings. A scheme was soon agreed upon which was eventually carried out by them, as we shall see later. These merry gentlemen soon became as great friends as were their wives before the purchase and exchange of their mutual treasures.

After some time had elapsed, it began to dawn dimly upon the minds of both Mrs. Annabel and Mrs. Hiram Daniels that possibly those rugs were not placed on that division-fence week after week as a token of repentance and restitution, but were hung perhaps as a defiance, much as a red flag is flaunted in the face of a bull to arouse his anger.

On the evening of Mrs. Annabel's next sweeping-day, had there been a moon old enough to look through the dense fog that swept up Santa Clara Street from the sea soon after sunset, she would have caught glimpses of a masculine figure stealing through the shrubbery in the rear of Mr. Maxwell McGuire's residence. A close observer would have marked with what haste the figure passed from the shadows of the shrubbery to the shadow of the division-fence. He would have noted the anxious glances cast toward the lighted window in the kitchen, where Annabel McGuire was laying the fire in the range, in preparation for an earlier breakfast than usual. He would also have seen, as Annabel did not, that the figure deposited on that reprehensible board fence with considerable difficulty and haste, a burden that tangled itself provokingly.

If the close observer had been near enough, he would have heard this whis-

pered order given through the green vines: "Make haste, Daniels, and help spread out this confounded finery. Hurry, I say, before the blamed things kick back!"

The close observer would also have heard language voluminous and appropriate to the occasion, when a tall silk hat rolled maliciously away into a distant dust-heap, from which it was hastily rescued and laboriously brushed before the owner appeared at his own fireside for the evening.

In the week that followed, both Mrs. Annabel and Mrs. Hiram Daniels resolved to permanently hold possession of her own property henceforward, although Mrs. Hiram Daniels' Angora rugs again graced the parlor of Annabel McGuire.

As a result of this resolution, on the next sweeping-day Mrs. Hiram Daniels procured a tall but somewhat shaky step-ladder and placed it against the division-fence. Mrs. Annabel, not having a ladder of any sort, secured a number of boxes of various shapes and sizes, and built a pyramid of them, which reached nearly to the top of the green barrier. This structure, viewed from an artistic standpoint, was not as great a success as the historical piles in Egypt, nor as enduring, but was much more easily mounted; and moreover, its object was very clear, at least to Mrs. Annabel.

After her work was completed, Mrs. McGuire climbed cautiously up until she could look over into her enemy's territory. That instant a door slammed in Mrs. Hiram Daniels' residence, and she hastily drew back and dismounted without noticing Mrs. Daniels' less formidable preparations for defense.

Annabel McGuire had the instincts of a lady, for she fled up the pathway to her own door, with the hot blood burning in her cheeks, and her breath coming quickly, as though she had been caught in an ignominious action. Her indignation was too deep-seated, however, for any lesser instinct to conquer. She angrily swept the Angora rugs from the parlor floor and returned resolutely to the scene of her recent labors. Carefully she climbed the trembling height and spread her burden among the green vines. Panting from the exertion and excitement, she seated herself

to await the onslaught of the enemy. She had n't long to wait. In a few moments Mrs. Hiram Daniels stepped from her back veranda and walked deliberately down the pathway toward Mrs. Annabel McGuire. She bore in her arms two white Angora rugs, apparently exactly like those so recently borne to their weekly airing by Mrs. Annabel.

As Mrs. Daniels reached the magnolia-tree a few feet from the division-fence, she glanced up and paused abruptly. Her surprise and astonishment were overwhelming. There, spread to the breezes, were two white Angora rugs upon the division-fence; and, looming just above them, was the head of Mrs. Annabel McGuire with an extremely belligerent expression on her girlish features.

Mrs. Daniels gazed stupidly for some moments at her enemy so evidently guarding her property. She stared at the two rugs spread upon the fence and then at the two in her own arms. Finally, not to be daunted in the object she purposed to accomplish on starting from her door, she nonchalantly approached the step-ladder, mounted slowly sufficiently far up on it, and deliberately placed her rugs on the fence side by side with Mrs. Annabel's.

Not one word did either lady speak. Her task accomplished, Mrs. Hiram Daniels climbed two steps higher on the ladder and seated herself near the top. She took her apron by its lower corners, running her hands slowly along the broad hem until she found the proper width, and began fanning herself with it. Both ladies looked warm.

Two feet above her, on her side of the fence, Mrs. Annabel McGuire watched Mrs. Hiram Daniels with varying emotions. At length, Mrs. Daniels lifted her eyes and gazed into those of her neighbor as though seeing her for the first time. She quietly asked with slow emphasis, "What are you doing there, Annabel McGuire?"

Mrs. Annabel caught her breath convulsively.

"What am I doing?" she repeated vaguely, as if herself not yet quite conscious of her object in being in her present position. "What—am—I—doing? Why,—why,—" she stammered, reddening, "I

—I wanted to see if your Marechal Niel is blooming.”

“Hem!” ejaculated Mrs. Daniels.

Mrs. Hiram Daniels rose somewhat unsteadily on her unstable ladder, placed both hands on the few inches of fence above her head, drew herself carefully upward to a higher step, and peered curiously down at the motley collection of boxes on which Mrs. Annabel had attained her present eminence.

“Huh!” she snorted, “huh! Annabel McGuire, pray why did n’t you come in through the gate to look at my roses instead of mounting on those odious boxes?”

For a moment Mrs. Annabel sat in confusion at her enemy’s survey of her territory. The question, moreover, was very disconcerting. At length she suddenly inquired, “Pray, why are you up there on that step-ladder, Mrs. Hiram Daniels? Step-ladders are quite as odious as goods boxes, I think; but they’re not half as hard to handle,” she remarked irrelevantly, gazing reminiscently into her small pink palms.

Mrs. Hiram Daniels made no immediate reply to Mrs. Annabel’s words, but continued to gaze for some time in silence at the structure of boxes occupied by Mrs. McGuire.

“Well,” she said, when she had again seated herself on the very top step of her trembling fortress, “well, Annabel McGuire, did you expect to get enough Angora rugs from this division-fence to fill all those boxes?”

This unexpected and unequivocal taunt restored Mrs. Annabel’s self-possession in a measure, although she apparently ignored it, and repeated with growing asperity, “I asked you, Mrs. Daniels, why you are up there on that step-ladder?”

“O,” said Mrs. Daniels sarcastically, “I wanted to see if your Marechal Niel is blooming, and I thought ladders much easier than boxes. Besides, you know, Annabel McGuire, I have n’t the gate-key!”

The peculiar emphasis on the last words of Mrs. Daniels’ statement brought the blood to Mrs. Annabel’s cheeks. She sat in miserable silence. Then, softly: “I will get the key in a moment, it hangs just by the gate.”

Mrs. Annabel climbed cautiously down

from her unsteady height, at the imminent risk of toppling it over. Mrs. Daniels leaned across the fence and watched her descend with absorbed interest. Annabel’s short absence afforded Mrs. Daniels the opportunity to choose her own property and place it beside her.

Mrs. Annabel glanced up suspiciously once or twice at the rustling in the vines, but Mrs. Daniels was assiduously using her apron as a fan, precisely as she had been doing during their encounter, and, moreover, the four rugs were apparently just as she had left them. So she went on to the gate and took the key from its nail.

When Mrs. Annabel again reached her uncomfortable perch, she sat with downcast face. It was beginning to dawn upon her that Mrs. Daniels might not be the only transgressor, and the thought filled Annabel with humiliation. Presently she timidly extended the key towards Mrs. Daniels.

“Here is our key, Mrs. Daniels,” she said meekly, but with growing dignity; for she began to feel that she was being treated too much as though she were a disorderly child, by a woman who had broken the eighth commandment, at least nearly as often as she herself. She thought Mrs. Daniels altogether too self-asserting.

Mrs. Hiram Daniels quietly took the proffered key from Mrs. Annabel’s small trembling hand and placed it in her pocket somewhat ungraciously. She felt it to be a sort of flag of truce, but resolved that she would not accept it as such.

A long oppressive silence crept between the ladies, each waiting for the other to furnish an explanation of past conduct. Finally Mrs. Annabel could endure the ponderous stillness no longer, so she ventured to inquire, “Which are my rugs, please, Mrs. Daniels?”

Mrs. Hiram Daniels pointed deliberately at the two farthest and responded with meaning emphasis in her tones, “*Those* two rugs are *not* mine.”

Whereupon Mrs. Annabel, with quivering lips, meekly took the rugs thus designated, climbed down a second time from her perch and vanished into the house.

That evening, at precisely fifteen minutes before eight o’clock, a ring at Mr. Maxwell McGuire’s front door was

promptly followed by the entrance of Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Daniels. The gentlemen greeted each other most cordially, but they appeared anxious and somewhat crestfallen, withal. As they passed from the hall into the parlor, Mr. McGuire remarked in a low tone to his visitor, "Our rug scheme is a dismal failure, I'm afraid, Daniels."

Mrs. Daniels stood stiffly by her chair just within the parlor door, as if forced to enter against her will. Mrs. Annabel rose from the piano, where she had been idly sounding chords since the ringing of the door-bell and moved impulsively toward her visitor. Mrs. Daniels put both hands on the back of the chair beside her and thrust it forward as if to guard herself from attack. In reality this action was only a prelude to speech.

"Well, Annabel, I suppose—" she began rather awkwardly.

"O, Mrs. Daniels, I am so ashamed that—that—I thought you capable of—of taking my rugs!" interrupted Mrs. Annabel.

"Quite natural you should think so, my dear," said Mrs. Daniels, anxious to do her part in explaining. "Mr. Daniels insists that you were not to blame at all; it was just all a mistake. I, too, believed that you took *my* rugs, and you *did*, you know," she said smiling, as she put in place a loosened pin in Annabel's abundant hair. "But—well—I got them back every other week, so, we—I—have n't much to boast of Annabel, and—Annabel, here is the key to the gate."

Graceful apologies were evidently not in Mrs. Hiram Daniels' line.

After the ladies were amicably seated, and had grown voluble, through restored good feeling, Mrs. Hiram Daniels begged the gentlemen to give the previously promised explanation of the restoration of the two Angora rugs now reposing on Mrs. Annabel's parlor floor.

"That's easy enough," said Mr. McGuire with suspicious readiness, fidgeting nervously in his chair. "Ask us a harder one,"—but he glanced dubiously at Mr. Daniels, nevertheless.

"Just at first," began Mr. Daniels, taking his turn in the conversation,—“just

at first, McGuire and I each thought the other man's wife—"

"O, I say, Daniels, no, we did n't! Indeed we did n't!" interrupted Mr. McGuire hastily, fearing the obtuse Mr. Daniels might open fresh wounds. "We thought the ladies were all right, only mistaken."

"Yes, yes, of course, of c-o-u-r-s-e!" acquiesced Mr. Daniels emphatically, seeing his candor was leading him into a dilemma. "So," he continued, "we had a talk down town one day, to straighten things out between us, and we found that each of our wives—er—what I want to say is that Mrs. Annabel, here, had two rugs—"

"I did n't have them very long," said Mrs. Annabel reproachfully.

"Eh? How? O, no!" Mr. Daniels was getting desperate; but he began again, and endeavored to be more lucid: "Mrs. McGuire's rugs were stolen, I say, and my wife had two like 'em, exa-c-t-ly like 'em, and—"

"Yes, but if Annabel's rugs were stolen," broke in Mrs. Daniels imperturbably, "how does she come to have them here in the parlor now?"

"Godfrey!" ejaculated the irate husband under his breath, glowering at his wife, when he found she was determinedly plunging him into deep water. Then, as he saw the ladies expectantly awaiting his reply, he blurted out, "McGuire bought two more rugs! That's how!"

"Oh! Ah! Ahem!" stammered Mr. McGuire, utterly taken aback at this sudden and unexpected revelation of his complicity in the affair, thus made known by his friend Daniels. Mr. McGuire looked pleadingly at his wife.

Mr. Daniels wiped the perspiration from his face dejectedly and glanced remorsefully at Mr. McGuire. Now that he was getting cool again, he saw that he had broken faith with his coadjutor, and was silently imploring pardon for his duplicity.

The ticking of the clock on the mantle grew particularly loud.

"Mr. McGuire—bought—two—rugs!" at length gasped Mrs. Annabel, ignoring the pleading look in her husband's eyes, "and hung them on the division-fence

when I did n't know." Then beginning to realize that her husband had played on her credulity, Mrs. Annabel sprang to her feet to examine more closely the two Angora rugs.

"You horrid man!" she exclaimed with indignation, as she again seated herself by her friend after a prolonged scrutiny of her treasures. "You perfectly horrid man!" she repeated.

"We thought," broke in Mr. McGuire in a tone of injured dignity,—“we thought that when you ladies found four Angora rugs exactly alike on that division-fence, you would be satisfied, and not want so many confounded explanations!” Mr.

McGuire grew warm as he talked. “We hoped, I say, that you would be friends again, and—”

“And so we are!” exclaimed the mollified ladies in one breath.

“So we are! So we are!” echoed Mr. Daniels delightedly.

“Humph!” said Mr. McGuire, as he settled back comfortably for the first time since the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Daniels. “I hope to gracious you ladies will never air those Angora rugs again!”

With which rather ambiguous remark, the conversation ended and the episode was closed, to await the record of this veracious history.

“LA CZARINE”

By SAIDEE GERARD BUGBEE

SOFTLY the strains of “La Czarine” floated out on the sunlit air, played by two street musicians, but played with the expression that Italians always throw into music,—played by souls upon hearts with living strings. The perfume of the flowers in a garden near intermingled with the music and lulled the senses, while the soul lay dreaming under the spell of the sad, sweet strains.

Passers-by stopped now and then to listen, among them a young man with a frank, boyish face that his best friend would never call handsome until his eyes fascinated—hypnotized—what you will—one into forgetting every other feature. He glanced up at the house in front of which the musicians were playing, more to see what their prospects of a dinner were than for any other reason; but whether the collection would be great or small was suddenly forgotten, and his glance went no higher than the first window. It was the frame of a picture—a living picture, to which “La Czarine” was an accompaniment. A girl sat there motionless, drinking in, absorbing the music, her great dark eyes fixed on space. Unconscious of the present, she lived in memories of the past, or dreams of the future.

And all day long that picture was before

him, and every now and then he sang softly snatches of “La Czarine.”

“By Jove! it’s ‘La Czarine’!”

“Well, a person would indeed be stone deaf not to recognize it.”

“O, I don’t mean the music,—I mean the girl,” and he hastily looked at his programme. All it said was, “Dorothy.” It was the girl he had seen that morning in the window, the girl that in his mind he had named “La Czarine.” An easy thing to know her now. She was a dancer; therefore she belonged to the public; he was one of the public. He would send her a note making an appointment that she would be delighted to keep—nothing easier.

But the stage-doorkeeper informed him that “Miss Dorothy says, ‘There is no answer.’” And he added on his own responsibility, “People what’s on the stage gets introduced jes’ as much as people what ain’t, and yer’ll never know Miss Dorothy by a-hangin’ around or a-sendin’ ’er notes, if she does do dancin’ fer a livin’.”

There was but one thing to do then—get introduced.

“Are you sure you love me, La Czarine?”

“Are we sure of anything in this world?”

Don't look that way. I am only trying to tease you. Am I sure I love you? Do you need to ask me that? Is n't the change in my life enough to prove my love for you? Love you! I did not believe it possible for one to live and love as I love you. It is my soul that loves you. A finite being cannot comprehend infinite love, and mine for you is infinite. Few there are who love with their souls. I wish I were as sure of your love for me."

"If ever man loved woman I love you. To lose faith in you would be to lose faith in humankind. It would kill me, La Czarine, if you were ever untrue to me. But I do not want to think of that; you could n't be."

She took up her violin and softly played his favorite air. Slowly his eyes closed under the spell of the music and he slept.

He had bided his time, and at last had found a means to be properly introduced to her; and every night thereafter he had waited for her at the stage door. Their love had been mutual. Poor child! this was the first unselfish love that had shone on her life since her mother died, and it completely changed her. She had never been very bad, but she had been reckless and far more sinned against than sinning. She had always been truthful and conscientious to a fault, and she had told him all her past, never gilding a single fact. It might part them, but she would rather that, than to be near him with the shadow of a secret between them. When she had finished her story, he had turned the little face up to his, and looking in the brave, loving eyes, had said, "I have nothing to do with your past, little one. What you have been is nothing to me. It is only what you are that I care about, and not one of God's angels could be sweeter or purer or nobler than you have been since I have known you."

She laid the violin down and gently crossed the room to where he lay asleep. His coat had fallen back, and she saw a letter in the pocket. Why she read it she never knew; it was done before she realized what she was doing. She folded it up and put it back. There was but one thing to be done, and she must do it, and her white lips were praying for the strength.

He had written to his mother of "La Czarine," and she had immediately unearthed all her past and had said in response:—

I could have forgiven her for being a dancer, though that were indeed a hard thing to do, but her past I can never overlook, and you must choose between her and your mother. I would appeal to her, but I know that with her record it would be of little use. My only son! My little boy that I have sacrificed so much for, and for whom I would even now give up my poor old life, could it make his happier! You must part with one of us,—must it be your mother's heart that breaks? Shall I curse the day your baby eyes first looked in mine, and I thanked God for my little one? It will kill me if you turn a deaf ear to my prayer. But I were better dead than living in the pain of knowing you cast your mother aside for a girl whom for you to be with is a disgrace to the name I have tried for so many years to teach you to honor. You understand me well enough to know that I firmly mean what I write. You must choose between us, even if you choose to break my heart.

It was plain that one heart must be broken, and of course it must be hers, for dearly as she loved him she would not come between him and his mother; that was sure.

She must give him up. He would get over it in time; men always do. And she—well, she would die, but it would be dying for his mother, and there was some consolation in that thought.

Perhaps he would be the one to do the giving-up, and save her the pain of it. But no! The eyes opened and looked at her with love unutterable, and he said, half under his breath, "No power on earth shall take you from me! Nothing shall ever come between us! Why, what is the matter, dear? Are you ill?"

"No,—that is, yes. I am tired, and I have something on my mind. Could anything make you leave me—make you love me less?"

"Nothing, as long as you are true to me."

"But if I were not?"

"Don't speak that way! I can't bear it, even in jest."

"I am not jesting. I am not true to you!"

He sprang to his feet, then sat down and laughed nervously.

"I almost believed you, for a moment I almost believed it possible!"

"I mean what I say. I am not true to you!"

"La Czarine, you—untrue—to me!"

She bowed her head.

"Swear it!"

"Yes, I swear it!"

A dazed look came into his eyes. The full realization of her words would come later. The only thing he could grasp clearly now was that he was leaving her forever.

He opened the door. Some one in another room was playing "La Czarine." They both heard it. He looked at her, and her eyes were like those of a stricken deer. He went over to her and kissed her as we kiss the face of our best-loved dead. Then the door closed and he was gone.

It was very late. The cable, just about to stop, sounded like a great cat purring itself to sleep—now dozing, now starting up to purr again; then the sound growing fainter, and finally lapsing into silence.

A girl sat just inside an open window. The night was very cold, but she did not feel its chill. She was conscious of but

one thing, that the man she loved as only one woman in a thousand can love had gone out of her life forever.

"God forgive me for telling him a lie! I did it for his mother!"

Suddenly on the stillness of the night floated the strains of "La Czarine." The little hands clenched unconsciously and the little mouth set itself firmly.

"La Czarine!" That was what he had called her; that was what they were playing when he first saw her; that was what they were playing when he said farewell. How many, many times he had watched her dancing to that music, and now—it was all ended! Would she feel like this every time she heard it? "La Czarine!" How sad it sounded! It came nearer. She pressed her hand for a moment over her heart, then fell back in her chair. Her face was white and cold, and her suffering was over.

The music had played too fiercely on the heartstrings and they had broken.

At the same moment the waters of the bay closed over a frank, boyish face, and as it went down for the last time, across the dark, dark waters came the cry, "La Czarine!"



LOVE

ONCE much of life was mystery,
Like hieroglyphics all unknown;
But when Love came to dwell with me,
I found the rare Rosetta Stone.

Anna E. Samuel.



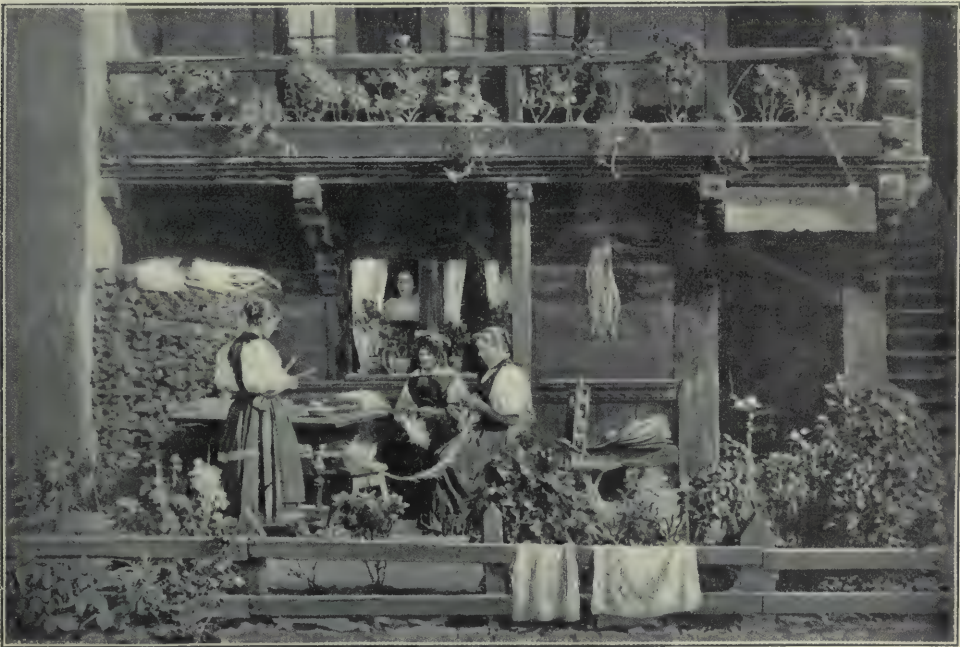
Swiss Village at the Paris Exposition

SOME AFTERNOON AMUSEMENTS AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION

BY JOSEPHINE TOZIER

IT was in the late afternoon of a bright day, when the Paris atmosphere was full of that indescribable charm which the atmosphere of Paris alone possesses, that we started out to visit the little corner of Switzerland which the Swiss have transported, with its mountains, cascades, pastures, and dwellings, as a background for the official exhibit of their picturesque little country. As we

The Swiss took 21,000 square meters for their official exhibit, and, beginning last year, have by industrious skill brought all that was most interesting in their beloved country to delight the people of Paris. The mountains are most ingeniously constructed of strong framework, and the sharp angles and deep hollows of true mountain scenery very successfully followed. The rocks were molded in Swit-



Straw-Plaiting in the Swiss Village

walked in between the two great towers of Berne which form one of the entrance gates into this mimic Switzerland, the sun was gilding the mock glacier and giving a thoroughly realistic touch to the whole scene. The dairy-maids and herders in the costumes of their various cantons were leading the beautiful cattle back to the farmyard and altogether we suddenly forgot all about the very dusty Parisian street from which we had but just stepped into this tiny mountain-land.

zerland of staff, mixed with stone and moss, in exact imitation of the real bowlders, and the soil, trees, and shrubs were brought from the mountain-sides and scientifically arranged to suit the proper altitude represented. Among the herd of cattle there are a dozen cows of very diminutive breed, which suit the scale of the small landscape perfectly, and goats and sheep climb about the scene exactly as if they were on their native hillsides. Tell's chapel is on the border of the mimic lake,

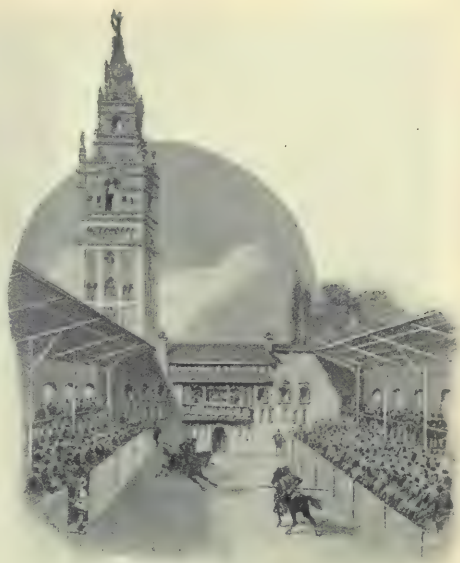


Façade of the Palace of Costume

and at the foot of the mountain pass stands the little old inn where Napoleon breakfasted before his passage of the Alps, just one hundred years ago, May 1, 1800!

We climbed the glacier, and made ourselves doubly sure that we were really out of Paris by entering the grotto where a most wonderful panorama of the Alps spread itself out before us, making us draw long breaths of fresh mountain-air,—we actually felt the cool breezes. Then we started off to see the cluster of old dwellings which hug the wall near the entrance gates—interesting old bits of architecture copied from the most antique houses in Geneva, Thun, and Berne, with balconies that squeeze themselves up under the eaves. Here was also a hunting-lodge whereon we saw, from the decorations made in 1135, that the Swiss were as clever at wood-carving then as now, and a remarkable old house with sliding shutters from Zurich, equally elaborate in ornamentation. These are a few of the interesting dwellings collected here.

Straw-plaiters, wood-carvers, lace-makers, all in costume and pursuing their work with Swiss industry, are to be found in this little city, which we leave with re-

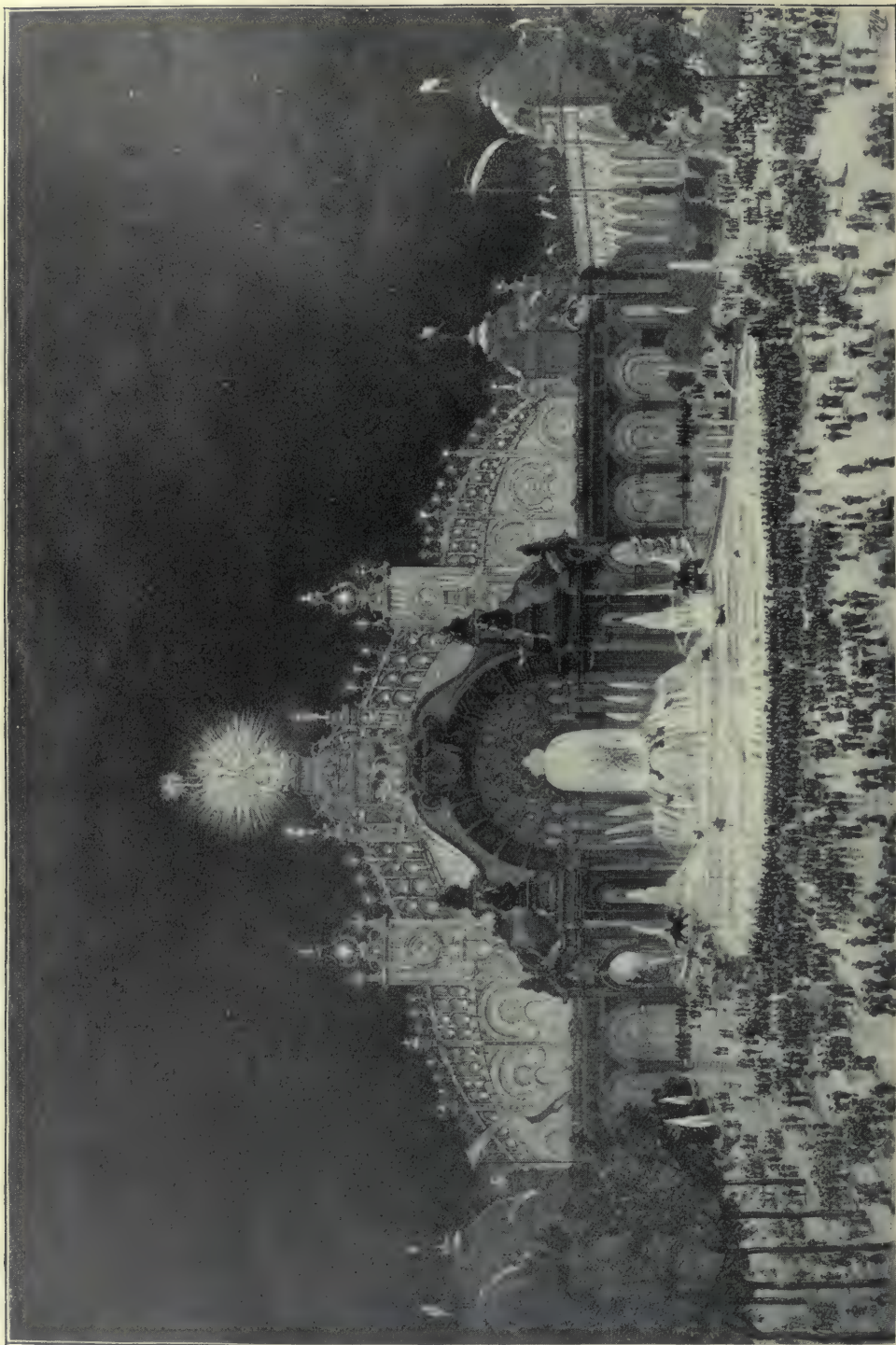


Andalusia in the Time of the Moors—Giralda Tower

gret, with one more look at the mountains from the porch of the queer old church of Wurzburgen, a church in which the burnt-wood decorations are worth going many miles to see. We take a glass of fresh



A Milliner's Shop in the Time of the Directory—Palace of Costume



Palace of Electricity and the Chateau d'Eau — Effect by Night

milk at the farm, and go regretfully under the portcullis of the feudal castle of Chilaux, out among the trees of the Arena de LaMotte Picquet.

As we are in the spirit of Switzerland, we first think of going to the fine modern chalet of the Alpine Club to see the great Alpine panorama; but the Giralda tower stands out so attractively against the golden sky that we vow this is the hour for Spain, and the few steps across the river through the great gate of the Alcazar of Seville quickly lead us to the glories of the Alhambra, with the fountains play-

Besides, the Palace of Costume is a fine place to see after dusk, because there is no light from the outside; all the rooms are lighted by electricity. There is an excellent restaurant; so, across the bridge under the Eiffel Tower, with a little sigh of regret as we pass the building that we have traveled too much to-day to make the "Tour du Monde" before dinner, we sit down wearily under the rose-laden balconies and rest and eat.

The Palace of Costume was given into the charge of Felix, the noted dressmaker, and the various scenes within its walls,



Little Theater—Called "Les Bonhommes Guillamnes"

ing in the glint of the hazy glowing light of the bright atmosphere.

"Andalusia in the Time of the Moors," is the period Spain has chosen for the Exposition, and the dancers, the gypsies, the Jewesses from Tangiers, a host of people scattered everywhere among the old Moorish buildings, amuse, entertain, and fascinate us so completely that we have serious thoughts of "doing" the genuine Spain before we sail for America.

As the sun gets lower, the question of dinner, and incidentally a different sort of sight to see, presents itself, and being women we hail the idea of the restaurant in the Palace of Costume with delight.

from the rough habitations of the Gauls to the boudoir in which the Empress Josephine is trying on her coronation mantle, have been executed with the greatest care. The figures are of wax, slightly larger than life-size. The furniture, paintings, and adornments are all real, and as much as possible like those in the scenes represented. The mantle of the Empress is elaborately embroidered in real gold thread; it has taken over a year to make, and is an exact reproduction of the original, excepting that the pearls and emeralds are imitation, whereas those of the model were real. The "Field of the Cloth of Gold," where the knights spent

all their earthly possessions to appear in fine clothes, a "Paris Interior in the Twelfth Century," and the "Carlovingian Court," are a few of the many scenes so wonderfully arranged and costumed in this palace of feminine delight. The wooden galleries of the Palais Royal, noted in the time of the Revolution, have been reconstructed, and their shops, with living models making all sorts of tempting knick-knacks, are snares to every woman's purse. The "Hairdressers' Society of France" has here many clever artists showing their wonderful ingenuity in making all women beautiful who trust to their devices for improving the feminine "crown of glory."

When we come out under the Eiffel Tower again, the Palace of Electricity is all on fire, the great fountains glow with every conceivable color, the tower itself is a blaze of light, and Electricity has made the fairy-land of our youthful imaginations a very shabby thing indeed, compared to the present kaleidoscope effect of the Champs de Mars and the Trocadero with the shining, winding river. We are lured by the bright masks on the little Théâtre Bonhommes Guillaumes where the poster artist Guillaume has his wonderful puppet-show—puppets moving their fingers, turning their eyes, opening their mouths, though carved in wood. The fabrication of these puppets is a secret. They were invented by Guillaume, whose stunning posters are well known to all amateurs of this sort of art. The little theater was entirely designed by him, the façade painted by his hand, and the luminous caryatides his own invention. We enter and seat ourselves in one of the comfortable arm-chairs of which there are about one hundred and seventy—the capacity of the theater. The curtain goes

up, and behold a ballroom of a private house of the present day! The Hungarian Band plays, and a noted singer comes forward to entertain the guests in the intervals of the dance. She is enthusiastically applauded. When she retires the dance goes on, the guests bow, smile and gossip, and the curtain falls for a moment to rise on another scene.

This time it is morning in the country. A quiet farmhouse nestles at the foot of the hill, the sun is just rising, the cocks crow, and a distant bugle-call tells us that a regiment is starting out for the morning drill. The sound comes nearer, we see the soldiers coming over the hill road, and then, with music, mounted officers, and waving flags, it reappears on the plain before us and marches away, while the curtain shuts off the view again for a second, before rising to show us the Paris Opera House with crowds standing about waiting for the arrival of the President and a distinguished royal guest who are coming for a gala performance. We see the sergents de ville, the soldiers, the moving people, and at last the dashing carriages driving up to the great entrance.

A great student's ball, "des Quatre d'Arts," ends the performance for us, to begin again for another audience, and we wander out of the Exposition Grounds on to the Cours la Reine in the brightest of cities, among the gayest of crowds, with English, German, Italian, and much French sounding in our ears, music on all sides, and the charm of the most entertaining spot on earth all about.

Paris is at its very best when entertaining guests, and even with the crowds of foreigners filling it as now to overflowing, is still the queen of delightful cities.





Photo by Ernst E. Erbe

In Golden Gate Park

THE WHEEL IN THE WEST

By ROTIFER

WHEN the history of the century comes to be read by that proverbial New Zealander, how much interest and speculation will be devoted to the bicycle! Macaulay, of course, had no idea of the invention, and in order to picture the mind of the antipodean as stirred to its depths, was obliged to fall back upon St. Paul's, and St. Paul's in ruins. This was but a makeshift device, a stage property which is not deserving of respect. For, after all, St. Paul's is only a more or less successful imitation of a greater matter; but the bicycle—that is *sui generis*, a creature of man's mind and fingers at the highest point of development. "Altar and reredos, gargoyle and groin" fade into comparative triteness when matched with the swift and noiseless wheel. We can imagine the *Ohs* and the *Ahs* of the New Zealander with some approach to accuracy when confronted by the ordinary ruin. We all have country cousins whom we have escorted with more or less satisfaction through the mazes of cities of

renown, and the murmur of rustic admiration is unfortunately not an altogether unknown sound in our ears. But the sight for the first time by the gentle antipodean of a bicycle pneumatic tire is a thing to ponder over, and to smile at to one's self on long winter nights.

We have provided for our locomotion various machines of different degrees of vileness. The automobile puffs its lugubrious way through our streets and byways. The automobile is not pretty; it is not, so far, even effective. It has merely succeeded in being prosaically noisy and vulgarly ostentatious. But the bicycle possesses all the gentlemanly qualities. It is graceful, well-conducted, quiet and modest. Under the guidance of a capable rider, it accomplishes its work in a manner which has been held up by the copy-books to be the way in which a gentleman should under all circumstances conduct himself. What can be more admirable than the retiring and yet insinuating manner in which the bicycle edges its way

through crowded thoroughfares. It moves along almost imperceptibly, yet with accuracy and without hesitation. In Cheapside, Broadway, or Market Street, it is ever the same; there is the same soft, quiet, insinuating manner. The bicycle abolishes all nationality; it eliminates the differences between Greek and barbarian; it is that indescribable yet real phenomenon—a gentleman among vehicles.



Photo by Philip S. Carlton

The Start

Wherever you may see it, its manners are above reproach. Yet much ridicule has been poured upon it. It has been derided as a fickle and variable animal which cannot keep a straight course, and which requires the untiring efforts of a trained rider to subdue it. Comic papers and the daily press have vied in their endeavors to portray it as an uncanny and weird beast. But no accusations could be further from the mark than these. It is true that the bicycle will run away downhill, unless carefully watched. But the art of running away is not by any means confined to this two-wheeled creature. Four-legged animals, greatly belauded and esteemed in history and song, have also the trick to perfection, or, rather, to destruction. There is this to be said in favor of the bicycle in this respect: that whereas the running away of the quadrupeds in question is due generally to an over-indul-

gence of their appetites, the bicycle yields to a natural buoyancy and energy of disposition.

The learning to ride the bicycle has also been made the subject of scurrilous jest and vulgar ribaldry. The gyrations and lack of dignity of the learner have been placed to the account of the machine. But this is unjust. The machine is not to be blamed if the beginner, in his ignorance, takes the longest and most unsatisfactory course to become acquainted with its peculiarities. Any cyclery undertakes to instruct in the art of riding. To gain one's instruction from the quarter best prepared to bestow it is at once the wisest and the quickest way. It has also the merit of privacy, and what is saved in clothes and paint is also saved in injured feelings and indignation. It has never been my good fortune to see a really pathetic German endeavor to master the intricacies of wheeling on his own account. But there are, it seems to me, hidden depths of joy in the contemplation of the possibilities of such a sight. It is a subject which one may dwell upon in full faith that it will come up to his expectations.

The art once learned, what worlds of amusement and delight are at once opened to the possessor of this new sense; for the riding of a bicycle is a new sense. There is no other word which adequately expresses the feeling. To the young, who already enjoy life, the possibilities of its further enjoyment are increased tenfold; but to the middle-aged the acquiring of the art is a new and altogether unmixed pleasure. It is what millionaires and epicures seek, and seek in vain—a healthy, fresh sensation. The joy with which middle-aged men and women who have had the courage to learn to ride enter upon the cultivation of the bicycle, is amusing enough to the young. But when one thinks of the independence of movement that it gives them, of the freedom from the annoying little limitations of time and space, their feeling becomes more compre-

hensible. Frequently in England has the writer seen the retired military or naval officer pushing his way along the road in blissful happiness and tranquil content. The *ennui* and the miserable lassitude of enforced idleness are gone. The very superciliousness which is his distinguishing feature has disappeared. He has found a new sense, a real pleasure, and one which increases his domestic content. For the ordinary retired military officer has a temper born of his conditions which does not altogether contribute to gaiety or even tranquillity.

In addition to those moral qualities of which mention has been made, and which

It is almost vain to attempt any description of the sensations of riding. To those who have never ridden it will be incomprehensible; to those in the habit of riding it will be simply inadequate. But the sensation of really riding down a gentle slope for the first time can never be forgotten. It is one of those incidents in life, like swimming for the first time, or riding in a swing for the first time, which leave impressions of delight and freedom fixed in the mind "ever afterwards," as the fairy-books say.

There is one reason which perhaps more than any other inclines the writer—somewhat of a lazy person—to extol the bicycle,



Photo by Ernst E. Erbe

On the Road to Crystal Springs

cannot be too strongly insisted upon, the bicycle enjoys one other great advantage—it occupies exceedingly small space. It needs no stable or loose box; it does not break a halter and kick all night; it never has the glanders; and best of all, one cannot be cheated in the buying of it. All machines whose names are well known and whose reputation has been thoroughly established may be entirely depended upon.

and that is, that there is no necessity to use it if you do not wish to do so. To one accustomed to the needs of a horse, to be compelled to ride or drive when either is objectionable, because the horse requires exercise, is one of the commonest and yet most irritating experiences. To know that your horse is always ready for you, and that he is not acquiring bad habits or his health becoming endangered by enforced

inaction, is more than a relief—it is positive pleasure. So with the steed which never grows stale with enforced confinement, which never grows vicious with spoiling, and which eats nothing and yet is

the comparatively weak. This is only one of the many opportunities for short rides which are within quite easy distance of San Francisco. Alameda County, Sonoma, Marin, Contra Costa, all have their special advantages and their faithful admirers. From Tamalpais around the bay to Diablo is a paradise to cyclists, a world of interest and of pleasure. The bay climate, too, is all that can be desired for the sport; it is seldom too hot, and only occasionally is the wind sufficiently cold to be risky. Hence we have here perhaps the best all-round cycling climate that can anywhere be found. If, on the other hand, it is desired to go farther afield, the choice of routes and of scenery is practically inexhaustible. Arduous as some of the trips may appear, they are not so in reality; and if undertaken sensibly and with due precaution, are only pleasurable, and

not at all a hardship. The trip from Los Angeles to San Francisco may appear at



Photo by Philip S. Carlton

What the Bicyclist Sees — Old Waterwheel

never starved, it would seem that the ideal of locomotion had been reached. And so, indeed, it has, for any one who is capable of appreciating it, whose legs are sound enough to move gently, and whose lungs are able to stand any exertion whatsoever.

And nowhere in the world can one find a better opportunity for the enjoyment of bicycling than in California. The diversities of scenery and the great expanse of country make wheeling here an experience which never loses its novelty. True, one does not have the quiet, retired lanes of England, the out-of-the-way delightful nooks of Brittany, the flat, never-ending, quaint roads of The Netherlands; but what is offered is something finer and better than all these. There is a grandeur and an openness about our scenery which more than counterbalances all the attractions of European resorts. There are few more beautiful and interesting rides anywhere than that from San Francisco to San José. The road is good, the view open and exhilarating, and the interest is kept awake by the numerous villages along the road and the diversities of the prospect. It is by no means a fatiguing ride, and is well within the capacities even of



Photo by Philip S. Carlton

What the Bicyclist Sees — Sunset

first sight to be a terrible undertaking, but it is not so. It has been completed by women, and even by children, easily and without great fatigue. This may be said

of other excursions which are apparently impossible, but which will be found comparatively easy when undertaken with discretion. And there is plenty to see in this State. Apart from the natural scenery, the old missions scattered here and there over its surface well repay a visit, and there is no method of approaching them which can compare in ease with the bicycle.

The bicycle is nearly an essential possession to an artist, botanist, photographer, or a faddist of almost any outdoor descrip-

coming the Philistine is a dreadful thing, look you—a fate from which the gods defend you and me. If one wishes, therefore, to know the beauties of this wonderful country in the best way, to explore its depths, and to revel in its marvels, the first best course is to obtain a bicycle and learn to ride it in a cyclery. The possession of your wheel does not tie you down to your home. The machine is easily shipped and transported elsewhere. Imagine taking an automobile to Europe with you! Even our horse, to whose gait we are accus-



Photo by Ernst E. Erbe

The Bench Club in the Park

tion. Up and down the coast, in out-of-the-way little patches of woodland and stretches of plain, there are pictures and everything else to delight the mind of artist or collector. But to reach them, there is only the choice between weary walking or comparatively easy cycling. Without disparaging pedestrianism—than which the writer knows no more delightful pastime, unless it be cycling,—walking is too hard work for the majority of people who are past their first youth. Generally speaking, one must stay at home and be a Philistine at a comparatively early age, or learn to ride a wheel. And this be-

tomed, and upon whose indulgence we rely for our daily exercise, must be left at home to mourn our absence and to browse disconsolately in the corral. But the bicycle can be taken with a minimum of trouble and with very little expense. And whether we bring up in Europe or “far Cathay,” the familiar wheel awaits us, slave to our whims and caprices, and ever ready to bear us and all our troubles in whatever direction we may choose.

In estimating the value of the bicycle, there is one side that must not be overlooked; that is the value of the machine as an athletic means. Early in its history

the capacity for making speed possessed by it became obvious, and numbers of those inclined to the cultivation of their muscles and the lowering of records became at once its devoted champions and faithful slaves. Slavery is none too hard a word to apply to that service which the athlete devotes to the cultivation of his particular hobby. Self-sacrifice of all description is demanded of him, and the bicycle gave the muscular devotee another deity, for whose sake he might "shun delights and live laborious days." There are still some among us, survivors of an age almost paleozoic, so re-

testimony to the adaptability of man's frame.

The record for one hour's riding, as given in the books, is 34 miles 1220 yards, made by H. D. Elkes at Willow Grove, on August 6, 1898. Since that time, however, Elkes has lowered his own record considerably; for on September 13, 1899, he rode 36 miles 746 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards in an hour, at Philadelphia. The record for 100 miles appears to be held by T. A. Barnaby, who covered this distance in 4 hours 33 minutes 52 seconds. One thousand miles have been traversed by William Brown in 83



Photo by Ernst E. Erbe

Bohemian Grove

mote is it, who can remember the county fair and the high spindly wheels of the old-type machine. We can recall the air of swagger and bravura with which the bare-legged rider rode off amid the plaudits of the crowd and the exclamatory interests of the anxious girls. We can remember, too, the many collapses and the frequently dangerous accidents which befell some of the daring contestants. Since those days bicycle-racing has become a safer if less romantic sport, and the records made have continually been lowered until they constitute remarkable instances of human endurance, and bear

hours 4 minutes and 30 seconds. This represents a feat of human endurance and muscular strength which appears almost incredible. The record for five miles' riding appears to be 8 minutes 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ seconds upon a single machine. The tandem, however, is not very far behind this, and has covered the same distance in 8 minutes and a few seconds. The record for two miles is stated in the books to be 3 minutes 37 $\frac{3}{4}$ seconds; but it is claimed that this record was lowered last year to 3 minutes 9 seconds. But the record for one mile is perhaps the most astonishing performance of all. In 1897 the record for this dis-

tance was 1 minute 49 seconds; but this has been since lowered to the wonderful time of 1 minute 12 $\frac{3}{4}$ seconds.

These figures are set down merely as examples of what can be achieved in the way of speed by means of a bicycle. They go

as an instrument for lowering records, and the winning of athletic laurels.

This brings us to the consideration of the machine as a means of health. In this respect the bicycle has been subjected to a great amount of adverse criticism, the



Photo by Philip S. Carlton]

Mountain Stage-Coach

to show the strength and lightness of the material which can stand a strain such as must necessarily occur in tests like those described. It is not intended to urge the reader of this article to emulate any such feats. The bicycle is here regarded rather as a means of pleasure and recreation than

greater part of which is simply due to the ineradicable and absurd conservatism of the medical profession as a whole. It has been accused of leading to certain physical malformations, and generally to degeneration, except as regards certain muscles not in general use. Those who object most

strongly to anything that is new point to the cyclist as a person with humped shoulders and hollow chest, whose body is distorted also in various other ways. Of course, the good effect of cycling depends chiefly upon the way in which the machine is used—upon the rider, in fact.

such behavior. One might as well blame food for causing sickness, because gobbling and overeating are followed by indigestion and nausea. The writer has consulted several physicians of good reputation with respect to the hygienic effects of bicycling. They are all agreed that in ordi-



Photo by Ernst E. Erbe

On the Trestle—Camp Taylor

If a person chooses to balance himself in an awkward and ugly manner, to stoop over and scorch with open mouth and staring eyes for miles and miles of road, he can hardly expect to escape the consequences of his acts. It is vain and foolish to accuse the machine of the results of

nary cases the bicycle, so far from being injurious to health, is of great value as a means of gentle exercise. They one and all insist, however, that such exercise must be taken in moderation. They deprecate any forced work on the machine, whether such work takes the form of riding absurd-

ly long distances or striving for too high a rate of speed. Moderation appears to be the watchword of the profession in this regard, as in everything else. Scorching is the abomination of the physicians, several of whom speak in the strongest possible way against the practice. But scorching is also detested by all sensible people. Vulgarity takes various forms, according to different circumstances. There is a vulgarity of the drawing-room, of the church, of the street, and in fact of all social action, and the vulgarity of cycling is scorching. Yet the scorcher, if an awful example, is rather an interesting one, and Golden Gate Avenue on Sunday afternoon will supply many types of beings apparently human, but twisted, distorted, and whirling along as if under the influence of some kind of hashish, debauched by the awful habit, the slaves of which they have become. Still there are people who are wicked enough to say that they prefer to go to the Devil in their own way, and choose scorching in preference to some other vice.

With regard to the use of the bicycle by ladies, the physicians interviewed were somewhat more guarded, but none of them really disapproved of it. They were perhaps even more insistent upon the necessity for moderation and the avoidance of over-fatigue, but the majority spoke approvingly. As a matter of fact, most of us know women and girls of our personal acquaintance who have become strong and healthy merely by using the bicycle.

The spread of the habit of cycling among professional men of all classes and varieties of occupations proves that the followers of a sedentary life have discov-

ered its advantages. One can gain the feeling of exhilaration experienced in riding a wheel from nothing else, except, perhaps, a horse at full gallop. Some five years ago the zeal for the bicycle really broke out. This was largely due to the improvement which had converted a somewhat dangerous toy into a safe and useful means of locomotion. Society took knowledge of the wheel, and its approval rendered bicycle-riding fashionable. It is true that many of the enthusiasts of a season have discarded its use, and have gone back to their luxurious landaus and victorias. But the cycling industry received then an impetus which has not yet been exhausted, and which bids fair to grow still further and become permanent. The application of motor-power to tricycles promises a still further development of the machine. There is a certain danger in this, however. If the physical exercise which is at present necessary to propulsion is eliminated, one of the most valuable qualities of cycling will have been destroyed. For it is as a means of pleasant exercise that the machine has the greatest value to the majority of us.

Inquiry at the various cycleries by no means establishes the frequently repeated statement that cycling is on the decline. The agents for the various best-known machines declare that the demand is steady, and varies very little from what it was in the height of the fashionable period of cycling four or five years ago. They say, however, that the sale for distinctive women's wheels is falling off, and that women are more and more riding the diamond-frame wheel, formerly made exclusively for men.



SYMPOSIUM

WHAT SHALL SOCIETY DO TO BE SAVED?

[One of the churches in Oakland, California, has recently organized what it calls a "College of Ethics and Religion." The subjects which are proposed for study include the leading social and political problems which are pressing upon public attention at the present time. The question at the head of this page is just now under consideration. Nine answers are to be given by men representing various phases of thought. The subject is of such general interest that THE OVERLAND has arranged to present the first four papers—all that had been given up to the date of publication—in the form of a symposium.—EDITOR.]

THE SOCIALIST'S ANSWER

By EDWARD B. PAYNE

THE inauguration of this college, providing among other things for the free and impartial discussion of fundamental social questions, may be taken as one of the signs of progress. Fifteen or twenty years ago, those who ventured on the public discussion of such themes from a socialist or other radical point of view were at once branded in their communities—to distinguish and separate them from the sane and the wise—as sentimental and erratic enthusiasts, or as wild fanatics, or even, sometimes, as dangerous enemies of society moving against the peace and the moral well-being of their kind. To-day half the newspapers and magazines in the land, and many of the pulpits, are saying the same things, using, verily, the identical words and phrases which were so generally condemned and contemned a score of years ago, and there is certainly little hesitation now on the part of clubs, literary societies, schools, organizations for study and research, and many churches, to throw wide open the doors that welcome free thought and free speech upon even the most basic problems of social philosophy. This college and other such organizations really mean that all the great social questions are again admittedly open, and that it is our proper and obligated task to sharpen our wits and clear our thoughts about them with a view to readjustments demanded by the emergencies of progress.

What must society do to be saved? You have called in the lecturer of to-day to give the socialist's answer to this question. Now, the socialist's answer can not be expected to go beyond the limits of socialist thought and purpose. It must not be aimed to cover everything involved

in the great problem before us, but only to show the bearings on this problem of social salvation of that definite thing, or that circle of things, which the socialist is thinking about and urging upon the attention of his fellows.

This caution as to the reasonable scope of the socialist answer is necessitated because it is one of the platitudes of critical argument against any proposed socialistic or collectivist or co-operative system that it will prove impotent to make human nature over, that it will not avail to render men morally good within or righteous altogether in their outward and communal conduct. And it seems to be assumed that the establishment of this point would logically invalidate the socialist's argument, and transmute his hope into ashes. But as a matter of fact no intelligent socialist cherishes any such expectation or conception as the criticism implies. The socialist knows perfectly well, as well as anybody, that *no* economic or political system can *of itself* effect the salvation of society. You may have never so good a ship, and the disagreement or the mutiny or the rioting of its crew may bring about its wreck and loss. And you may have a poor ship, and yet the fidelity and the untiring energy and activity of its crew may bring it safely into port. Likewise we may have an economic and political system that is very bad but shall not inevitably wreck society; and, on the other hand, an admirable system of political and economic procedure will not insure social safety and pre-eminent success.

Here, then, is the first limit which the intelligent socialist puts upon his thought—namely, that no improved, and even no

perfect, system, political or economic, which we may adopt in the future will perforce and of itself alone work the salvation of society. The achievement of social salvation will yet await the rational, fitting, and adequate use of the means of life under any system whatsoever. This is common sense, and it is—though the statement may be new to some—a part of socialist conviction and doctrine. But at the same time the socialist holds to another principle of evident common sense—namely, that it is always better to have a good ship for the voyage, in any event, than a bad one; for then, an ill-behaving crew will not be so likely to wreck it, and a well-behaving crew will the more surely bring it in safety to its haven. And further, he sees clearly—as every eye that is single easily may—that the bad ship, whoever sails it or sails in it, will inevitably retard the voyage and possibly defeat the attainment of its practical object. Applying this simple analogy, he maintains that it is better, and indeed obligatory upon men, to discover and adopt the best system available in this world for social deed and relation; for then the people will not be hindered by the machinery and harnesses of life, and if they will, may achieve practical results that may justly be called better—or, possibly, best.

But it is time to ask what we mean when we raise the question, "What must society do to be saved?" What is the salvation we are talking about? It would be well had we first agreed together as to the conception fundamental to our inquiry. Let us venture now on a definition to which succeeding lecturers can hew, or which they can correct and amend,—a definition not analytical, but descriptive and practical.

A saved state of society would be attested and evidenced by two things, or in these two following ways:—

1. By material well-being—this rendered impossible to the willfully idle and to the exploiter of his fellow men, but secured to all the industrious, to the helpless, and to the superannuated.

2. By prevailing health, temperance, intelligence, sanity, social good will, and

a robust moral earnestness, showing itself in unflinching truth of word and deed.

The discussion of our general question is very likely to turn on this particular one of the attesting characteristics of a saved state of society. The foregoing conception is offered as the picture of it which the socialist habitually contemplates.

Now, the socialist perceives that under the present order we have no such state of things. On the contrary, he sees that many idlers—so far as any really useful work in this world goes—and many, perhaps more, exploiters of their fellow men, are materially well cared for, whereas that multitude who do the grinding and burden-carrying work of the world, and many who are helpless or superannuated, are scantily, and often only wretchedly, provided with even what we call the necessities of life. He sees also that there is a vast deal of ill-health, intemperance, insanity, social hatred and suspicion, crime and villainy, and a laxness and limpness of moral fiber which makes some large part of life a lie. And so it seems to him that we have the double misfortune and handicap of a bad ship and a bad crew, or at least that we might have a better ship and that the crew might be improved.

Now, for his immediate purpose, and for the laying out of his practical plan, the socialist again limits his thought, or at least his propaganda and active endeavor, to the necessity of getting a better ship. To be sure, he believes that the better ship may lead to a better spirit and more reasonable action on the part of the crew, and at least will leave them without excuse if they then fail of able and successful seamanship. In other words, he is intent primarily, and for the present exclusively, upon the practical end of establishing a radically different economic order, aiming at material well-being, conditioned, as specified a moment ago, in the attempt at a definition.

Socialists, in other words, have passed forward from the idealistic human dreams which began of old with Plato's philosophic speculations on the Republic, to a practical programme aiming at an actual

modern state. They conceive that it falls to them to *do* certain definite things, which they are now devotedly proceeding to achieve. And this is their plan and their method of action. Their declared immediate purpose is to secure possession of the powers of government; that is, of effective political power. They pledge themselves to use these powers of government, when secured,—

(1) To do away with the wage-system now in force in the industrial world;

(2) To abolish the institution of private ownership in the means of economic production and distribution;

(3) To substitute for the system thus displaced the Co-operative Commonwealth, in which the means of economic production and the distribution of the results of industry shall be collectively controlled and equitably and impartially administered in behalf of the common weal.

This programme has at least one merit—that of definiteness. Has it any other merit? How does it bear especially on this generic question which your College of Religion and Ethics has propounded? Would this plan of the socialists, if realized, provide better conditions for the saving of society? For, as we have seen, no system can do more than to provide either helping or hindering conditions, whether for material well-being or for social and moral regeneration. But does this socialist programme promise conditions more favorable to the great end of full, free, dignified, noble, and happy life?

It would be a lamentable result if in pushing onward in the name of progress we should so blunder and bungle as to devise and adopt a system that would be worse in its influence on the life of man and upon his character than the present system. But he would be a very poor sort of reformer, and indeed a miserably cheap specimen of the social tinker, who could not think out something better—at least a little better—for men, politically, industrially, and socially, than we have now. Let us see how matters are:—

A class called capitalists, or, more broadly and inclusively, the property-holding class, has possession and control to-day of the means of economic pro-

duction, such as lands, mines, and machinery, and also of the means of distribution, such as the rights, franchises, and facilities for transportation and communication and commerce. Their complete possession and sovereign control of the economic resources are secured by the statutes of the land and rigorously defended by all the powers of government,—even the military.

These guaranteed and buttressed privileges and advantages give to the men of the class mentioned an excessive and dangerous power; for they are thus enabled to control the actions and practical determinations of large numbers of their fellow men by direct or indirect appeal to a single very primary and rudimentary motive—namely, the *sustenance-getting* motive. That dominates the world to-day. Say what we will about the complicated play of motives on the thoughts and passions of men, that which finally determines for the mass of human beings the main course of conduct, all the circle of actions which touch back to the roots of life, is precisely this motive of sustenance-getting. Unquestionably, this motive will always be here, and will always play a part in the life of man. We shall forever need sustenance, and that need will forever be a spur. The socialist does not question this, nor does he find fault with the fact. All that he deprecates is that the motive has been so immensely overworked. It does altogether too much for one motive. And it does too many things that it never ought to do and which we should be ashamed to have it do. For example, it buys votes so that they are cast contrary to real conviction; it stumps all our States in every campaign and makes inconsistent pleas for every party; it induces lawyers to work for the defeat of simple and straightforward justice, knowing well what they do; it makes many a college professor hesitate in the expression of his opinions if he chances to be in any important matter a non-conformist; it seizes the pen of the ready writer and causes it to write falsely. It has been frankly confessed that during the last Presidential campaign every man on the editorial staff of a certain great cosmopolitan newspaper was writing daily for pay

what he did not at heart believe. Even the minister of the Gospel does not escape the corruption of this motive, and often conceals his innermost thoughts on the sacred and sublime themes of religion lest he or his family should come to want.

These now are but a few illustrative instances, but very suggestive and significant ones, showing how this motive enters realms in which it has no rightful place and vitiates and despoils there the fundamental integrities of life, prostituting the sincerity of men to the fear of hunger and thirst and chill. And the reason why the sustenance-getting motive has such a gripping hold in realms where it does not belong is because our industrial system thrusts it into them and gives it there an illegitimate scepter of power. So it proceeds to ravish the consciences of men, and to take even the kingdom of heaven by violence.

Now, the socialist believes that there neither is nor can be a salvation for society unless and until that usurping motive lets go in all the higher ranges of thought and deed, leaving them to the motives that essentially and rationally belong to them. The only permissible appeal to a voter, for example, who takes it in hand to help determine strictly public and common affairs, should be that of service to the interests of us all, and never to his desire to get or retain a job or a dollar. The administration of justice should be left—and everybody will agree to this—to the promptings of that innate demand for justice which lies near the core of every man's nature. The teacher should never be subjected to the influence of any consideration except that of truth, and the beautiful hunger of the human mind therefor. It should be regarded as the worst form of bribery to buy the pen of talent and genius to write lies into the world. And as to religion, can we not all see clearly that utterance and profession on that sacred theme should be subject to no other sanctions except those of the religious passions and the conscience of a soul toward truth and God? In none of these realms, and indeed in no realm except one, should the bread-necessity have any power. The socialist proposes to drive this motive back out of the fields

into which it has trespassed and remand it to its own. It has by right one sole and simple function. It should be used to induce all able-bodied men and women to busy themselves industrially to that limited extent which would be necessary, under a rationalized economic system, to produce and distribute adequate sustenance. The socialist is the only man who has seen the necessity of applying this motive sharply and unsparingly against the laziness that is in the world; and his plan is the only one which would carry out that wisest injunction of the apostle Paul—that "if any would not work, neither should he eat."

This, then, to sum up, is the socialist's answer to the great question, "What must society do to be saved?" The first step, the absolutely necessary step, is for society to provide for itself a new industrial order, under which every industrious person, without a single exception, will be secure in the means of living, and this on the *sole* condition of his industry—positively and unqualifiedly that condition—no other and no more. His opinions on any subject whatever, his moral sentiments, his personal conduct, so far as it does not transgress the equal rights of others, his ignorance, if he wills to remain ignorant, his social acceptableness, or the reverse of that, his religion or his infidelity, nor any such thing, nor anything else except that sole condition named above shall prejudice his chance to get a living. If he does a fair share of the work of the world, he shall have a fair portion of the products of the common labor.

This is the first and the great commandment. It is first and it is great, because it will open the way for the real freedom of men. It will deliver them from that damning hindrance of motive out of place and leave them free to work out, under natural and legitimate conditions, their intellectual and moral salvation both social and individual—and especially individual. It has been conceived by many that socialism would be the destruction of individuality. But the fact is that socialist thought is the only thought urging itself on the world to-day that makes adequate provision for individuality. As things are now, your chance for

individual growth, for individual assertion, or for individual whim, if you please, is limited to what is possible in these directions, without forfeiting or prejudicing your other chance for getting food and shelter and clothing. If these are assured to you so long as you do your work, whatever kind of an individual you may be, barring trespass and crime, surely the gates are wide enough open and personal liberty sufficiently guaranteed.

Society will be saved when it gets through forever with specious apologetic

philosophies, excusing its weaknesses, its follies, and its unwillingness to do the best it knows; when, further, it will concede nothing any longer to the passionate prejudices of those who sit in the places of privilege; when it rolls up the parchments of tradition and lays them away, accepting in their stead the rationalities; and when at last it arises in power to build anew the home of man in the earth by lifting the walls of justice on the foundation of simple, elemental and eternal truth.

THE INDIVIDUALIST'S ANSWER

By JOHN P. IRISH

IF I had known that I was expected to speak to-day, I should have visited the session of last Sunday, to equip myself by listening to Mr. Payne's presentation of the subject. I remember that a few years ago, in San José, I got myself into trouble because I said that all forward movements in society, and all progress and improvement in the race, had their origin in one element alone, and that element is human selfishness.

Since then I have hunted for a better word than selfishness, but I have not found it. By human selfishness I mean the desire of the individual man to better his own condition by work. That desire to better his own condition by his own exertions has been an advantage by example to other men who have striven to better their condition also, and so society has moved forward.

The objection I have to the communistic, socialistic, anarchistic, and other plans for the salvation or the destruction of human society is that they sit down and plan out a scheme for the revolution of human society, but whenever these schemes, thus ready-made, are put into action they do not fit human nature.

I do not agree with the statement of the subject we are considering, "What must society do to be saved?" There is no need of society doing anything to be saved. The social state as it exists is an evolution

of the natural tendencies of man. Whatever further progress there may be in human society, whatever further improvement it may make, must come as the result of the working of the same tendencies of the race. We have had communistic and socialistic experiments, but wherever they have been tried it has been discovered that man refuses to act as part of an artificial machine.

I said that all human progress had its radix in human selfishness. I cannot find any better term for it. Away back in the geologic past, we find the beings from whom we sprang living in caves, all about the same kind of caves, and supporting their physical existence by the chase. Now, how did progress among such men begin? It began by some one desiring for himself and for his own a little better cave than somebody else had. He had the swifter foot and stronger arm, which secured for him a surplus of the things necessary to his existence, and this he used in providing for him and his more comforts than were the lot of others. His example impressed those around him. They wanted the comforts which he enjoyed. They studied his ways and were wise. So one after another they moved up to his plane, and learned to go still further forward.

And so until now the progress of the human race has been due to the example

of the individuals who have found some superior way to those around them. Now, the collective idea is that none shall move forward until all can move forward, and the result will be that no one will ever move forward at all. Do you tell me that no man shall have a house until all can have houses as good as his?

The socialists and I agree on one thing, and that is in our position regarding war. I am opposed to war, and so are they. But I am in entire disagreement, if I understand them, with their fundamental principles. In the sermon to-day we heard something about equality of opportunity. There is absolute equality of opportunity in the world. Wherever you find men you will find there is absolute equality of opportunity among them. But there is inequality of capacity for taking advantage of opportunity, and this difference makes the difference in progress between different individuals.

If once you can get men who are absolutely equal in mental and physical traits, you will have absolute equality of development. But we do not live in that kind of world; Nature did not decree it that way. Nature progresses by laws that are fixed and immutable; she has decreed that this shall be a world in which the fittest shall survive and of him there shall be taken the best care. The fittest shall survive, and the fittest among men is the strongest, intellectually and physically and morally. But all will exist in modern society, because, worked upon by that idea which has grown with humanity to temper the element of selfishness, modern society provides for the perpetuation of its defective members.

I know not what the final result will be, but society will save itself, if it need

salvation at all, by the exercise of the element of individuality. The individual, strong in mental and physical characteristics, takes care of himself, and sets an example that forces others to try, and so the fittest, surviving by their individual strength, serve as examples to those who by nature are less able. You may call it terrible, cruel,—it is the law of nature.

I know it is taught in some quarters that men should divide what they have with those who are less fortunate. We all do that. When we pay taxes, poor-rates, we are providing for the support of the less fortunate, we are caring for the defective classes, for the indigent. Society is not blind to its duties in this respect.

But whenever you attempt, as society is now constituted, to say by law, by social regulation, by public opinion, selection, or rejection, however you attempt to say, that all shall be alike, that no superiority by any man shall be permitted until all men shall have the same superiority, then, in my opinion, you are preparing for the disappearance of the human race from the face of the earth. Whenever you say that the individual shall be denied the right to progress, whenever you cut off the tree that grows higher than its fellows until its fellows shall grow as high, you are preparing for the destruction of the forest. As well say that Tennyson shall not write poetry because all men cannot write poetry, or that Raphael shall not paint because all men cannot paint as well, as say that no man shall by his genius gather more gear than others, because all men cannot do the same. There is equality of opportunity. There can never be equality of thrift, strength, and patience, foresight, and judgment, in taking advantage of opportunity.

THE PROHIBITIONIST'S ANSWER

By S. P. MEAD

THE socialist and the individualist look upon different sides of the truth and hold part of the real truth. These phases of the truth have already been presented. Next Sabbath you are to hear that "Present Processes

are Sufficient." I agree with this because the prohibition agitation is a part of the "present processes."

There are four classes of prohibitionists of which I wish to speak:—

First—The six-hundred-foot prohibi-

tionist. He wants the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors for beverage purposes totally prohibited within six hundred feet of his own home. This first class of prohibitionists includes the majority of voters not in the liquor business and some that are. The attorney for the liquor dealers here in Oakland bestirred himself mightily to prevent the establishment of a saloon within six hundred feet of his own home. The six-hundred-foot man is illogically opposed to prohibition beyond the limit he has set, and uses very illogical arguments in support of his position. For instance, Dr. Grant, the head of the great Canadian university, who opposes saloons within six hundred feet of the university grounds, objected to the prohibition law of Maine because it had been amended fifty-one times. A machine which needed repairing so often, he argued, was much inferior to the regulation law of Ontario. This argument did very good service for a few days, till a prohibitionist replied, showing that in the same time the regulation laws of Ontario had been amended one thousand and forty-seven times.

Second—The continental prohibitionist. He would prohibit the beverage liquor business not only within six hundred feet of his own home but within six hundred feet of all other homes between the seas.

Third—The squatter sovereign, or local-option prohibitionist. He would extend the six-hundred-foot limit to include his own town or county. Pasadena contains samples of this third class. They are very illogical folks. For instance, the Pasadena man works tooth and nail for no-license for his town,—drives out the saloon and keeps it out. A few months later he makes the dust fly in hustling himself to elect a drunken bum to the State Legislature to vote the saloon upon all the rest of us.

Fourth—The "sweet by-and-by" prohibitionist. He talks much of elevating public sentiment. By and by we will have prohibition, but at present it is premature. He talks of "statesmanship." He favors high license, forgetting or not knowing that high license brings the organized saloon power behind the gambling-den and the brothel as well as the saloon. He

forgets that the law is a cause as well as an effect of public sentiment. He goes wild over the Gothenburg system and laments that Massachusetts did not adopt it because of the fanatical obstinacy of the continentals. Now, I could show you, if I had time, that the Gothenburg system is a sham, and that the present local-option law of Massachusetts is infinitely better than this Gothenburg whisky trust arrangement. Here is a map of a few blocks around the chief railroad-station in Christiana, the capital of Norway. Within pistol-shot of this station are one hundred and twenty-four saloons. The total licenses in the city for the sale of liquor are two thousand and seventy-four, and the drink convictions have more than doubled since the introduction of the Gothenburg system; and yet a prominent clergyman of Oakland laments over his pulpit before his congregation that prohibitionists defeated the adoption in Massachusetts of this fraud system of regulation.

I wish to correct a few false popular notions concerning the prohibitionist. He is thought to be a radical; whereas he is the most steadfast conservative now active in American politics. He is supposed to believe in legislating men into heaven; whereas he, in common with his fellow mortals, doubts the ability of modern legislatures in this direction. He is charged with being unwilling to take a half loaf; whereas, if this means that he is not active everywhere else as well as at the ballot-box in taking advantage of public sentiment to advance the temperance cause, it is a great mistake. He is supposed to be *par excellence* the fellow that is meddlesomely active in interfering with personal liberty, prescribing what men shall eat, what they shall drink, and what they shall wear; whereas his activity is directed wholly against a public traffic, and he cares not what men eat or drink or wear any more than other men. In a prohibition State a man may have his vineyard and his wine-cellar, his wine and his beer, and no prohibitionist would think of interfering with what he shall drink at his own table. Better wine and beer can be made on a small scale than upon a large scale. It is only when he begins to make

a business of selling to others that prohibition interferes. The prohibitionist is also not a man of "one idea." He believes, however, that the beverage traffic in intoxicating liquors stands in the way of every other political reform, and must first be suppressed. It has ruined municipal ownership in Philadelphia, perpetuated Tammany Hall in New York, and debauched municipal politics in all our large cities.

Now, there are only two ways to treat the beverage liquor traffic. We must either license it (or regulate it, as license advocates prefer to say) or prohibit it. License or prohibition, it must be. Let me read what license means: [Mr. Mead then read from the *Portland Oregonian* of the drunken debauch on the night before Thanksgiving-day of the chief of police and the chairman of the police commissioners of Portland, Oregon, and from the *Fresno Republican* of the condition of things under so-called regulation in that city, and from the San Francisco papers of the brewers' picnic in Niles Cañon, claiming that regulation was a delusion. He read also a personal letter from the mayor of Cambridge, Mass., the largest no-license city in the United States, having over seventy thousand inhabitants,

showing the contrast between prohibition and license cities.]

In closing let me summarize the evils of the license policy:—

1. It degrades public sentiment.
2. It encourages drinking habits.
3. It makes the saloon respectable.
4. It makes the saloon a power in politics.
5. Licensing the saloon leads to the practical licensing of other vices, as of opium-joints in San Francisco, and gambling-dens and brothels in most of our large cities.
6. The licensed saloon is the breeding-place of poverty, insanity, vice, and crime.
7. The saloon costs four times as much in taxes as it pays, to say nothing of its debauching effects upon the community and upon men in important public positions.
8. The saloon is the arch-enemy of the home, the church, the school, and of all moral effort for the elevation of humanity.
9. Last and chiefly, the continental prohibitionist opposes license because the organized liquor power of the country has become a menace to the perpetuity of the Republic, trampling with impunity upon the laws of the municipality of the State and of the nation.

PRESENT PROCESSES SUFFICIENT

By A. B. NYE

I FEEL that it may be necessary to construe the thesis assigned me, which, as worded in the printed announcement gives the answer, "Present Processes Sufficient," to the question "What must society do to be saved?"

In a world in which everything else is capable of improvement, no judicious person would think of making the claim that the present social arrangements are the best which can exist and should be perpetuated without change. It is not necessary to assert such a thing in order to have valid ground for making a defense of the present order, since it is reason enough for its existence if it is the best for the day which is with us. The present

processes are sufficient only in the sense that they are working out good results as rapidly as any others could; but that they will be supplemented as soon as new processes can be discovered which will be an improvement, is not a matter of doubt. It is equally certain that new social arrangements, if they are to offer a beneficial change, will be a gradual evolution from the present ones, and not the substitution of something quite different. There are no "best" processes in the sense that society can reach a finality.

And this suggests an objection to the form in which the general subject has been stated. When we ask the question, "What must society do to be saved?"

we imply that society can be "saved" in the sense that by some fundamental change it will be translated into an attained state beyond which it need not progress, and this is hardly agreeable to reason. Even the old theological belief that the human soul might be "saved" by being passed into a state of changeless perfection and happiness is unable to hold its ground against modern ways of thinking, and when conservative churchmen concede that progression after death is a probability, we must surely give up the notion that in this world the race can, by a single transformation, be so improved that it will not need to be "saved" during every day of its existence—even saved from its saviors.

In the admirable address in which Mr. Payne opened this discussion he gave a definition of a "saved state of society," and in order that we may have the same starting-point, I will repeat it. Mr. Payne said:—

A saved state of society would be attested and evidenced by two signs, or in these two following ways: (1) By material well-being, rendered impossible to the idler and to the exploiter of his fellow men, but secured to the industrious, to the helpless, and to the superannuated; (2) By prevailing health, temperance, intelligence, social good-will, and a robust moral fiber showing itself in unflinching truth of word and deed.

This definition of "a saved state of society" represents a high ideal, but is to be criticised for its omission of what, from the present speaker's point of view, would be the first essential of a satisfactory state of society, viz: that it shall be continuously progressive. That society should be constantly advancing from good to better is so obvious that no one would think of denying it—Mr. Payne as little as any one; yet he did not mention this fundamental in his carefully written definition, and I cannot help thinking that his failure to do so indicates one of the drawbacks to the school to which he belongs. Socialists propose such a great immediate change that they find it difficult to realize the need there would be for continuous change thereafter. In this respect public salvation, according to socialist ideas, has something in common

with private salvation, according to the old school theology.

The "present processes" of society might be described as individualism modified by socialistic influences. In the tendencies which we distinguish by these names, "Individualism" and "Socialism," we have two opposites, both containing an element of truth, and both of which are ever at work, though the relative influence of each varies from time to time. Of individualism a rough working definition might be that it means the care of each for himself, while socialism might be said to be the care of all for each.

The most marked manifestation of individualism at the present day is the competitive system of industry, while of socialism the most striking expression is an agitation for the abolishment of such competitive system and the substitution of a particular form of co-operation.

That there have been times in history when the general welfare was promoted by a socialistic organization of industries seems to be consonant with reason, but a very long time ago the conclusion was reached that under more advanced conditions the common welfare was served by making each assume, so far as possible, the responsibility for his own welfare. This theory is not applied without restrictions, for family groups have been preserved, and under all conditions there must be combined effort to alleviate misfortune and destitution. Some who in the advance of the race cannot walk must be carried. Rational individualism recognizes this, and is prepared to share its goods with him whom Nature's decree has made a non-producer, though not to make him a full partner; the work must be directed by those who are themselves efficient workers.

Occasionally in modern times circumstances have arisen which favored an experiment in production in common, on the socialistic plan, and it is one of the most interesting historical facts that it was attempted at both Jamestown and Plymouth. We may say that this country was started on a socialistic basis—all the colonists being expected to contribute labor according to their ability and to draw from the common stock according to their needs. The outcome of the Virginia

and Massachusetts experiments was failure, and to save the infant colonies from extinction it was necessary to return to the rule of individualism, which has ever since prevailed, and under which the country has grown great and prospered.

Modern theoretical socialism is a growth of the present century and the existing form of competitive industry is little older. The factory system, which is its best type, goes back only to 1790, and the power-loom was not introduced until 1806. In 1807 Fulton launched the first steamboat, and it was in the same year that St. Simon published his first book proposing a new organization of industry. Thus competition began its new development at almost exactly the same time that modern socialism was born, and the two have grown up side by side. It was not until 1830 that the old methods of household industry finally gave place to factory production, and by 1830 Fourierism, which was one of the aggressive forms of socialism, was in vogue.

Socialism in this century has exerted a wholesome moral influence in elevating the ideals of society, but upon the organization of industry it has left only the slightest traces, the claim that socialistic production would be found more economic than competitive production having failed whenever put to test, as it has been many hundred times in experimental colonies. Socialists acknowledge this when they throw the taunt of "cheap and nasty" at competitive industry.

Experimental socialism having failed, the efforts of socialists have recently been confined almost exclusively to criticism of the existing order, in which the competitive system is the central point of attack, and it is generally represented as being the prolific cause of most social ills. Now, as it is conceded that this system has attained its greatest development in the present century, it follows that the ills attributed to it should be worse at this time than at any former one, and selfishness, injustice, oppression, cruelty, ignorance, poverty, and crime should be more rife than formerly. But is it so? This has been the century of liberal ideas, which has seen free constitutional governments take the

place of absolutism and which has witnessed the abolishment of slavery and the enfranchisement of the masses in many lands. Labor has been freed from restrictions equally with capital, and for the first time is permitted to combine in its own defense. It is the century of hospitals, charities, and asylums for the insane. It has seen the unexampled development of popular education, which has been carried so far that the fullest advantages are given to the poor man's son, the wealth of the country meeting the cost. Only in this century has imprisonment for debt been abolished. Not until this century were prisons converted from places of torture into reformatory institutions. At the beginning of the century the law of England recognized two hundred and twenty-three capital offenses, and rabbit-stealing met with the same punishment as murder. The penal code has long since been reformed, and in most places human life is treated as something sacred. It was not until this competitive century that laws were passed to restrict the hours of labor of children and women—not until now that property has consented to bear the expense of sanitation in towns and cities, whereby human life has been lengthened and made more worth living. In short, such has been the progress made by the sentiment of humanity that in comparison even the best men of former centuries appear barbarous and cruel.

In the field of industry the century of intensified competition has brought forth the railroad, the steamship, the telegraph, the telephone, the electric car, and the age of steel and cement.

But as it is of the effect of the industrial system on the social prospects of the masses that most complaint is made, let us turn our attention particularly to that. The principal merit of the competitive system, which admittedly creates some hardships, is that it is the most efficient machinery of production which has ever existed. With the aid of the great labor-saving inventions of which it has been the principal cause, competition has made possible the accumulation of more wealth in the last forty years than had been accumulated up to that time during preceding

centuries, and with greater accumulation there has been a diffusion of its advantages in all directions.

For the sake of definiteness of statement, I will use statistics. Between 1860 and 1890 the aggregate wealth of the United States increased from sixteen billions to sixty-five billions, more than four-fold. In 1810 the aggregate production in the mechanical industries of the country was estimated at only two hundred million dollars; in half a century—that is, by 1860—it had increased to two billions, and in 1890 to nine and a half billions. In 1890 the people of the United States consumed products valued at twelve billion dollars—equal to three-fourths of the total wealth of the country in 1860. Of the importance to social betterment of a large accumulation of wealth I shall speak presently.

That the machinery of production is capable of being further improved is true, and such improvement is going on constantly, though not always with general popular approval. Socialists have much to say, and not without some reason, about the wastes of competition due to imperfect co-operation, resulting in alternations of flush and dull times and irregularity in the employment of labor. The large corporations, some of which are called "trusts," are a step toward the abatement of these evils, and when honestly managed these corporations will be a benefit, because larger industrial units tend toward better co-operation and reduction of waste. In spite of the talk about unemployed labor, it is doubtful whether so large a proportion of all the people were ever before engaged in the work of production, and certainly they were never engaged so effectively. A computation based upon the last United States census showed that of the workingmen of the country not more than one in twenty was out of employment, and a system under which nineteen out of every twenty desirous to work find employment is not so bad, especially if through the progress of invention each employed worker does five or six times as much as one could accomplish under the old methods of hand labor. We have been able to introduce hundreds of inventions whose first effect was to displace labor and

still to find something for the displaced labor to do in all but a small minority of cases. When you stop to think of it, the wonder is not that there are so many out of work, but so few. With the great inventions in spinning, an operative can spin a thousand threads as easily as he formerly could one. With the hand-loom the weaver produced forty yards of cloth a week, but with the power loom he can produce fifteen hundred yards. With railroads brought to their present perfection, two hundred and fifty thousand operatives can perform a labor of transportation which without them, it has been estimated, would require thirteen million men, in addition to more than fifty million horses. Is it not a fairly good industrial system which can thus abridge hand-labor and still keep employed an increasing proportion of the people?

For it is a fact that the proportion of workers in the social hive is increasing and the number of drones diminishing. Between 1860 and 1890 our population increased a little less than one hundred per cent., while the number of persons engaged in gainful pursuits increased one hundred and seventy-six per cent. In 1870 thirty-two per cent. of the people by their labor supported themselves and the rest of the community; in 1880 the percentage of workers had increased to thirty-four per cent., and in 1890 to thirty-six. Moreover, the number of persons engaged in the lower walks of activity, doing the coarser work, is steadily decreasing, while the proportion engaged in higher and more intellectual occupations is as steadily increasing. As for the periods of depression, following commercial panics, severe as is the suffering they involve, they represent a far smaller disturbance of industry than might be supposed; in the last and greatest of these depressions of trade the falling-off in sale of products was only from six to ten per cent.

Though the co-operation under the competitive system may be imperfect, so much of a spur to effort does it supply that some of the results accomplished border on the marvelous. That the railroads of the country should be transporting freight at rates which bring them less

than three fourths of a cent for transporting a ton a mile may seem nothing extraordinary, and yet it is really more wonderful than any fairy-tale. To such perfection have steamships and their machinery been brought that it is said half a sheet of note-paper burned in connection with the highest type of marine engine will carry a ton a mile in an Atlantic liner. A pound of coal, a lump no larger than a man's fist, has been made to produce two hundred and thirty-six horse-power. These results are proof of co-operation of the highest order, since every great invention is passed along from hand to hand many times before it is perfected.

It may be true, as is so often asserted, that the workingman has not benefited equally with all others by the vast development of industry; but that he has derived great benefits cannot be denied, and of this the increased rate of wages are the best evidence. Let it be borne in mind, in any comparison between present and past centuries, that in former times long periods frequently passed without appreciable change in the condition of the common man. In the growth of wages the quickening influences of this century are particularly marked. It is a historical fact that during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in the American colonies there was little change in wages; what the laborer was paid in 1630 his grandson or great-grandson was likely to be receiving in 1750—no more nor less. At the close of the Colonial period the agricultural laborer was paid forty cents a day and the carpenter sixty cents, and most articles of food and clothing cost more than now. During the Revolutionary and post-Revolutionary period wages began to increase; for then the modern competitive system was commencing to work its changes. During the present century wages have increased upon an average from one hundred to two hundred per cent. Between 1850 and 1890—forty years—in the manufacturing industries, wages increased eighty per cent. Between 1860 and 1890 all classes of wages increased sixty per cent. If we carry the comparison back to 1840, we find the increase has been eighty per cent., and, as before said, the increase

will be from one hundred to two hundred per cent., if we compare the years 1800 and 1900.

It may be said that a century is a long time for workingmen to wait for the doubling of their wages—and so it is; but it will seem a very short time for the accomplishment of such a result when compared with the slight improvement effected during most preceding centuries. At times during the past fifty years wages have gone on rising, while the prices of all commodities which labor produces were falling, this result being rendered possible by labor's increasing efficiency.

It must be remembered, too, that while wages have increased, hours of labor have been reduced about one-fifth. During fifty years in Great Britain wages increased from fifty to one hundred per cent., while the hours of labor lessened twenty per cent. If some scheme of state-socialism should succeed in giving workmen twice as much money as they formerly received for twenty per cent. less work, great claims would be made for it; but this is what has been accomplished during the much-abused age of competition.

Another of the favorable signs is the diminishing proportion of women and children employed in factory-work and other severe toil. In 1850 women constituted twenty-three per cent. of all persons employed in factories, and in 1890 only seventeen per cent. In 1870, 5.58 per cent. of all factory labor was done by children, and in 1890 only 2.57 per cent., a reduction of more than one-half.

It is said not infrequently that while wealth has increased, destitution has increased faster, but this assertion is without foundation. Between 1815 and 1875 the population of London trebled, but the number of paupers decreased, and a similar reduction in the number of paupers occurred throughout England and Scotland. In the United States in 1850 one person in every five hundred of the population was an inmate of a poorhouse; but in 1890 the ratio had diminished to one in one thousand.

But not only has the lot of the American workingman improved in respect to wages and hours of labor; his political

and social position is better, though this is a statement which some may be loath to believe. That careful publicist, Carroll D. Wright, in speaking of laboring men of former centuries in this country says:—

They were hardly factors in the politics of the colonies—at least, they were not so to any such degree as the workingmen are now political factors. . . . The old English relation of master and servant prevailed. They had but little education as compared with the workingmen of our day, and their children were inured to the same kind of toil that belonged to their own condition. Could they have foreseen the circumstances and the environment of the workingmen of the present day, they would have considered that the dream of the social philosophers of their day was to be realized, for they had none of the amenities of life that are free now on every hand.

The nightmare of socialism is the “exploitation of labor by capital,”—meaning the appropriation of profits which the socialist believes, very mistakenly, are created almost entirely by labor. The existence of the large accumulations in the hands of millionaires is cited as evidence of social injustice which leaves nothing more to be said. What millionaires do with their wealth and the exact effect which its existence has upon the general welfare are questions which are seldom considered, though they are vital to the merit of the discussion. If the accumulations of millionaires were consumed entirely by their owners, or if they were withdrawn from productive industry, society would indeed have reason to call for the extermination of the millionaires; but the truth is that only a small portion of the great fortunes is dissipated in idle luxury, the bulk being invested in productive industry, and thereby helping to swell the aggregate of national wealth. This wealth is one of the tools of production—the greatest of all tools—and bears a very direct relation to the common welfare, not alone of the wealthy classes, but of every mechanic and laborer. Why is it that the laborer now receives two dollars a day and the carpenter three dollars and a half, although in the middle of the last century neither would have been likely to get more than half a dollar? It is not because these workmen are more

skillful or industrious, and we know they do not work as many hours as their ancestors did. The explanation of the difference is that society has a great accumulated capital, and we are all drawing some of the dividends; in other words, the surplus of production over consumption has been invested in the machinery of production in such a way that the efficiency of labor has been greatly increased. By this is meant not merely actual machinery in factories and shops, but a more perfected organization of industry, and more intelligent men and women; for such immaterial things as education, skill of brain and hand, the love of art and beauty, and all the new wants which higher civilization produces are factors in the problem of production. The increase of the aggregate of capital in the world is not of nearly so much advantage to the capitalist as it is to the workingman, because the income on money is lessened and wages are forced upward by the growing surplus seeking investment. If the laboring man always recognized his true interest, he would wish to see capital accumulated as rapidly as possible.

To this it may be replied that while the accumulation of wealth is indeed a social good, it would be of much more benefit if there were something approaching equality in its division and not vast hoards in the hands of a few. It might be doubted whether there would be a great deal of accumulation if there were an approximately equal division, since consumption would be likely to keep much closer behind production than it now does. But waiving this, and assuming that accumulation could go on equally as well if the surplus should be divided into as many equal units as there are producers, such an arrangement would not be favorable to economical production. In a primitive state of society equality in worldly goods was no doubt the most favorable condition for industry, since then the machinery of production was simple and less co-operation was demanded; the capitalist was his own workingman. But now the separation of functions has gone so far and the organization of industry has become so complex that great units of capital are needed, and even the existence of corporations com-

posed of many stockholders does not quite take the place of large individual units. A large enterprise can only be started by large capitalists, it being impossible to inspire small ones with sufficient confidence to join it unless men of large means lead the way. Widely distributed capital is generally ineffective capital. There is on deposit in the savings-banks of California one hundred and fifty millions of dollars, but being the property of a great number of persons it is ineffective capital so far as the initiation of great industries is concerned; a Ralston or a Huntington would do more with five millions of dollars than these bank depositors would with their whole hundred and fifty millions. To promote enterprise on the individual basis there must be capacious reservoirs of capital out of which the streams of industry can be fed day by day. Without them there would be a condition of things comparable to that in a land without lakes, springs, forests, or mountain snows, which is periodically deluged with rains, which are quickly consumed by the ocean, leaving the plains arid the remainder of the year.

Of course, the socialist will have no trouble in replying that there should be no individualistic basis of industry, and that the state should be the reservoir of accumulated wealth. This raises the whole issue of feasibility of socialistic production, involving a hundred questions which cannot be discussed in such a paper as this, but a few points must be referred to.

One advantage of the capitalistic system in the present state of civilization is that the control of industry is lodged with those who usually are most capable; the tools find their way into the hands which are best fitted to use them. The man who can make most out of it is the one whom capital is always seeking as its master; it is genuine survival of the fittest. Under socialistic institutions we should have control of industry by town-meeting, and that would be survival of the least fit.

Mr. Payne has said that "socialists have gone into politics," and that is a saying full of import. It means they will stay in politics,—which is indeed their only way to accomplish their objects,—

and that in the event of their success, trade and industry will become politics and little else. The drift of the whole socialistic movement toward politics is unmistakable; indeed, it generally takes the name of the "Social Democratic Movement," and in Germany, the center of propagandism, the movement seems to become every year more democratic and less socialistic.

Socialism in the view of its earlier advocates did not involve democracy; the later comers have tacked that on, and thereby doubled the difficulties. There is no country in the world in which the democratic problem has been solved, and in the United States we appear to be getting further from a solution. Contrary to the expectation of the fathers, we have found it impossible to do anything except through parties. The organization of the parties absorbs the time of the persons who are in politics, and party machinery generates so many evils that half of all the thinking people have abandoned themselves to cynical despair of any real reform—have lapsed into a mere "philosophy of sick-headache," as it has been called. Now comes the socialist, and not satisfied with the unsolved political problems which we have, wants to multiply them a thousand-fold by making everything politics—by appealing to the mass of the voters every question which arises in the multitudinous forms of industry—from railroading and electrical engineering to the regulation of fashions in dress and the construction of toys for children. If the project were carried out, it would constitute the greatest retrogression since civilization first gained a fair start; for it would undo all which has been accomplished by the division of functions in society; to require everybody to review the business of everybody would be to stop every form of progress until we could fight out all the issues which ignorance and prejudice could raise. Even if socialism were practicable, social democracy would not be, and that is the judgment of some of the socialists themselves. Schaeffle, the author of "The Quintessence of Socialism," says:—

I have shown that a more or less collective (state) system of production is in itself

possible, if in its constitution a sufficiently strong directing authority could be coupled with a sufficiently vivid interest in the result of industry on the part of all wage-receiving individuals to insure productivity. . . . But what is impossible for all time is an improvised democratic and exclusively collective production without firm hands to govern it and without immediate individual responsibility, or material interests on the part of the participators, which is what the collectivists desire, and what alone can tickle the fancy of that individualism of the proletariat whose watchwords are Freedom and Equality.

The same vigorous author says in another place:—

I have no faith in the millennial realm of democratic communism, in the fabled social kingdom which is to give everything equally to all, to dispense with government and aristocracy, to be rid of all established professional differentiation and all private gain, and, instead of elevating, altogether to destroy the efficacy of the struggle for existence. Such a faith, I say again definitely and with conviction, is a mere bigotry and superstition, and as uncouth a one as has ever been cherished in any age.

Personally I see no reason to despair of

democracy; I believe it will succeed and constitute a great step in the advancement of the race if only it is given a fair chance—if it is allowed time to work out a reasonable number of problems. But if it is buried under the socialistic avalanche, and is given a task ten thousand times more difficult than that which heretofore it has failed to perform satisfactorily, then I can see no hope for political freedom, and believe that with its fall it must carry down much of the good results for social welfare which have been attained during this progressive, hopeful century.

The conscientious individualist and the earnest socialist have common ground in believing in the sacredness of humanity, and in the duty of individual sacrifice for the mass, and in the hope of progress. But they cannot walk in the same ways when the socialist proposes to reverse the processes which have secured most of the benefits we now enjoy and which appear destined, if not abolished, but properly modified as conditions change, to bear the race on to a future which will be fairer than the present.



AN AWAKENING

NOT for the power, wealth, or land
Of empires would I yield my part,
And Fame itself abashed would stand
Before the glory in my heart.
Though to the end uncrowned I wait,
My kingdom hopeless to subdue,
Yet royal will I count my fate
And live a queen, since I love you!

Elinor Merrill.



Basket of Trout Caught at Head-Waters of the Novarro

TROUT CULTURE IN MENDOCINO

By E. D. WARD

ONE million trout introduced annually by the skill of man into streams easily accessible to the angler, as against the six thousand which Nature would produce in an equal time and from the same resources, is an achievement worthy of attention. This is the record of the now famous hatchery located within the limits of the beautiful little city of Ukiah, in Mendocino County, California, one hundred and thirteen miles north from San Francisco.

It has been argued by a celebrated critic that the reason why we have any art at all in the world is found in our dissatisfaction with the performance of Nature as judged by the highest æsthetic ideals. We are impelled to recombine, readjust the elements of beauty and add a human thought to Nature's work in order to make it rationally satisfactory; therefore, the fine arts, and especially the art of painting and that of landscape gardening.

However this may be as regards the æsthetic arts, there is an unquestionable parallel explanation for the practical arts. Nature's production for human use is not satisfactory nor adequate. Man must introduce artifice and device and surpass

Nature on her own field. Applying brain-direction to her forces and resources, he is able to outdo her unaided work in an astonishing degree. This is exemplified at Ukiah. If a trout produce five thousand eggs, only about twenty-five of them will avail, under natural conditions, for the purposes of reproduction. But Mr. Alfred V. La Motte, the superintendent of the Ukiah hatchery, captures the five thousand eggs and makes a far better record with them. He loses, perhaps, five hundred of them; the balance of four thousand five hundred he successfully hatches. The man beats the fish in the proportion of one hundred and eighty to one.

It is not the æsthetic passion, but a purely business consideration that lies behind the enterprise for trout culture in Mendocino. In that county and the neighboring counties of Marin, Sonoma, and Lake, are found some six thousand miles of flowing streams amid the mountains and numerous small fresh-water lakes, making an angler's paradise in which Isaak Walton might be as happy, very likely, if he were here, as he is now in heaven,—that is, if the finny tribe does

not fail, but multiplies and crowds the pools and ripples with its flashing life. What more natural, then, than that those who profit by the public conveyance of sportsmen, campers and tourist visitors should see the business advantage of annually stocking the waters of this vacation-paradise with an adequate supply of that gamiest of all fish, the steelhead trout? This accounts for the fact that the California Northwestern Railway has put its hand to this undertaking—unique thus far in railroad enterprise.

About thirty-five miles north of Ukiah lies Little Lake, from which Outlet Creek originates. This is the earliest spawning region of the State and here, therefore, is located the spawning-station to supply eggs for the hatchery. The trout do not come hither, of course, for the conscious purpose of delivering over their egg-product to the hand of man. They have no contract with the hatchery management. But their instincts bring them here at the proper period. They are anadromous, migrating annually from fresh water to salt water and back again. But the reason assigned by skilled observers for

these long journeys is not based in an innate love of travel, but in certain torments to which they are subjected. The long, heated dry season of California is prolific of parasitic life, which becomes a pestering annoyance to the fish. They have learned, however, that relief may be obtained by seeking the cool depths of the salt water. The parasites do not welcome the change, and quickly drop off, declining a seashore outing. After a time, however, the salt-water parasites take note of the newcomers and regard them as fresh opportunity for pillage, and the trout find that they have shaken off one discomfort to take on another. And so, when the rains have again filled the streams and cooled off the temperature of their upper resorts—when also in the late winter season or early spring, the reproduction instinct prompts them, they seek once more the fresh-water streams and the favoring gravel-beds. These gravel-beds are their natural nesting-places, where the parental pair whip out with their fins and tails a suitable place for the deposit of their spawn, which they cover with gravel and sand.



Little Lake and Outlet Creek



The Traps — Looking North

Now these eggs, as we have seen, if left to natural haps and hazards will fail of producing young in all but the small fraction of one half of one per cent. For there are numerous watchful and enterprising forms of life to whom they are toothsome morsels. The frog, the toad, the snake, and the water-dog all have an appetite for them. The birds, alert in the overhanging branches, consider them edible and digestible. So, also, the coon, the fox, and the mink have a similar palate, and do not willingly absent themselves from this feast of delicacies. And besides all this, the trout themselves do not hesitate to devour any eggs they may come upon, even their own.

Man, therefore, observing that it is all an open game, barring no competent player, conceives the idea that he will forestall the chances of all other competitors and take possession of the eggs before ever they reach the gravel-beds. This he does, in the instance before us, through the spawning-station at Little Lake and Outlet Creek. Here is a long course of weirs and traps set in the waters to capture the fish on their way to find spawning-beds. The eggs are expressed by manipulation

into pans and fertilized by the male fish. Then they are put into wire baskets in troughs of running water where they are kept until sufficiently developed to show the eye of the fish, at which time they are ready for transportation. They are placed on cotton-flannel trays, covered with soft moss, and removed to the hatchery, thirty miles distant, to complete the process of incubation.

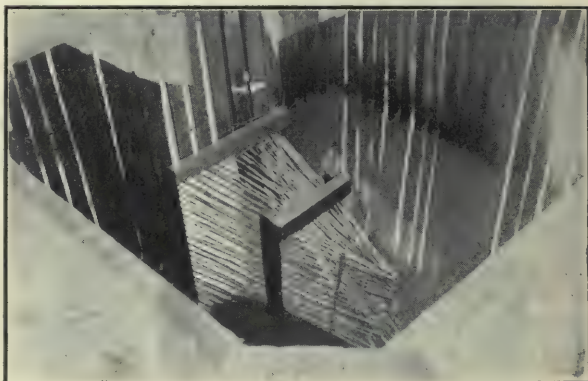
In one respect the new-born trout is the least troublesome of youngsters to rear. For he carries his nursing-bottle with him, attached directly to his infantile person. It consists of an umbilical sack in which are stored a supply of albuminoids and a drop of oil, the former to furnish rations for many days and the latter for purposes of pigmentation. This involuntary nourishment is gradually absorbed, and serves for sustenance and growth until the young fish develops an articulated jaw enabling him to take such food as he may find coming his way. Then it is that a sort of paternal care must be exercised over the multitudinous troutlets. They swim about in the troughs of running water looking for edibles. These are now supplied in the form of sweet curd and



Traps at Spawning Station — Looking East

minced liver, carefully strained through fine sieves so that the particles may not be large enough to choke the tiny babes. If, as sometimes happens, they have difficulty in passing from the stage of involuntary nourishment to voluntary, and show signs of distress, it is necessary to flood the water with a small supply of blood brought from the slaughter-houses — that is, give them liquid food. It may be added here that the most imperative condition for the health of the growing shoals is absolute cleanliness. Any accumulation of fungoid growths in the trays or troughs will tangle itself into the gills of the young fishes, causing an inflammation which is likely to kill them. Accordingly, the trays are all carefully sponged off, thoroughly washed every morning, during which process the fish are kept out of the way by swaying a feather at them. Everything is kept as scrupulously clean as if the water that flows through the building were to be used by the fastidious for drinking purposes.

It is not until they are some three months old and about two inches in length that the young trout are supposed to have attained the age of discretion and to have common sense enough to make a live of it amid the complexities of natural conditions. When this time comes they are put into large tin cans holding about twenty gallons and carried away from the nursery to be "set adrift," as it were, in the wide world. The higher and shallower parts



Mouth of the Trap

of the mountain streams are selected and at numerous points here and there the youngsters are dipped out in small buckets along the riffles and under the sheltering banks, where they will be as free as possible from molestation by the larger fish.

When the writer was at the hatchery recently he saw, in the nursery troughs, something more than a million of these little probationers awaiting their hour of advancement to the natural regime of trout

for various active factors in the real problem which vitiate the force of the theoretical mathematics, as the next paragraph will show.

All those denizens of the forest and habitués of the streams which, as we have seen, have a fondness for trout-eggs and succeed in appropriating almost all of them, have a yet more voracious appetite for the fry themselves when they appear. To such of these alert and expert foragers



Taking Spawn at the Spawning Station

life. Ukiah will soon lose all this vast count out of its population and the streams of Mendocino will gain them. There are in that county three thousand miles of current waters. Now, a little arithmetical calculation will show that here is prospectively one fish, one gamy steelhead, for each running rod of trout stream. The angler, glancing at this result in "figuring," might congratulate himself that for every rod he travels next summer beside the hurrying creeks at least one trout will be at hand to be tempted by his lure. This might be so if it were not

as frequent Mendocino streams, it is doubtless a godsend (or should we say a providential man-send) to have this million of epicurean morsels literally poured out to them. Without stopping to thank even the river gods, they avail themselves of their unearned opportunities. It appears, also, that these troutlings, like all babes, are innocent and unsuspecting. Nothing and nobody has tried to eat them, nor so much as shown his teeth at them during all these weeks in the nursery, and the idea has never occurred to them that the sole final reason for their existence at

all is that somebody, animal or man, may eat them. And so the young trout, exhilarating in the wild free waters, has a sudden and very rude awakening to the fact that "every man's hand is against him," or to put it so that even a fish could understand, that every other creature's mouth is against him; so that the all-important question is when and by whom he is to be eaten. A good many have not long to wait for the fatal hour; but their tragic ending bears a lesson to the survivors, dispelling

every hour of the day, minute of the hour, and second of each minute, it is the fierce, unabating, desperate struggle for existence, with this historic fact behind him—that "no trout ever died a natural death,"—somebody caught and devoured him. Fortunately, Nature has provided the trout with no power of nictitation—he cannot by any possibility wink his eye. This would be a misfortune for a joker, but an excellent provision of natural providence for a creature to whom life is no



Packing Spawn for Shipment

their innocence and depositing in their little crania the fell assurance that the ogres are abroad and that death lurks everywhere.

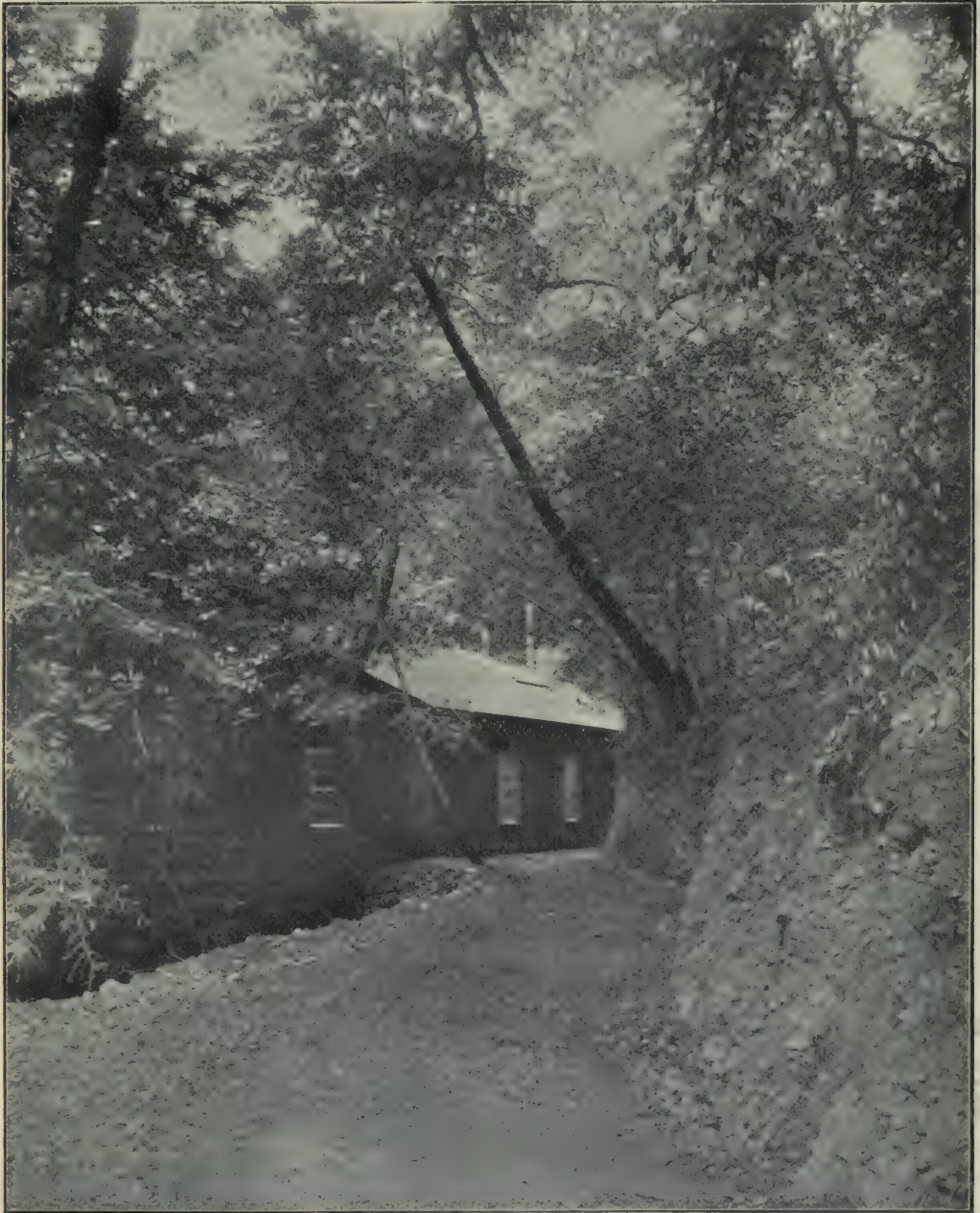
Henceforth the growing trout is compelled to live a life of distrust, of caution, of tireless effort for safety. It is that worn human adage about "eternal vigilance" that now fits him. It is the price not only of liberty but of life for him. From the moment he is dropped into the stream and all through his migration to the sea and back again, and every day in the year, and

joke at all, but only a serious and ceaseless endeavor to keep out of devouring jaws. It ought to be added that these devouring jaws are often those of his own species; for the elder trout, hardened perhaps by his precarious experiences, does not lay any restraints upon appetite because of ties of consanguinity. He is a true cannibal. He goes farther than those oft-cited men who are always willing to "sacrifice their wife's relations"—like Saturn, he devours his own children.

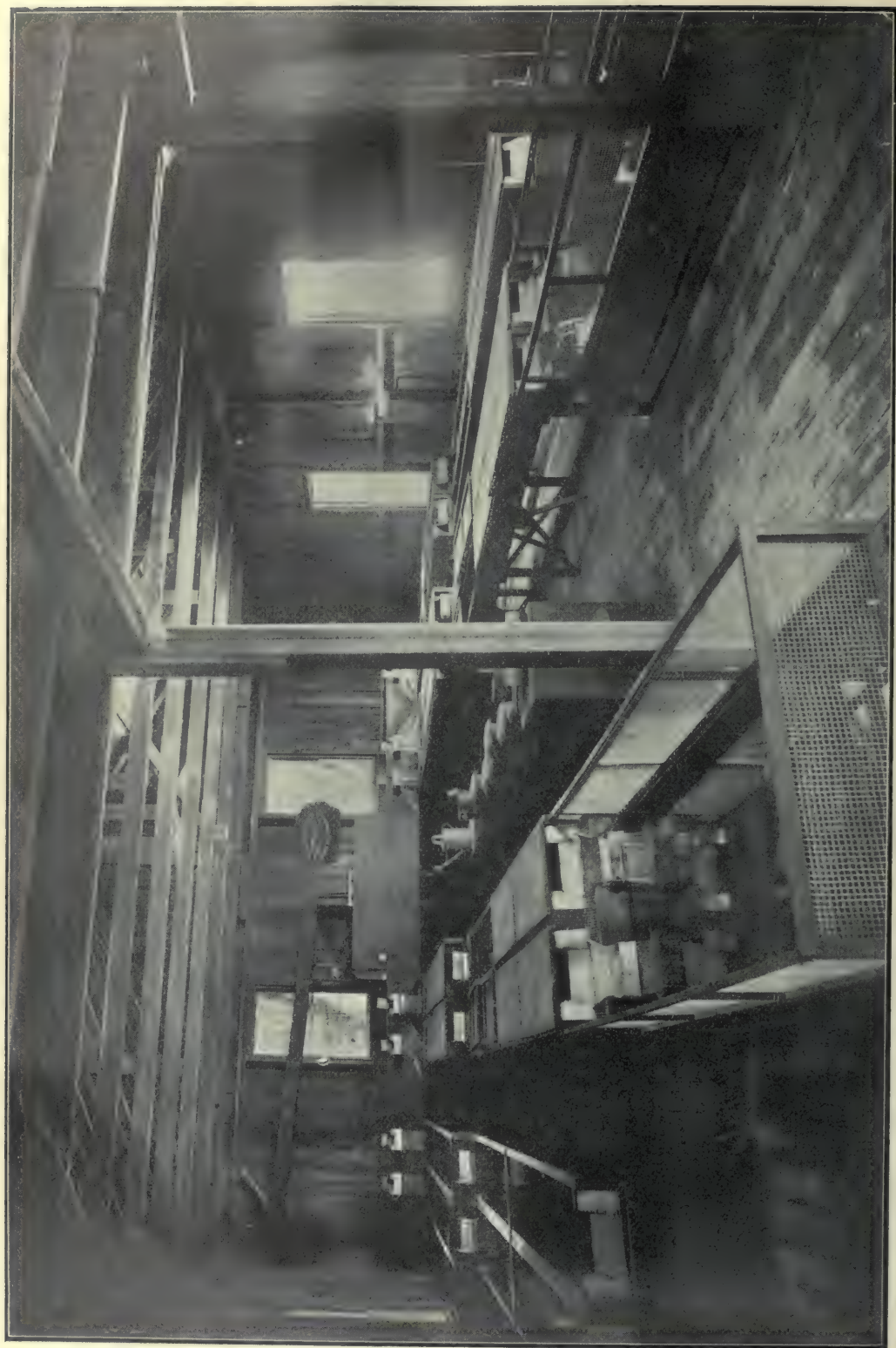
As intimated in an earlier paragraph,

the steelhead trout, which is indigenous to California, is the species mostly propagated at Ukiah, though a considerable number of the mykiss, or cutthroat trout, have also been hatched and distributed, the eggs being supplied through the cour-

tesy of the State Fish Commission. It is a further item of special interest that a trout-freak has been produced. Three years ago among eggs furnished by the commission a limited number hatched out fish that were unmistakably trout, but dis-



Exterior View of Hatchery at Ukiah



Interior of the Hatchery at Ukiah

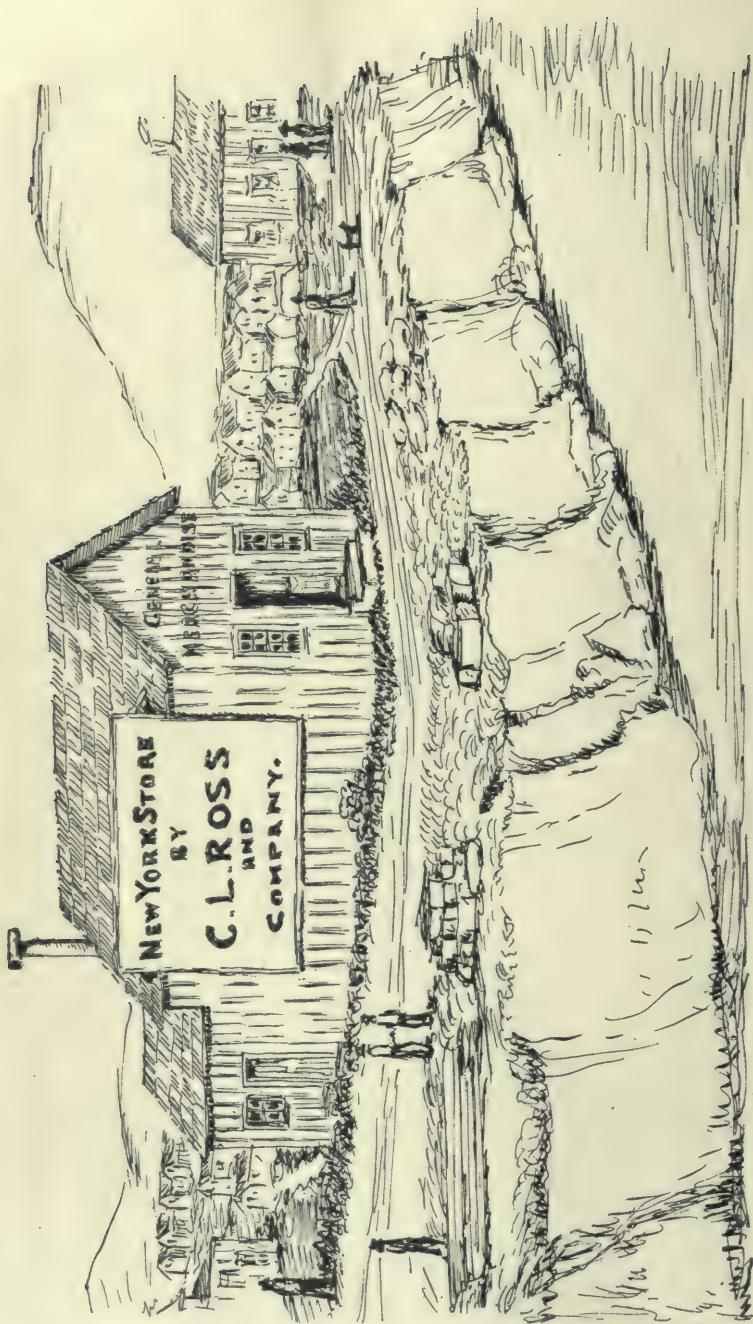
tinguished by a peculiar formation of the head and by a pale lemon-color which, at a later age, becomes golden—in some instances very rich and brilliant. This fish is exceptionally sinuous and graceful in its motions, and is pronounced by Mr. La Motte "the prettiest of all trout." The specimens which have been preserved are now from twelve to fifteen inches in length, and are certainly remarkably beautiful to even the casual observer. It is the purpose to release them this year in the Blue Lakes, in the expectation that under the favorable conditions found therein they will propagate their specialized variety. If they do so, California will have the honor of possessing a trout which, so far as yet appears, is not known anywhere else in the world.

The general results of this enterprising private attempt at trout culture on a large scale have been satisfactory, particularly from the standpoint of the sportsman and the largely increased opportunities for his enthusiastic pastime. The marked success of the undertaking is evidenced by the fact that whereas a few years ago only some five thousand anglers annually visited the streams of Mendocino and neighboring counties, twenty-five thousand now put in their appearance each year, and are encouraged by a success which keeps them coming. It would seem that there need be no practical limit to the opportunities which the enterprise can provide for this form of sport. And the numerous

huntsmen, also, who frequent this region in search of the wild game of the mountain forests, if their guns do not secure them food, can find an abundant supply in the ever-at-hand current waters.

This business of fish-culture, however, as thus exemplified, suggests a lesson of much wider and more general interest. The arable land-acreage of California is very fertile and answers to industrious tillage with abundant returns of useful, edible product. But a like careful and intelligent husbandry applied to the water-acreage of the State—and in some parts it is very abundant—would realize a proportionate yield for utility. No farmer, having an ever-living stream flowing through his land, should neglect this resource. By stocking his waters with fish, he could add materially, and with small cost, to his food supply and to his market income. He might even have his own hatchery and rear annually a multitudinous finny tribe on his premises as he breeds fowls, or just now, perhaps, Belgian hares. It is a task to which the farmers' boys and girls might address themselves. It would be for them a fascinating employment and one which, if pursued studiously and with the purpose of mastering all its details, might bring to them a really liberal education in one great field of biological science. And the city cousins would have an additional inducement to spend their vacation outings on the old farm.





The First Post-Office — N. E. Corner Washington and Montgomery Streets

SAN FRANCISCO'S FIRST POST-OFFICE AND ITS BUILDER

By HESTER A. BENEDICT

FIFTY years count not much to a State or a nation, but they more than cover the active life of an individual. The history of San Francisco and California is written in our magnificent wharves and still more magnificent buildings, broad streets, splendid parks, and all the concomitants of energetic civilization, as well as in miles of underground mining, in thousands of broad grain-bearing fields, in fruit-orchards and forest-clearings, in all those resources and enterprises that go to make up a great State.

Some of the men who made this history possible are yet living—not many, and the time is close at hand when to be a Pioneer will be to be marked and noted. Out of the ashes of the past the historian will gather together what scattered fragments he can of 1849 and weave them into a web of history covering this structural period.

Fifty years more and the name "Pioneer" will be lost to California, as it is now to other States of the Union, and many will ask: "Who built this city by the sea? Who leveled the sand hills? Who created this empire of the Pacific?"

This paper has to do with one of these pioneers—Henry Fairfax Williams—who made the first Post-Office of San Francisco "when the water came up to Montgomery Street," and who has lived to see a million dollars paid for the site alone of the Post-Office now building, on the corner of Ninth and Mission Streets.

In the fall of 1848, young Williams, then a student in the law-office of the Hon. J. M. Carlisle, Washington, D. C., announced his intention of making California his future home. It was not a gold craze that incited this purpose, for the news of the discovery of gold had not yet reached the East,—not adventure, not speculation, but a fixed determination to try his fortune in the newly acquired territory of the United States and to create there his permanent home.

The lad had served for a time at the

carpenter's bench where he had attained no small degree of skill. From this he had passed to the study of law—an undertaking that was cut short by the sudden death of his father, and the consequent responsibility devolved upon him for the support of his mother and sister.

It was in these circumstances that the resolve was made to go to California. Washington and the East offered at that time few attractions to a young man full of energy and ambition to incite him to build his life through his own unaided efforts; and so, a little later, young Williams with three companions, all mechanics, left Washington for New York, *en route* to California. He was fortified by a letter from the Hon. Cave Johnson, Postmaster General, asking the good services of the steamship company in his behalf, which resulted in an arrangement whereby mechanical skill might be employed on arrival in San Francisco in consideration of a rebate in passage-price.

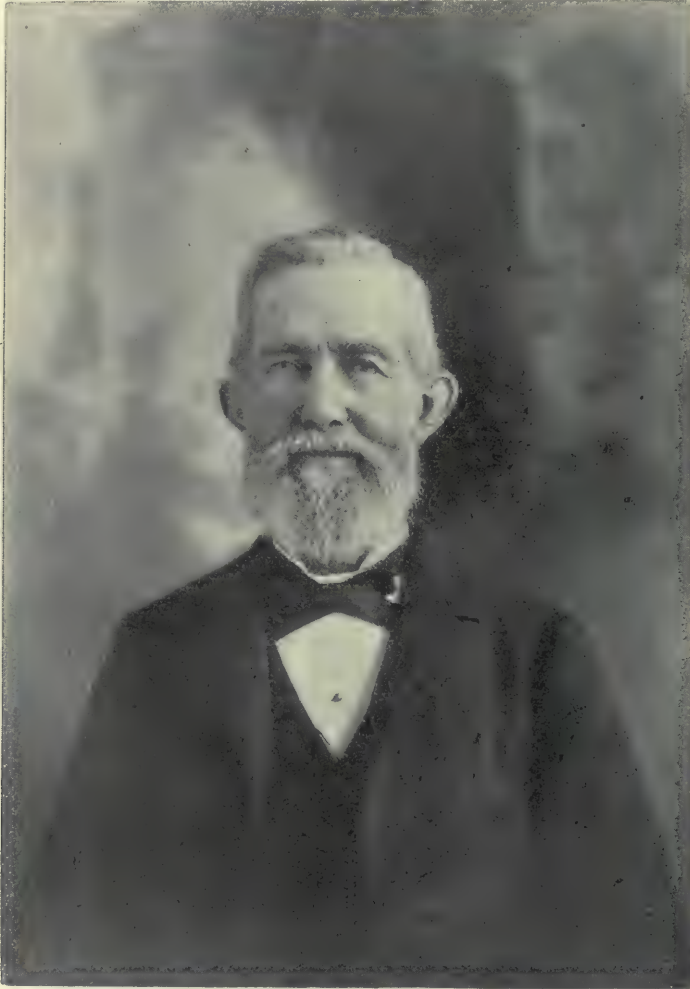
The little party, with fortunes in their chests of tools, sailed from New York on December 1, 1848, on the pioneer ship *Falcon*, eight hundred tons, the same little ship that opened up the mail line between New York and Havana.

Stopping at New Orleans on the trip from Havana to Chagres, they first learned of the gold discovery in California. Men wild with excitement tumbled over each other in the effort to secure passage on the *Falcon*, and every foot of the ship's available space was crowded, almost before docking. On the 1st of February, 1849, the *California*, the first of the three steamers for service on the Pacific Coast, left Panama with the passengers and mail brought to the Isthmus by the *Falcon*. Those two small steamers, the *California* and the *Falcon*, started the ball in motion which has in fifty years grown to the immense proportion that we see to-day; and, a remarkable coincident to be mentioned in connection with those now celebrated little steamers, is the fact

that the man who built them—Mr. Wm. H. Webb, of New York—is still alive, a wonderfully preserved man, now in his eighty-fourth year.

Of the five hundred souls the *California* landed from her little boats,—for there were no wharves at that time,—only a dozen or so remain with the minority; but

“This is the place,” said Mr. Williams as we stopped beside an iron lamp-post at the northeast corner of Washington and Montgomery Streets while I slipped a letter into one of the city Post-Office boxes hanging there,—“the very identical spot upon which the first Post-Office stood, and that little box into which you have



Henry Fairfax Williams

the accounts they give to their wide-eyed grandchildren of that eventful voyage and the still more eventful days following their arrival in San Francisco, are more wonderful than fairy-tales, stranger far than any fiction. Let us gather them while we may—these leaves of a long-gone summer, and let us hold them close,—

Lest we forget, lest we forget.

dropped your letter will hold more mail than was brought by the first steamer to San Francisco.”

“Tell me about it, will you?” I asked eagerly. “And of that first Post-Office that you say stood here. Did you really build it in a day, and all by your lonely?”

Mr. Williams smiled that small deprecating smile so familiar to those who have

heard him speak of his own part in the work of those pioneer days, but the smile was modestly suppressed, and,—“It was a little thing to do,” he affirmed,—“a very little thing; but it was the forerunner of Post-Office No. 8, now building at Seventh and Mission Streets, at a cost to Uncle Sam of many millions, and, as such, has importance, perhaps.

“I was twenty-one years old the day I landed in San Francisco, and in two months I shall be seventy-two. All my manhood has been passed right here; and I have contributed my share, perhaps, towards the building up of the great city which we see to-day, from the small village of eighty-two houses and a few scattered tents that I found on my arrival. At that time the city cemetery was where the City Hall now stands, and the only accessible road to it was the toll-road along Mission to a point near Seventh Street. From there to the cemetery was nothing but sand, so deep as to make driving exceedingly difficult, and people grumbled because they had to go so far to bury their dead.

“When I landed, the Hon. William Van Voorhies, the United States Postal Agent, landed with me. He appointed Mr. Charles L. Ross, a merchant doing business upon this very corner, postmaster and delivered the mail to him, at the same time introducing me to Mr. Ross as a carpenter with a chest of tools and ready to go to work. Mr. Ross immediately employed me at eight dollars a day wages.

“My first job was to prepare some pigeonholes for a temporary post-office, which I did by partitioning off a dry-goods box that came by ship around Cape Horn, filled with merchandise. This I tacked up against the partition which separated the small office from the main store building where Mr. Ross conducted his business. The little office was only about twelve by fourteen feet in size, with one door and one window. I removed a pane of glass, thereby forming an opening for the postmaster to deliver letters to those who were eagerly waiting to receive them on the outside.

“Letters were not then stamped or prepaid as now, but the charges were paid upon delivery and the postage was forty

cents a letter. The alacrity with which men stepped up to that pane of glass and paid forty cents for a letter, oftentimes laying down many times that amount in gold-dust, spoke well for loving memories of the homes beyond the Rockies.

“That was the first Post-Office in San Francisco; and from that small beginning the growth of the Post-Office Department has been one of the wonders of our city.”

Mr. Ross's tenure of office was every brief. On April 1, 1849, he was succeeded by Colonel John W. Geary, who arrived on the steamer *Oregon* with a commission from President Polk as permanent postmaster of San Francisco. Colonel Geary brought with him quite a large mail, aggregating more than a ton in weight, and had to secure larger quarters than were needed by Mr. Ross. The location which he selected was on the northeast corner of Washington and Stockton Streets, a good-sized two-story frame building, owned by Mr. William D. M. Howard, and which was one of several, ready-framed, brought from Boston around Cape Horn before the discovery of gold in California. The occupancy of that building was only temporary, and it was never fitted up for post-office use.

That was Post-Office No. 2. But the building has long since disappeared, and the lot upon which it stood has been built upon several times. The present structure there is a three-story brick building, occupied exclusively by Chinese.

Post-Office No. 3 was the first building ever erected and fitted up in regular post-office style especially for the needs of the Department. It was located on the south side of Clay Street, about midway between Stockton and Dupont Streets. Its first mail came on the steamer *Panama*, June 3, 1849, and weighed fully twenty-two tons. This building, occupied now by a Chinese market, became also in a few months too small for the requirements, and it was abandoned for a larger structure on the opposite side of the street a little lower down.

Post-Office No. 4 was a large frame structure, covered with galvanized iron, on the corner of Clay and Dupont Streets.

No. 5 was on the opposite side of the

POST-OFFICE & COURT-HOUSE
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
WM. MARTIN JENEN, SUPERVISING ARCHT.



street fronting Portsmouth Square. This was a substantial fire-proof building and it stands to-day with no visible change in its outward appearance, except the sign across its front which reads: "New York Co-operative Broom Factory."

Post-Office No. 6 was located on the northeast corner of Clay and Kearny Streets, in what was then known as the "Exchange Building," and owned by the firm of Palmer, Cook & Co. There it remained for more than a year, when it was removed to the site of No. 7, the present location, then considered central; for the business portion of our city was bounded at that time by Pacific Street on the north, California Street on the south, Dupont Street on the west, and the waters of the bay on the east.

The present Post-Office was built upon ground owned by the Government and the office will no doubt remain there till the magnificent structure is completed which is to be known as our New Post-office, at Mission and Seventh Streets.

Marvelous as has been the past, great as is the present, the promise of a greater progress brightens this city of the West to-day as never heretofore; for, excepting the four hundred miles under English control, the United States owns the coast line of the Pacific from the Arctic to Mexico. Puget Sound is an inland sea; Columbia River is bar-bound; the harbor of San Diego is good but small, that of San Francisco among the best in the world, central in location and commanding the business of the Pacific Ocean, not the least of which will be that of our newly acquired possessions. On the Atlantic, eight first-class harbors contend for its commerce. San Francisco alone stands without a rival. And to speak of the first-class harbors of the world, on opposite sides of the same continent, under the same Government, and whose peoples speak the same language and are united by rail and wire, one must always say San Francisco first and any one of the Eastern sea-ports second.

In a speech before our Chamber of Commerce a few months ago, Lord Charles Beresford predicted that twenty-five years hence two of the most important

cities of the world will be San Francisco and a Chinese city. Recent events have rendered the fulfillment of this prediction more than possible.

Fronting us on the waters of the Pacific are from six to eight hundred millions of people, uncivilized, but ready to become active customers for our off-stocks, and, in the future, to be our very best customers out of all peoples in the world—ignoring in this connection whatever special advantage may come to us from sovereignty.

Laying the foundations of a city is, in some respects, like laying the foundation of a character,—things small at first become of great importance. Pioneers everywhere drive stakes that become landmarks for future generations. Mr. Williams, like many of his colleagues of that day, laboriously did many things which would now be counted of little worth; but they were the lower rungs of a ladder that to-day leans against the Palace, the Mills Building, and all structures of importance in San Francisco. His carpenter's shop—the first in the city—led in due time to the inauguration of the Mechanics' Institute, which, with its million dollars of property, its library and pavilion, tells its own story. He erected and owned, in part, the first Masonic Hall, and his application was the first acted upon and accepted by the fraternity. Subsequently, Mr. Williams was one of the building committee of the present Masonic Temple.

Although a Pioneer and starting life here in the early days of '49 when dissipation ran riot, without moral restraints of any kind, he never has used liquor or tobacco, nor risked a single dollar at the gambling-table. His greatest pride to-day centers in the fact that, whether successful or otherwise, he has always been an active worker; and his supremest satisfaction is that he has reared a family of ten children—five sons and five daughters—all born in San Francisco, and each a comfort and credit to him. Though past the allotted threescore years and ten, Mr. Williams is active, energetic and enterprising, and bids fair to be the last of our Pioneers.

I cannot do better than to close this paper with a bit of verse from the pen of our new poet, A. J. Waterhouse, whose

"Homely Little Songs" are always for our betterment. This from his song "To the Pioneers":—

When they are gone; when o'er one's clay
Our tears of long farewell shall fall,

We'll pay our tribute then, and say:

"He was the last, the last of all.
Ah, they were stalwart men," we'll sigh,
"The future's promise on each brow."
So shall we whisper then, but I—
I pay that tribute here and now.

THE SUN'S ECLIPSE.

Yon Moon crawls into view suspiciously
From out the unbarred realm of drowsy stars
Upon the airy birthplace of the Day,
Wan-going as the sky-thing would if dead
Or half-dead; or, if live, sullen, unfree,
Impelled by loathéd purpose that persists
To do the dooméd deed which threatens the Sun.

Resolved to do the inescapable
She quickens, runs, dares the Orient bound
Of ultimate effulgence overleap.
Her proper splendor turns to jet and gray
Of silver crisped in fire and gases' fume.

Audacious Black! she hollows out the Sun —
Usurps the bosom-glory of the god
Till it no longer orbéd is but less
Than half a moon at eld, yet crackles not
In flame, nor falls thro' chink to fire and deep
Of ruin wide, nor nurses scarlet scars —
Blots all save hoopéd crown of radiance,
The threading round of beady glories big
As ruby worlds laid in volcanic glow,
While, on the jut of mountain clouds in Heav'n,
Perch prying stars fled up to peer.

The Black,
The numb mad Moon scuds sideward to the wilds
Of cloud. The curious stars all topple down
Dim caves that dapple distance. From the rim
Of splendor first attacked, obtrudes alert
A crescent glitter rounding to the Sky-God's
Old gold glory on his sky-height
Spilling life-sparkles on the universe.

The Black slips from the Occidental rim
Of radiance, runs slow, more blanchéd grows
Than common day. Struck staggering she seeks
A creep-hole in the fav'ring sky, and hides
To meditate the wonder that she lives.

A. K. Spero.

ETC.

THE *Dial* in its issue of May 1st (a special number in which that able critical journal celebrates its twentieth anniversary) contains an article by William P. Trent, in which he reviews the general course of American literature during the last score of years.

Twenty Years of Literature

Attention is called to the fact that these two decades have witnessed the deaths of more veteran authors than any similar period of our literary history—its necrology including the names of Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, Whitman, Bancroft, Parkman, Curtis, and Mrs. Stowe. These were giants of their generation, and their achievements must long stand as incitements for emulation. Their passing away, however, does not leave the ranks decimated; for the period under review has developed what Mr. Trent pronounces "in point of mere numbers . . . a more formidable body than any previous generation of writers." This increase is not to be accounted for by the growth of population, but is held to be "in answer to greater trade demands made by publishers, in answer to the promptings of the self-conscious spirit of the age, and also because the spread of education, especially in the vernacular, has made it possible for more and more men and women to develop a fairly good style and to master at least the rudiments of the writer's craft."

As due to these causes, Mr. Trent finds that our republic of letters is fast losing its aristocratic character and becoming democratic, tending to produce what Professor George R. Carpenter has called a "citizen's literature," characterized by virile common sense, rather than by ideality. This the critics appear to mildly deprecate, expressing a guarded expectation that some few at least of contemporary authors may prove "great enough to lend respectability to the epoch." He finds encouragement for this expectation in the fact that, despite the tendency just mentioned, "a decided majority of our (contemporary) writers who have made their marks have striven to succeed in the highest regions of imaginative

literature." But he is constrained to admit that for the present "our strength plainly lies in the number of our important writers, and in the variety and high average merit of their work; in other words, Democracy is justified of her children, even in the domain of letters."

AN aristocracy of writers in our age, if it is to be at all, can be only through an aristocracy of readers. This

Character of American Periodicals

is the purport, in part, of another article in the same number of the *Dial*, by Henry Loomis Nelson, who writes of American periodicals during the last two decades. An explanation is given of the existence of "the vulgar ephemera" of present-day periodical literature—"a multitudinous swarm buzzing from the press-rooms." The account of motives and reasons lying behind it all is so admirably put that we adopt the following paragraphs into our columns:—

Most of them, it is true, seek simply the mysterious pathway to the public's pocket. Their founders and conductors are ready to do anything to gratify what they think is the public taste, or lack of taste. They will flash upon the ignorant eye in color vivid enough to destroy a very fine optic nerve, or they will conduct youth behind the scenes whither the vulgar young are always ready, perhaps eager, to be led. Clever men will prostitute their talents, and seemingly respectable men will sell their consciences and principles in order to find that mazy pathway. It seems to be the faith of the second-rates that large and profitable circulations must be gained by spicing torpid minds into activity—the pleasure of any emotion or of anything like an intellectual sensation being so unusual, and therefore so attractive, to large numbers of the community that they are willing to pay many small sums for it.

Mr. Nelson is sure, however, that the public is really "a good deal above these second rates," and counts it an obvious fact that the "magazine of explosives" is not satisfactory to the general mind, but that

there is in this country an increasing demand for sound information and discussion on literature, art, the bewildering achievements of

modern science, and on public questions. . . . A large number of good people want to know what is going on in the world that is of real interest and real importance.

This demand for something far removed from the vulgarity of a merely pandering periodical literature is influential, according to the critic, in a distinct tendency toward

. . . a higher and finer standard than was dreamed of by most of the magazines and weeklies of twenty years ago. Perhaps if any subjects are demanding more attention than others, they are those of political administration of good government, of municipal socialism, and of economics as they relate to social and individual prosperity and comfort. Notwithstanding the gains of the literary periodicals, the marked growth has been in the literature of practical subjects, and this is in harmony with the national character. Periodical literature is taking a livelier and more intelligent interest in the larger affairs of life, and the history of the last twenty years points to a much finer growth for the future, to a notable development of the journals and magazines not wholly devoted to practical questions, to more and higher literary and art criticism, and to perhaps richer expressions of idealism. All of which is full of instruction to the publishers who act on the principle that only the vulgar or the stupid commonplace "go" with the American public.

IN THE midst of the passionate discussions of our times concerning the relations of the great powers and the weaker peoples, the voice of the *London Truth* utters a clear note which ought to echo back and forth between the shores of England and America:—

**An Ethically
Sound
Colonial
Policy**

The only way to that union of hearts between us and our colonies, about which we hear so much, is to place the relation upon an absolute basis of equality. We must give up all notion of imposing our will upon the latter. We must no more attempt to interfere with their right to manage their own affairs as they best please than they with ours. On these lines alone will the empire hold together. Loyalty is a feeling that animates the individual in favor of the country of which he is a citizen. An Australian is primarily loyal to Australia. Believing that it is to his advantage that his country should be a component part of the British empire, he is loyal to the tie that unites it to the empire. But if he were forced to choose between these two loyalties, he would hold fast to his own country. To prevent the choice between these two alternatives ever being forced upon him should be the aim of all imperialists in the proper sense of the word.

This is social and political righteousness; and if Great Britain and the United States will commit themselves thoroughly and unmistakably to such a just and humane policy, all the ethical objections to expansion will disappear. The two great "enlightened Christian nations," as they are wont to call themselves, ought certainly to rise to the opportunity which is before them—namely, the opportunity to carry their civilization abroad, and establish it in the four quarters of the earth, by those methods which will be in themselves the highest manifestation of civilization, the methods which will stand for impartial justice, for inviolate local rights, and for good will between the races of man.

BOOK REVIEWS

FOR FULL TITLES, PUBLISHERS, ETC., SEE LIST UNDER HEADING OF "BOOKS RECEIVED"

Leçons d'Anthropologie Philosophique

DR. DANIEL FOLKMAR, formerly Professor of Sociology in Chicago University and at present Professor of Anthropology in the new university in Brussels, has published a work under the above title. This

book is in some respects remarkable for the new position that it takes upon sociological questions. In 1894 Professor Folkmar delivered a series of lectures at Chicago University upon "The Elements of Sociology." At the close of these lectures he found him-

self in possession of a new idea. This was that sociology did not comprise social phenomena alone, but that the study of the phenomena of individual life was equally important to that science with the study of purely social phenomena. To this study he has given the name "Philosophic Anthropology," to distinguish it from the old physical anthropology. This idea is more elaborately worked out in the volume now under consideration. Its chapters represent a series of lectures given at the new University of Brussels. The work begins with an attack upon the doctrine of "science for science," upon the ground of its inadequacy, and the adoption of the doctrine of "science for humanity" is recommended as an improvement. We have no conviction of the truth of the hypotheses of moral systems, complains the Professor, and hence they will do nothing for the good of their kind. The Professor sets out to remedy their lack of faith, but it is extremely doubtful if his anthropology will be productive of any more than the others.

It is a book which all students of social science ought to read. It is broad-minded, and as far as it deals with established facts is accurate and sound. The author is a man of great learning and erudition, and has evidently put painstaking and laborious effort into the work.

The second chapter of the book is very noteworthy. It deals with "the discoveries of philosophic anthropology, the classification of human activities." This classification is represented in the form of a cube. This cube represents the entire human race, its present, past, and future. The cube enables one to represent four of the principal categories, those of time, space, and the existence and qualities of matter corresponding to the historical, comparative, descriptive, and philosophic methods. But it is impossible here to give an intelligent account of the advantages of this manner of classification. The book alone can do that at all satisfactorily. There is one expression which shows the unfailing optimism of its author. He says (page 305):—

The world, the physical and social universe, is constituted in such a way as to recompense good actions with the same certainty that it punishes bad ones.

This is a very satisfactory conclusion for

a doctor of social science. We can only express the pious wish, So mote it be!

Flame, Electricity, and the Camera

THIS is an account of "Man's Progress from the First Kindling of a Fire to the Wireless Telegraph and the Photography of Color," by George Iles. The book is dedicated to James Douglas, LL. D., of New York. It brings the narrative of discovery and invention in these departments to the close of 1899. The object of the book beyond its historical and scientific material, is thus stated by the author:—

Throughout the volume it is sought also to show how profoundly recent accessions to knowledge are transferring the foundations of social, political, and economic life, while, at the same time, they are correcting and broadening the deepest convictions of the human soul.

It is seldom that a more interesting scientific work is brought to the attention of a reviewer. The style is easy and popular, and the most important and far-reaching scientific discoveries are described in language which the ordinary reader can grasp and enjoy. The correctness of the writing is worthy of more than a passing notice. As an example, the following is quoted:—

Of the strides taken by humanity on its way to the summit of terrestrial life there are but four worthy of mention as preparing the way for the victories of the electrician—the attainment of the upright attitude, the intentional kindling of fire, the maturity of emotional cries to articulate speech, and the inventions of written symbols for speech.

In a review of the great discoveries, from "Flame and Its First Uses," the author covers some twenty-four chapters. He then proceeds to discuss "Language," in a most interesting and delightful manner. Incidentally, in a foot-note he asks the following questions: "Why is great music so recent? Why did Bach, Beethoven, and Wagner follow so long after Phidias and Praxiteles and the inventors of classical architecture?"

"The Ancestry of Man in the Light of Nineteenth Century Advance" is next discussed, and in connection with this an explanation of the "Gaps in the Genealogical Tree" is volunteered. The conclusions arrived at are stated by the author to be as follows:—

(1) The pace of progress is quickened to a leap as a distinctly new resource flowers

from faculties long enjoyed. (2) Such a resource when of present dignity enters the field of human capability with multiplying effect. (3) This results in an increasing width of gap between the highest and lowest human races as evolution takes its course, and effects a severance all but infinite betwixt man and the primates who now stand next beneath him in the tree of life.

One is tempted to deal with this unusually effective work at much greater length, but the space at our disposal does not permit. It is beautifully illustrated; there are some ninety-three figures contained in twenty-two plates. The frontispiece consists of a reproduction of a butterfly by the three-color process.

American Explorers Series

On the Trail of a Spanish Pioneer (being the third of the new series of historical works under the above general title) contains the diary of the trials, adventures, and narrow escapes of Francisco Garcés, who as missionary priest traveled through Sonora, Arizona, and California in 1775 and 1776. The work was edited by the late Dr. Elliott Coues, who says:—

Of the high historical value of the Diary of Garcés there can be no adverse opinion among those qualified to judge of such matters; and this narrative of adventure will have all the charm of novelty to most persons. Garcés requires to be interpreted to a generation which wots not of this martyr missionary. The longest known corner of the United States seems to be the least generally known of all. To most persons Arizona is a vague name of a place in which there is a great chasm called the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, and where some strange Indians live like ants in a hill in places called *pueblos*. Again, what of California is known to the average person, over the Sierra Nevada, away from the populous parts? Nothing—and, in fact, there is little but a howling wilderness to-day in the parts adjoining Arizona; though this desert is traversed by two railroads, it has not otherwise changed much in the last century. As for Sonora, nobody seems to know much about it, though a considerable slice of what was Sonora in Garcés' time now belongs to the United States, being all that portion of Arizona which lies south of the Gila. There could hardly be a better introduction to a considerable amount of United States history than such a knowledge of its southwestern corner as the Diary of Garcés affords.

The work is illustrated by facsimiles of ancient documents, views of old missions

and churches, Pedro Font's map of 1777, a map of the Mesa country occupied by the Hopi Indians, two rock inscriptions, etc.

A Novel in Scotch Dialect

Kennedy of Glenhaugh, by David Maclure, is an exciting and dramatic novel based on a unique domestic tragedy in a high-born Scotch family. The events are related in mild Scotch dialect by the old steward of the House of Glenhaugh, Adam Gillicuddy, with a simplicity of effect which is very winning. All of the few characters in the book are well drawn, but that of Gillicuddy is especially good, the author cleverly illustrating in this man some of the prominent traits of the Scotch personality. There is more pathos than humor in the story, and about the only relief to be got from its tragic tension is from the amusing struggles of Adam Gillicuddy with his native superstition and his courage and conscientiousness. With his intense seriousness on all occasions, humorous and otherwise, this worthy soul furnishes as much entertainment as do similar people in real life. Mr. Maclure adds to the value and interest of his book by aptly bringing into the romance a bit of stirring French history of the time of '93.

"Paris As It Is"

MISS DE FOREST has here produced what the publishers pronounce "a sort of sublimated extension of the guide-books." There are three parts dealing respectively with "The Life and the People of Paris," "The Rulers of Paris," and "The Art Life and its Institutions." On all these points the author gives, in a style characterized by much *verve*, a deal of indispensable information to one who would understand and fully enjoy the great French capital. But the book has an ideal value in that, while its facts are from inside and reliable, it undertakes "not so much to give information as to interpret the genius of Paris."

Halleck's English Literature

THE author, Mr. Reuben Port Halleck, has furnished a concise and interesting textbook of the history and development of English literature from the earliest times to the present. The subject is treated as a related whole, and the general drift of literary

thought is clearly portrayed. Though philosophic, it is simple, stimulating, suggestive, and leads naturally to original thinking. It is not a collection of biographies, for only sufficient facts of an author's life are given to make students interested in him as a personality, and to show how his environments affected his work. The author's productions, their relation to the age, and the reasons why they should hold a position in literature, receive treatment commensurate with their importance. Special attention is paid to literary movements, to the essential qualities which differentiate one period from another, and to the animating spirit of each age. The book contains many excellent illustrations and a unique and instructive literary map of England, showing the birth-places and homes of the chief authors.

"Nature's Garden"

THE book bearing the above name is described in a sub-title as "An Aid to Knowledge of Our Noted Flowers and Their Insect Visitors." It is not, strictly speaking, a botany, but relates in language as untechnical as possible the life-history of more than five hundred wild flowers. And yet we have not here the ordinary popular treatise on flowers. The book has a special purpose, and so a distinct value, in that it shows the remarkable relations existing between the world of blossoming plants and the world of insects. Scientists have long recognized their relations and have realized that in order to the perfect understanding of a flower the insects that frequent it must be carefully studied; but this is the first extended American work which has applied the doctrine systematically to a large number of species, showing that "almost every blossom in the world is everything it is because of its necessity to attract insect friends or to repel its foes—its form, mechanism, color, markings, odor, time of opening and closing, and its reason of blooming being the result of natural selection by that special insect upon which each depends more or less absolutely for help in perpetuating its species." Thus the author declares that "it is to the night-flying moth, long of tongue, keen of scent, that we are indebted for the deep, white, fragrant Easter lily, and not to the florist." It is with great care,

precision, and completeness that the facts involved in this unique study of plant-life and insect husbandry have been collected, arranged, and recorded, and the book will be a godsend to such flower-lovers as have little time or taste for the technical botanies. There are eighty full-page illustrations, reproduced from photographs taken direct from nature. Many of the plates present every part of each flower in its living colors. The flowers are divided into five color groups, enabling even the novice to identify specimens. *Nature's Garden* is likely to be popularly regarded as the flower-book.

Besant's Latest Story

SIR WALTER BESANT has chosen the Social Settlement in London as the subject of his latest novel, entitled *The Alabaster Box*, and goes into the life and working of the colony in detail, giving a fair idea of how its affairs are managed. The work is attractive from the standpoint of its subject-matter; but let not the reader be deceived by the suggestive title into expecting too much in the way of romance, for from this point of view the book is not a success. Granting the undeniable interest of the work as it stands, because of the special themes which it treats, yet a broader-minded novelist would have made infinitely more of the actual story, which would have the effect of bringing out the main intent of the work with greater force and of strengthening the whole structure.

A Book for Girls

What Thelma Found In The Attic is the title of a new book for girls, which will excite the curiosity of even the least curious of readers. This curiosity will not only be satisfied, but rewarded. They will learn what Thelma found and all that came of it; how she represented "Cinderella" at the fancy-dress party; how she met the "Prince," and how well he took the part, even to the end. The author, Louise C. Duckwitz, makes her characters real people—the kind of people one would like to meet and know, and she presents them in a simple, pleasing style.

The Ceaseless Tide of Ink

JUST as the reviewer had dutifully written the last word of these preceding

wise and reliable comments on the books of the month, another batch, fresh from the publishers, was laid upon his desk to await his reading and lucubration. Weary with his task, and discouraged by the merciless fecundity of modern authorship and the un-resting activity of the publishing press, he took up a late copy of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and lo and behold! here were his very thoughts expressed in the following verses:

A PANTOUM.

Of making many books there is no end,
Though myriads have to deep oblivion gone;
Each day new manuscripts are being penned,
And still the ceaseless tide of ink flows on.

Though myriads have to deep oblivion gone,
New volumes daily issue from the press;
And still the ceaseless tide of ink flows on—
The prospect is disheartening, I confess.

New volumes daily issue from the press;
My pile of unread books I view aghast.
The prospect is disheartening I confess;
Why will these modern authors write so fast?

My pile of unread books I view aghast—
Of course I must keep fairly up to date—
Why will these modern authors write so fast?
They seem to get ahead of me of late.

Of course I must keep fairly up to date;
The books of special merit I must read;
They seem to get ahead of me of late,
Although I skim them very fast, indeed.

The books of special merit I must read;
And then the magazines come round again;
Although I skim them very fast, indeed,
I can't get through with more than eight or ten.

And then the magazines come round again!
How can we stem this tide of printer's ink?
I can't get through with more than eight or ten—
It is appalling when I stop to think.

How can we stem this tide of printer's ink?
Of making many books there is no end.
It is appalling when I stop to think
Each day new manuscripts are being penned!—*Carolyn Wells.*

Books Received

Making Rhymes, and Other Rhymes. By Edwin P. Haworth. Garden City, Mo.: E. P. Haworth.

The Transformation of Job: A Tale of the High Sierra. By Frederick Vining Fisher. Chicago: David C. Cook Publishing Company.

Down North and Up Along. By Margaret W. Moorley. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$1.50.

Kela Bai: An Anglo-Indian Idyll. By Charles Johnston. New York: Doubleday & McClure Company.

Flame, Electricity and the Camera. By George Hes. New York: Doubleday & McClure Company. \$2.00.

Rhymes of Life. By Emil A. C. Keppler. New York: Published by the Author. \$1.00.

About My Father's Business. By Austin Miles. New York: The Mershon Company. \$1.50.

On the Trail of a Spanish Pioneer: Diary and Itinerary of Francisco Garcés. Translated and edited by Elliott Coues. In two volumes. New York: Francis P. Harper. \$6.00.

Nature's Garden: An Aid to the Knowledge of our Wild Flowers and Their Insect Visitors. By Neltys Blanchan. Large octavo, profusely illustrated, 416 pages. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. \$3.00.

The Prose of Edward Rowland Sill. With an Introduction, comprising some familiar letters. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. \$1.25.

Iroka: Tales of Japan. By Adachi Kinonosuke. New York: Doubleday & McClure Company. \$1.25.

Lecons d' Anthropologie Philosophique: Ses Applications a la Morale Positive. By Daniel Folkmar. Paris: Schleicher Freres, 15 Rue des Saints-Peres. 7.50 fr.

The Alabaster Box. By Walter Besant. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. \$1.50.

Paris As It Is. By Kathrine De Forest. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. \$1.25.

The Exposé of Weltmerism—Magnetic Healing De-magnetized. By Preston W. Pope, M.D. Nevada, Mo. 65 cents.

Let There Be Light. The Story of a Workman's Club; Its Search for the Causes of Poverty and Social Inequality; Its Discussions; and Its Plan for the Amelioration of Existing Evils. By David Lubin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

An Aid to the Study and Teaching of Lady of the Lake, Evangeline, and Merchant of Venice. Number Two of the Western

Educational Helps. San Francisco: The Whitaker & Ray Company. 25 cents.

The Reward of Prince Cheerfulness. By Ruth Lewinson. Illustrated. New York: William R. Jennings. 75 cents.

History of English Literature. By Reuben Post Halleck, M.A. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: American Book Company. \$1.25.

CHIT-CHAT

THE MARCH OVERLAND.

The leading article in the *OVERLAND* for March is "Types of Female Beauty Among the Indians of the Southwest," by George Wharton James, with many illustrations from photographs taken by the author. It is a valuable article, full of curious and interesting information, but the casual reader will look long for the "beauty" of the subjects. One or two of the Moqui girls are pretty, but the others are undeniably plain. Douglas White tells in readable fashion of "The Capture of the Island of Guam," with drawings by Beringer from photographs taken by the author, and P. N. Beringer describes the work of Paul de Longpre, with some admirable reproductions of flower sketches. N. H. Castle continues his readable papers on Guatemala, and Charmian Kittredge has an interesting account of a little blind musician of Ukiah. W. C. Bartlett writes of "A Year in Forest Reservations," and gives some of the strongest evidence we have seen of the destructive influence of sheep-herding in the Sierra and of the imperative need of scientific forestry in this State. It is a paper which the California Club, the Sierra Club and kindred organizations would do well to give a wide circulation, as it will help their work. This number of the *OVERLAND* is noteworthy for the excellence of its illustrations.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

The *Overland Monthly Magazine*, published at San Francisco, is proof of the resources

of the West in a literary way, and has taken its place beside the Eastern magazines. Its fiction is first-class, most of the scenes being laid in California, Hawaii and the Philippines—all splendid fields for the imagination of the author. Its illustrations in the May number are especially good. The contributors, artists, and authors, are nearly all Westerners.—*North Vernon (Ind.) Republican*.

Golf has traveled across the continent and has apparently struck California hard. The May number of the *Overland Monthly* reviews the history of the game in that State. Several bright tales and some good miscellany occupy the remaining pages.—*Detroit Free Press*.

The *Overland Monthly* for May has some strong features. One of the best things is the opening of a new story, "A Gentleman in Khaki," by John Oakley, in which the present Boer war is to be brought out in fiction. There is a flavor of Rider Haggard's "Jess" in some of the scenes, but it promises to be a strong picture of life in the Transvaal which will develop the instinctive racial hatred between the Boer and the Briton. Another good feature is an excellent sketch by Ninetta Eames of Jack London, the young Oakland author, who has made a hit with "The Son of the Wolf." Eva V. Carlin writes entertainingly of "California's First Vacation School," and George D. Rice of Hilo. There are also elaborately illustrated papers on the "National Pavilions

at the Paris Exposition," by Josephine Tozier, and on "Golf in California," by Arthur Inkersley.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

The Overland Monthly for May contains a most interesting and well illustrated article upon golf in California from the pen of Arthur Inkersley, and also a paper upon Jack London, who has written the remarkable short stories appearing under the caption, "The Son of the Wolf." To the Overland Monthly is due the credit of introducing Mr. London to the reading public as his first stories of this collection appeared in that periodical prior to his being taken up by Eastern editors. Mr. London is a California boy and a writer of whom the Golden State may be justly proud. The account of his life and work given in the current Overland should be read.—*San Francisco Call*.

The bound volume of the Overland Monthly, which included the numbers from July to December last, inclusive, is very rich in articles of permanent value to any one interested in California or the Pacific Coast. There are a number of excellent articles on the experience of soldiers in the Philippines, with statistical articles showing the benefit of expansion to the trade of California. The Klondike comes in for generous treatment in several richly illustrated papers, and the high Sierra is pictured and described by several writers in interesting articles. In short stories, sketches and poems the volume is noteworthy, and a word must be said also in praise of the many admirable half-tones, which give a perfect idea of scenes and people.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

That versatile and interesting young man, Jack London, makes his appearance in the March Overland in a new capacity. He presents a scholarly and well-considered article on the subject of "The Impossibility of War." The literary world is making appreciable mention of his forthcoming book, "The Son of the Wolf," and he can safely count upon being "discovered" by the great lights of the East as soon as it makes its appearance.—*San Francisco Town Talk*.

The bound Overland Monthly is a volume that should receive a welcome in the library of every Californian. Volume XXXIV, con-

taining the numbers from July to December, 1899, is now ready for circulation. In addition to its short stories, poems and critical articles of a general nature, it contains many papers upon local subjects or matters directly pertaining to the interests of the people of this coast. Its half-tone work is most creditable and adds materially to the life and value of the text.—*San Francisco Call*.

WHAT STRUCK HIM MOST.

Miss Ellen Terry, writing to one of the London papers on her Christmas experience, relates the following: "We played 'The Merchant of Venice' one Christmas Day in America, and I gave a 'pass' to a nice, kind, old colored waiter who attended me at my hotel. After the play I asked him what had struck him most and would live longest in his memory—the pound of flesh?

"'No.'

"'The running away of Jessica?'

"'No.'

"'The Jew?'

"'No.'

"'What then?'

"'Oh, it certainly pleased me mighty to see all those lovely ladies and gentlemen a-bowin' 'emselves down before the colored gentleman!'

"He meant the Prince of Morocco."

"My dear," said a young wife to her husband, "the baby has been trying to talk again."

"What was he talking about?"

"I think it must have been politics. He started very calmly, but in a few minutes he was as angry and red in the face as he could be. It is perfectly wonderful how he takes after you."—[Washington Star.

UNINTENTIONAL.

A London exquisite went into a West End restaurant, and was far from pleased with the manner in which his order was filled.

"Do you call that a veal cutlet?" he demanded of the waiter. "Why, such a cutlet as that is an insult to every self-respecting calf in the British Empire."

The waiter hung his head for a moment, but recovered himself and said, in a tone of respectful apology:—

"I really did n't intend to insult you, sir."

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THE HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE STEAMER "POTSDAM," after a most successful trial trip, on which she developed a speed of from seventeen and a half to eighteen knots, has arrived at Rotterdam, from which port she will leave May 17th on her maiden trip to New York, making her first trip from there June 2d.

The "POTSDAM" has been built by Messrs. Blohm & Voss, of Hamburg, and has a tonnage close to 13,000. Her length is 560 feet, width 62 feet, and depth 44.6 feet. She is built of steel, has twin screws, and is fitted with bilge-keels. She has accommodations for 300 first-class, 250 second-class, and 1,500 third-class passengers, and besides has an enormous cargo capacity.

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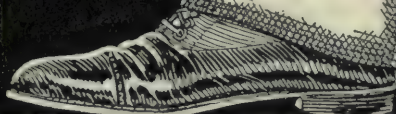
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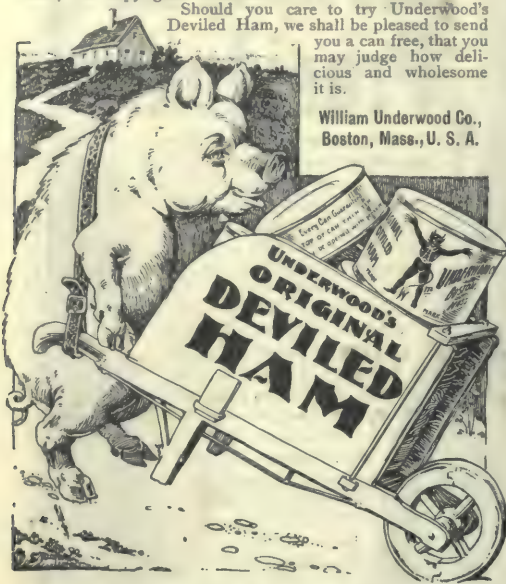
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(CONTINUED FROM PAGE VI.)

SIR ARTHUR vs. JOHN L.

I was traveling on a stage in rather a wild part of California and arrived at a mining-camp, where we had to get down for refreshments. As we drove up, the driver said, "They are expecting you here, Mr. Sullivan." I was much pleased, and when I reached the place I came across a knot of prominent citizens at the whisky store. The foremost came up to a big burly man by my side, and said, "Are you Mr. Sullivan?" The man said, "No," and pointed to me.

The citizen looked at me rather contemptuously, and after a while said, "Why, how much do you weigh?"

I thought this was a curious method of testing the power of a composer, but I at once answered, "About 161 pounds."

"Well," said the man, "that's odd to me, anyhow. Do you mean to tell me that you gave fits to John S. Blackmore down in Kansas City?"

I said, "No, I did not give him fits."

He then said, "Well, who are you?"

I replied, "My name is Sullivan."

"Ain't you John L. Sullivan, the slugger?"

I disclaimed all title to that, and told him I was Arthur Sullivan.

"Oh, Arthur Sullivan!" he said. "Are you the man as put 'Pinafore' together?"—rather a gratifying way of describing my composition.

I said, "Yes."

"Well," returned the citizen, "I'm sorry you ain't John Sullivan, but still I am glad to see you anyway—let's have a drink."—[From Mr. Lawrence's life of Sir Arthur Sullivan.

—O:—

Bacon—"I see the Western Undertakers' Association had a dinner, and one of them gave a funny toast." Egbert—"What was it?" "May we each of us live long enough to bury one another."—[Yonkers Statesman.

—O:—

A MOUNTAINEER'S RELIGION.

Last summer the Right Rev. Thomas U. Dudley, Episcopal Bishop of Kentucky, thought he would make a journey through the mountains of eastern Kentucky and look up the scattered members of his flock and endeavor to get a foothold for his church among the mountaineers. But as he journeyed from settlement to settlement

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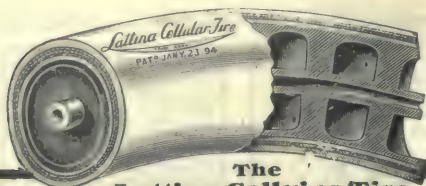
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without meeting a man who had ever even heard of the Episcopal Church, he grew somewhat discouraged. At last he came to a village where, upon inquiry, he was told that there was "an Episcopal" in the neighborhood, and so the good Bishop proceeded to look him up. After introducing himself and disclosing the object of his visit, Bishop Dudley asked the mountaineer if it were a fact that he was an Episcopalian.

"Oh, yes," replied he, "I'm an Episcop-al."

"Where were you confirmed?" inquired the Bishop. The poor man had never even heard the word. "Where, then, were you baptized?"

"I know all about that," replied he, "though precious few folks is baptized in these parts, but I don't know whether I was ever baptized or not."

"Then why do you call yourself an Episcopalian?" continued the Bishop.

"Well, now, stranger, I'll tell ye," said he. "Some five or six years ago I was summoned down to Louisville as a witness in one of these 'moonshine' cases, you know. Well, we was kep' over Sunday, and after breakfast, as I knowed nobody thar and nobody knowed me, I tuk a walk down the street, from my lodgin's, and directly I saw everybody goin' into a great big fine church, and sez I to myself, I'll go too. So I went in and sat down, and in a little while the bell it stopped a-jingling; thar was some kind of big music rolled around, and then it stopped, too, and a feller in a long white gown he got up at the other end of the room from me and said something or other I could n't hear, and then every man, woman, and child in that room got down on their knees and sez they: 'Oh, Lord, we've dun the things we ortn't to ha' dun, and we ain't dun the things we orter to ha' dun,' and sez I myself, that's me. I'm one of them very kind of fellers, and when we all cum out I asked a feller what kind of a church that thar wuz, and sed he, 'It's an Episcopal church,' and so, stranger, I've called myself an Episcopal ever since that trip to Louisville."

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—:o:—

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Maternal Strategy—"Hello!" "Hello!" "Is that you, Johnny?" "Yes," "This is

mamma. I'm using the telephone at papa's office. Everything all right at home?" "Yes 'm. Anything you wanted me to do?" "No, Johnny. I only wanted to find out, from the sound of your voice, whether you were eating any of those jam tarts I told you not to touch while I was down town. I see you are. I'll settle with you, my son, when I come home. Good-by!"—[Chicago Tribune.

—:o:—

It is often desirable to have a pure article of whisky at hand for medicinal use. F. EPHRAIM & CO. are distillers' agents and consumers can rely on having their orders filled with the best the market affords at reasonable prices.

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Tommy Carries His Point.—"Tommy Tucker?" "Yes, ma'am." "In this sentence, 'Esau, go to your seat,' parse 'Esau.'" "Esau's a proper noun, masculine gender,

third person singular—" "How do you make that out?" "Isau, Usau, Esau—ouch!"—[Chicago Tribune.

—:0:—

Mr. Tourney, the expert on old violins for Kohler & Chase, has just returned from New York, where he secured several fine violins to add to their large collection. Here is an opportunity to secure a fine old instrument at a reasonable price. Send for catalogue describing same.

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Muggins—"Your face is a sight. Why don't you change your barber?" Buggins—"Never! He may slash me a bit, but he's a deaf mute, my boy."—[Philadelphia Record.

—:0:—

Tutor—"You know, of course, that in Christian countries such as ours a man is only allowed one wife. Now, what is that state of things called?" Pupil—"I know. Monotony!"—[Punch.

—:0:—

"That man cheated me out of a cool million." "Ah—would n't let you marry his daughter, I suppose?" "No; he let me marry her, and does n't give us a cent."—[Detroit Free Press.

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—:0:—

The Place For Him—"I'd like to enlist, but I'm not heavy enough," said Ricketts mournfully. "Why not join one of the skeleton regiments?" suggested Larkin.—[Life.

—:0:—

Cause and Effect.—Mr. Dukane—"The Sultan of Sulu came in promptly out of the wet." Mr. Gaswell—"Yes; he wished to prolong his reigny season."—[Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

—:0:—

Wanted Details.—Stranger—"Will you give something for the 'Disabled Firemen's' fund?" Burnupski—"Mit pleasure! But how vas you going to disable dem?"—[Puck.

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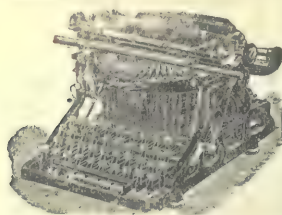
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The present campaign in South Africa is practically the first opportunity the British military authorities have had of putting the cycle corps to a real test. The cyclist corps attached to the Durban Light Infantry recently covered a route of ninety miles in one day, for the purpose of obtaining information of the Boer forces, doing some skirmishing on the way. The veldt in dry weather is admirably adapted for cycling, as was demonstrated recently by the feat of an Englishman, just after the outbreak of war, who rode from Pretoria to Ladysmith on his wheel, passing several detachments of cavalry on the way.

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TOO MANY RATS.

At Kawimbe, the rats in the house were terrible at night. They raced about my room and scampered over my bed in a thoroughly happy manner. I could not sleep at first; but at last I got used to them. I dropped off, only to wake up and find a rat with his foot in my ear. One night, at another station, something larger than a rat dropped from the rafters on my bed and awoke me. I lighted a candle, and saw it was a lemur. They are lovely little animals, and are covered with thick fur, like chinchilla, and have beautiful large, round eyes. It looked most fascinating, but, not being sure what it would do next, I thought I would try to send it out. I opened the door which led onto the veranda, and proceeded gently to drive it out; but, alas! it objected to going, and sprang straight on to my shoulder, gripping my arm with its sharp little teeth, and refusing to let go till I well pinched its tail. As it turned round to bite my hand I tossed it out onto the veranda and shut the door.—[From "A White Woman in Central Africa," by Helen Caddick.

—:O:—

The Golf Language.—"Well, Mabel, how was the musicale?" "Perfect fizzle! Miss Wiggins made a drive at Mozart, and sliced every bar. When I left, Jennie Lathers was trying to stymie Helen Waterbury in a duet." "Was it nearly over?" "Yes. Pollie Dawson did n't come, so there were three up and only two to play on the programme, when I put out."—[Harper's Bazaar.

—:O:—

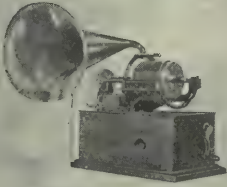
INEBRIETY AMONG INSECTS.

Bumble bees, butterflies and beetles are habitual drunkards. In some of the Southern States these insects alight on certain plants, drink heartily from the blossoms and fall to the ground stupefied.

After a while they rise and fly around, just as drunken men would do if they had the power of flying. Their antics are especially amusing unless one does not know what is the trouble—in this case the suspicion that the insect world has gone crazy is uppermost.

A scientist who had observed the drinking and its results collected a teaspoonful of the pollen to see if it would affect a man the same way. He swallowed it, and in a few minutes found his pulse beating faster and a rise of temperature. Then he distilled some of the blossoms and gave himself a

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San Franciscohypodermic injection in the arm. He be-
came decidedly dizzy as a result. By further
experiments he found an oil derived from
these plants which affects human beings and
animals alike.—[New York Herald.

—:O:—

I see they are preparing to give us a
grand banquet when we return to Omaha.
That's all right, but I want something to eat
before the banquet comes off. And I want
it at home. I want it on the table when I
get home, too. What do I want? Well,
here's the list:—

Sirloin steak, rare.

Hot biscuit and plenty of them, made by
you.

Flour and milk gravy, about three quarts.

Mashed potatoes.

Apple sauce.

Corn on the cob, eleven ears.

String beans.

Macaroni and cheese.

Peaches and cream.

Ice-cream.

I want you to get all these things ready.
We have had plenty to eat since reaching
San Francisco, but when things are camp-
cooked they all taste alike. Cook 'em your-
self, and don't think because I've been away
over a year you can ring in any hired-girl
cooking on me. When I get through with
this bill of fare I'll be ready to tackle the
banquet.—[Omaha World-Herald.

—:O:—

A Man of Sense.—"They are accusing you
of using money to aid your election," said
the faithful retainer. "Great Scott!" an-
swered the Senator, with some warmth.
"They surely did n't think I would be fool
enough to use checks, did they?"—[Indian-
apolis Press.

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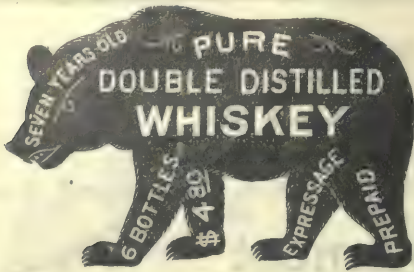
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Delicate, gentle, refined,
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To move in fashionable life
And shine a gem in the parlor;
Wanted—a minister's wife.

Wanted—a thoroughbred worker,
Who well to her household looks;
Shall we see our money wasted
By extravagant Irish cooks?
Who cuts the daily expenses
With economy sharp as a knife,
Who washes and scrubs in the kitchen?
Wanted—a minister's wife.

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"Traveling agents" and such;
Of this kind of "angels' visits"
The deacons have had so much
As to prove a perfect nuisance,
And hope these plagues of their life
May soon be sent to the parson's;
Wanted—a minister's wife.

To lead in the "mothers' meeting,"
The "sewing circle" attend,
At all the Sunday school picnics
Her ready assistance lend;
To play the organ on Sunday
Would aid our laudable strife
To save the society money;
Wanted—a minister's wife.

And so if our efforts prosper,
We hope by working the two
To rebuild the church, to pay the debt,
Then we shall know what to do;
For they will be worn and weary,
Needing a change of life,
And we'll advertise, "Wanted,
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—[Anon.]

—O:—
Doctor—"I will leave you this medicine
to take after each meal." Mike—"And will
yez be kind enough to leave the meal, too,
doethor?"—[Tid-Bits.]

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A DUTCH AUCTION.

A Dutch auction at Cape Town is frequently exciting. If a house is to be sold the auctioneer offers "fifty golden sovereigns for the man who first bids £5000." Nobody bids. A pause, and then: "Fifty golden sovereigns for the man who first bids £4900." This is kept up until a bid is secured. But it by no means follows that the house is sold to this bidder. No, the auctioneer is then at it again. Say that £4400 is the first bid. The auctioneer cries: "There are twenty-five golden sovereigns for the first man who has courage to bid £4600." Perhaps no one has it. Then £25 is offered for a £4550 bid. If there is eventually no bid above the £4400, the man who made that bid is saddled with the house. Otherwise he pockets his bonus and get off free of it all.—[Boston Transcript.

—:0:—

Her Views.—"Mrs. Strongmind is a warm advocate of women's rights, is she not?" "Oh, yes. If she had her way, man would not be eligible for anything more important than the vice-presidency."—[Brooklyn Life.

—:0:—

HOW MUCH IS ENOUGH?

Robert Louis Stevenson was of opinion that, barring the possession of a moderate-sized sailing yacht, £700 a year was all that mortal man required for his own maintenance and his own pleasure. This, to be sure, was a frugal Scot's outlook, but does it not approach more nearly to a "sweet reasonableness" than the way of living of certain latter-day multi-millionaires? So convinced is the modern world becoming that an ostentatious expenditure is not in the best possible taste, that more and more do we find the aristocracies making a point of simplicity, and leaving it to the newly-rich to cut a dash and dazzle all beholders with the splendor of their entertainments. Now this attitude of the aristocracies is not only confined to Europe. It is also very plainly to be observed in the United States.—[London Madam.

—:0:—

Weary Wraggs—"When a lady gives me a meal I allus say, 'May your shadow never grow less.'" Frayed Feeter—"When a lady gives me a meal I allus say, 'May your photographs allus need as little touching up as dey do at present,' and git a quarter in addition."—[Puck.

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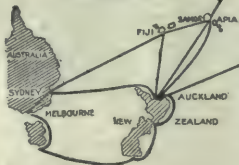
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